

MARVEL



THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST®

*THE SEVEN CAPITAL
CITIES OF HEAVEN*

FRACTION/BRUBAKER
AJA
ZONJIC
KANO

THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST

*THE SEVEN CAPITAL
CITIES OF HEAVEN*



THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST



THE SEVEN CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN

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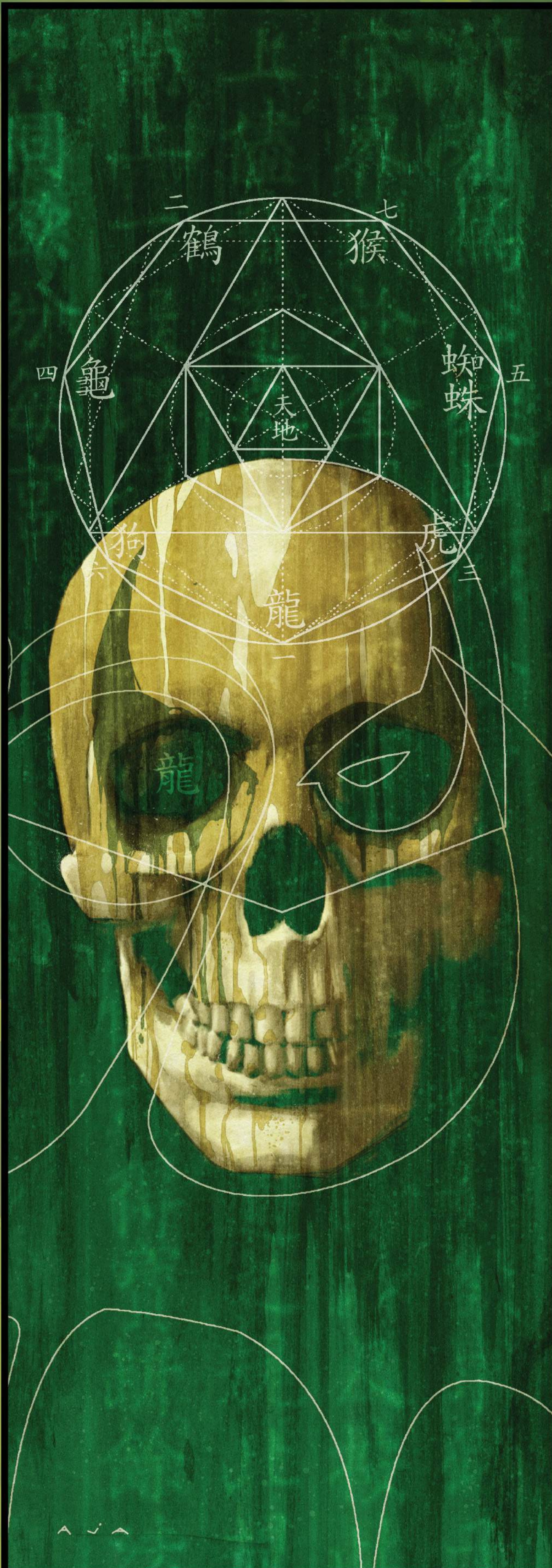
Publisher: Dan Buckley • Executive Producer: Alan Fine

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The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

Round 1





K'un-Lun. *Many years ago.*

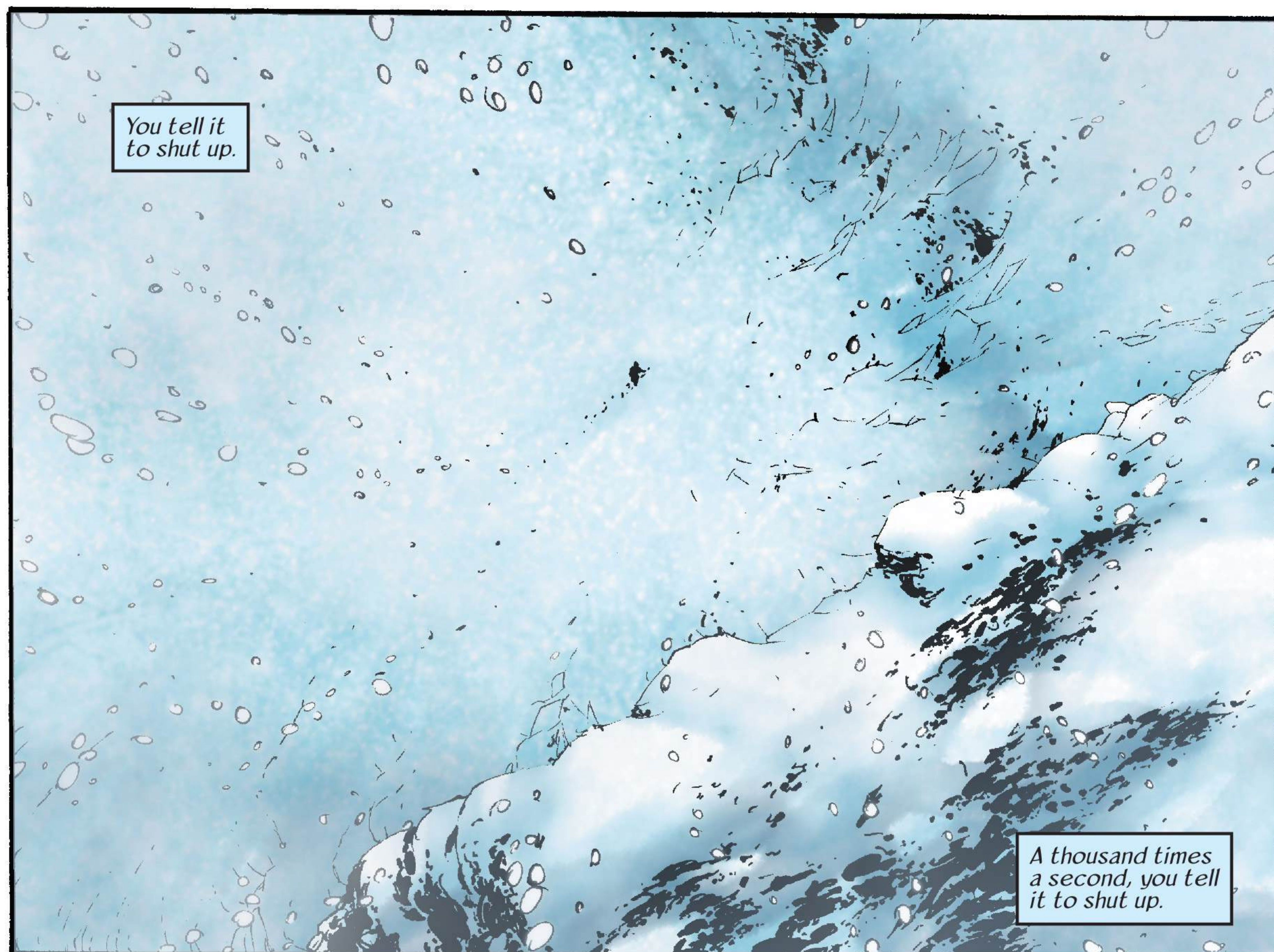
You keep climbing.



You don't know how, but you do.



Every fiber of your being begs to stop, to freeze, to just die and be done with this wretched life once and for all...



You tell it to shut up.

A thousand times a second, you tell it to shut up.

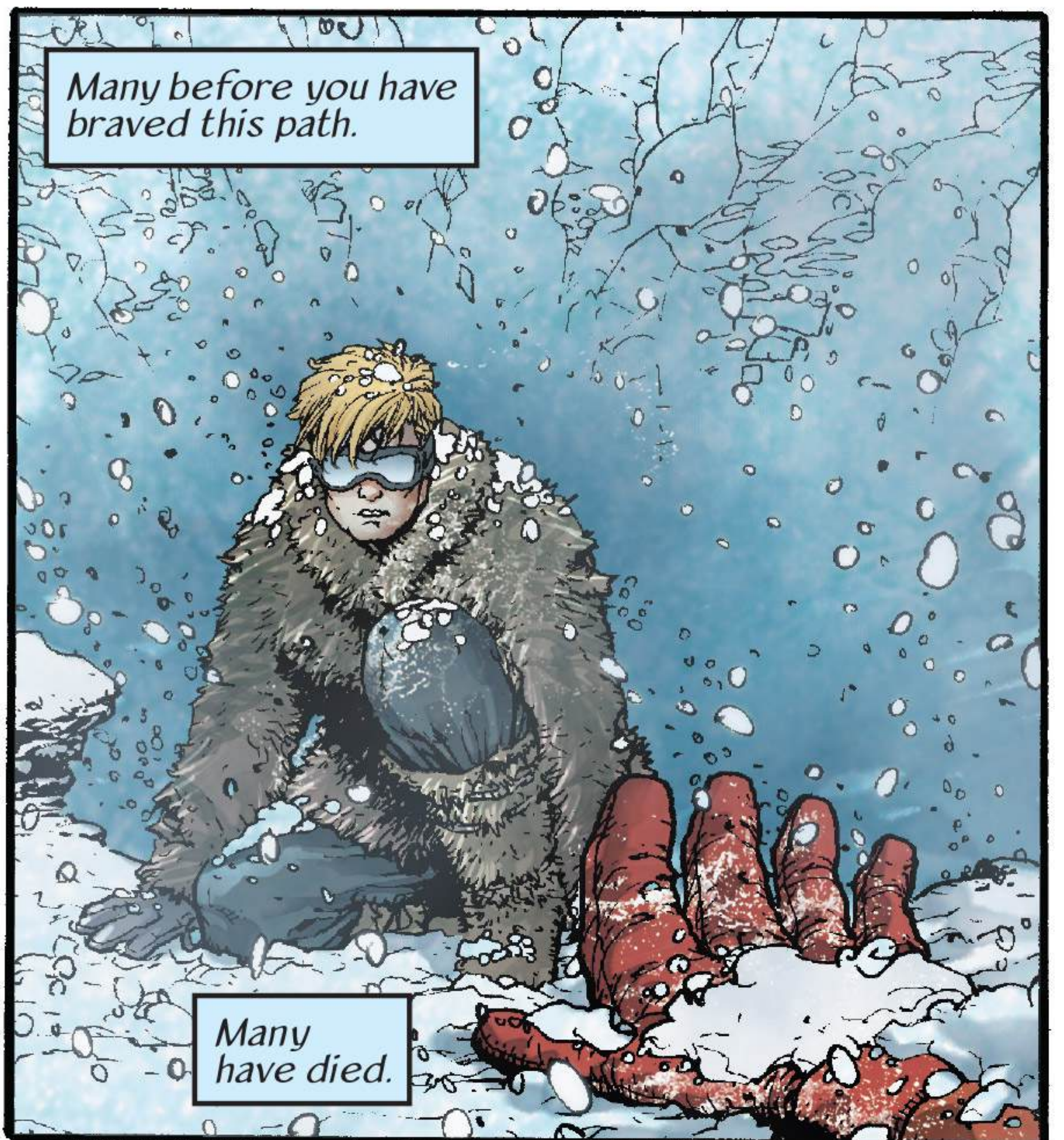


And you keep climbing.

Your name is Wendell Rand...

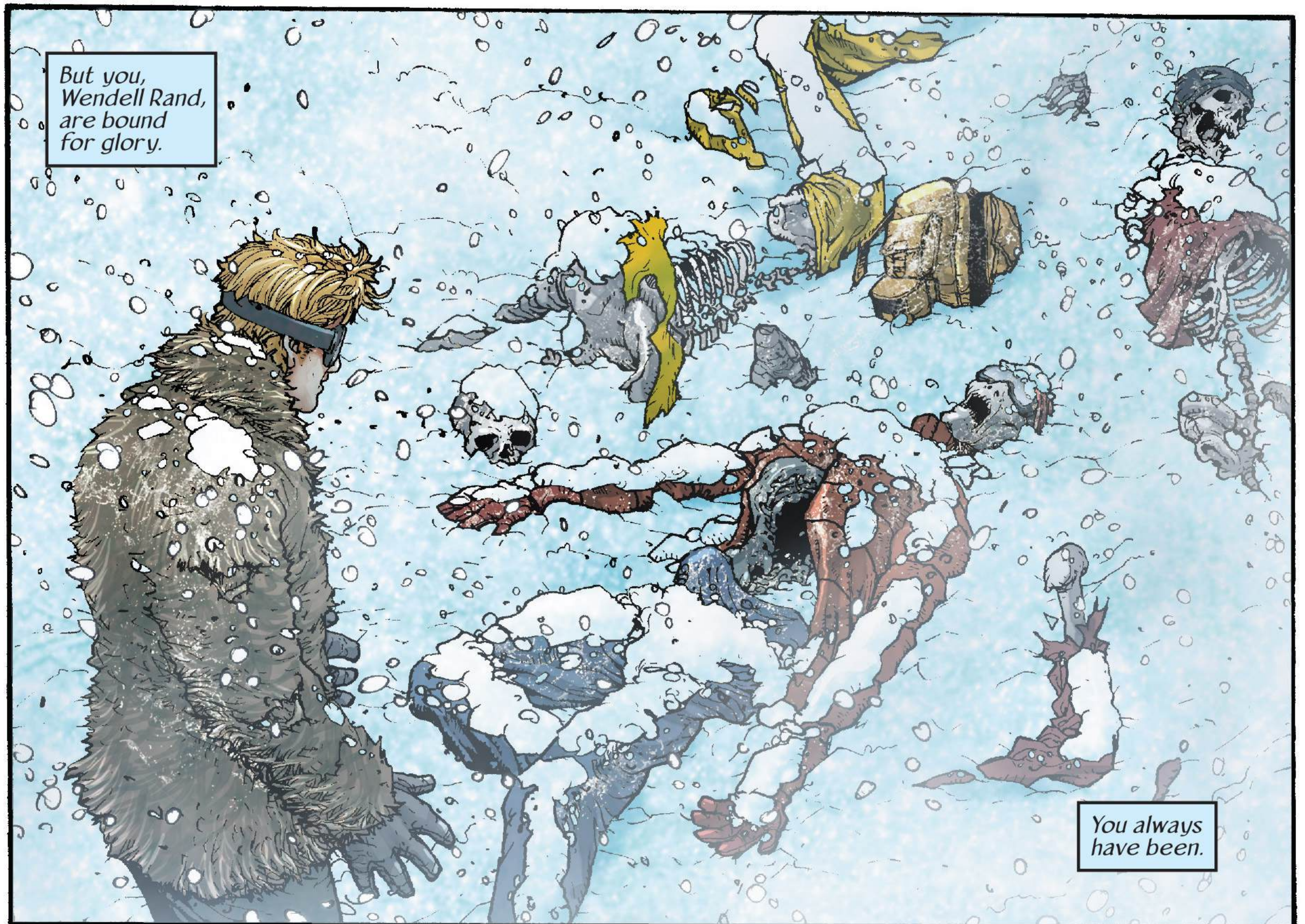


...and you are hunting
your **destiny**.



Many before you have
braved this path.

Many
have died.



But you,
Wendell Rand,
are bound
for glory.

You always
have been.



Even though you feel as if
you're crawling over your
own grave, you **hold on** to
that promise, to that hope...

Because hope
is all you have.

Hope is all you've
ever had...

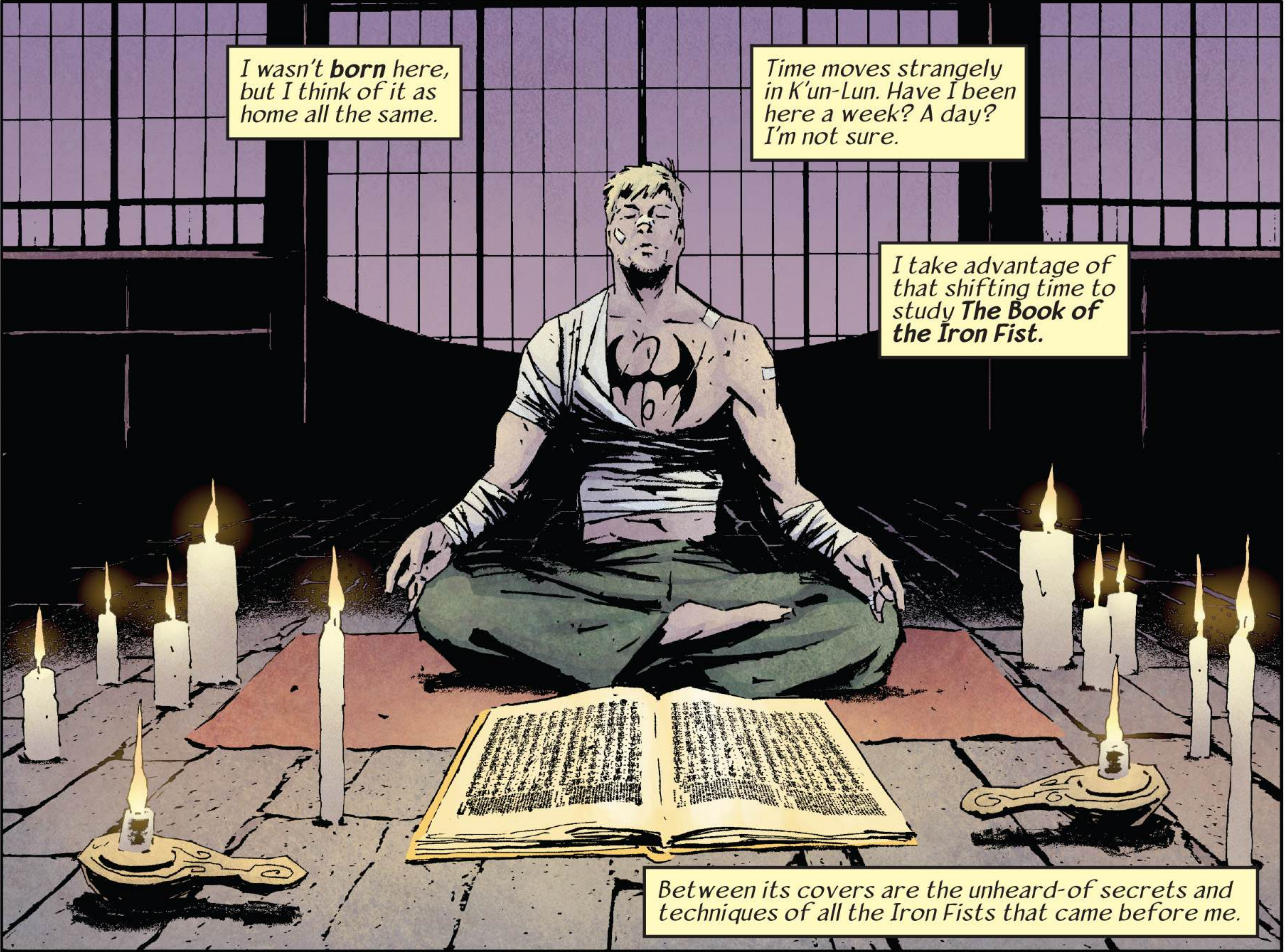




NOW.

K'un-Lun.

A mystical city which appears on the earthly realm only once every ten years...I wasn't expecting to return **home** so soon.



I wasn't **born** here, but I think of it as home all the same.

Time moves strangely in K'un-Lun. Have I been here a week? A day? I'm not sure.

I take advantage of that shifting time to study **The Book of the Iron Fist**.

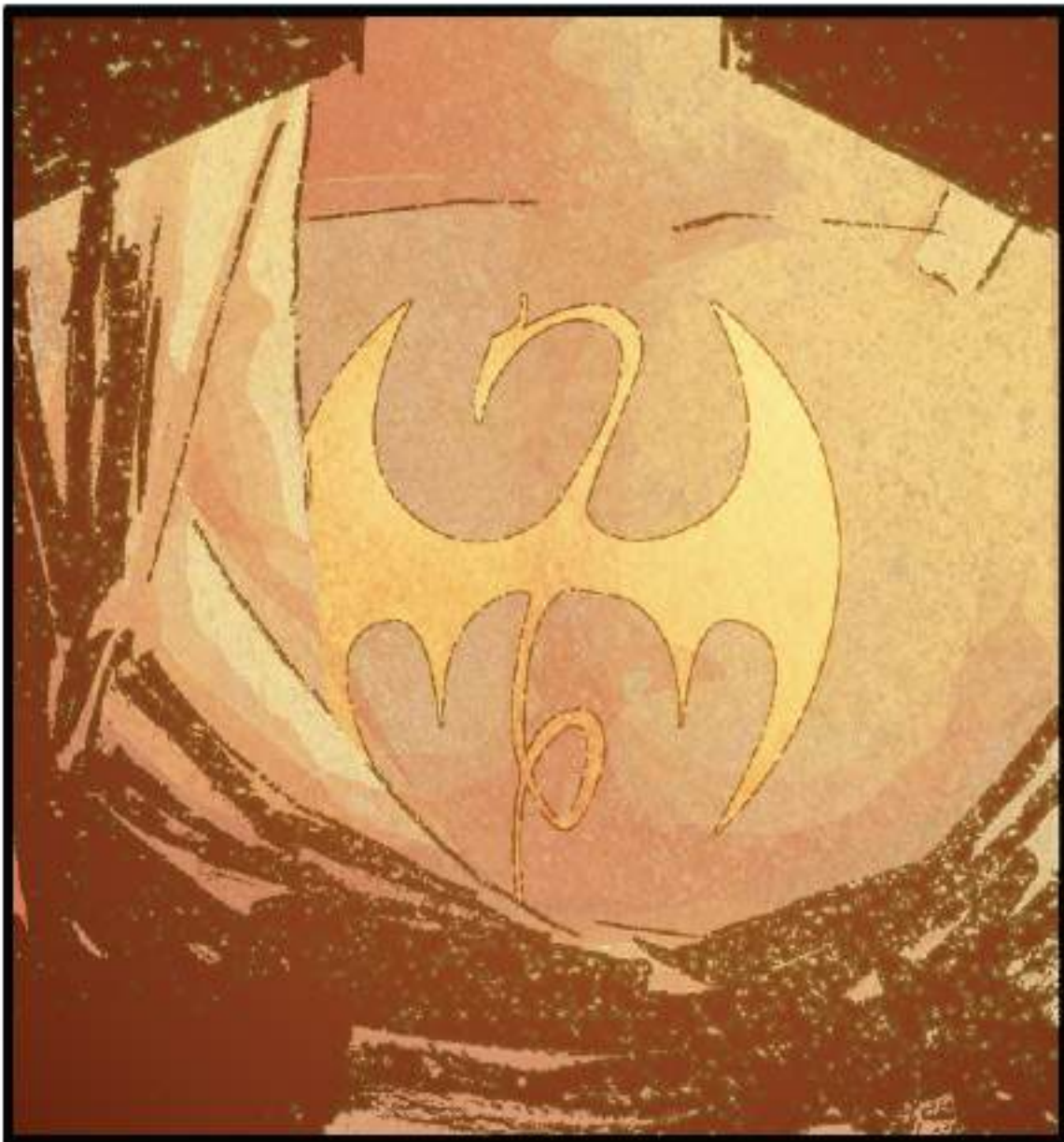
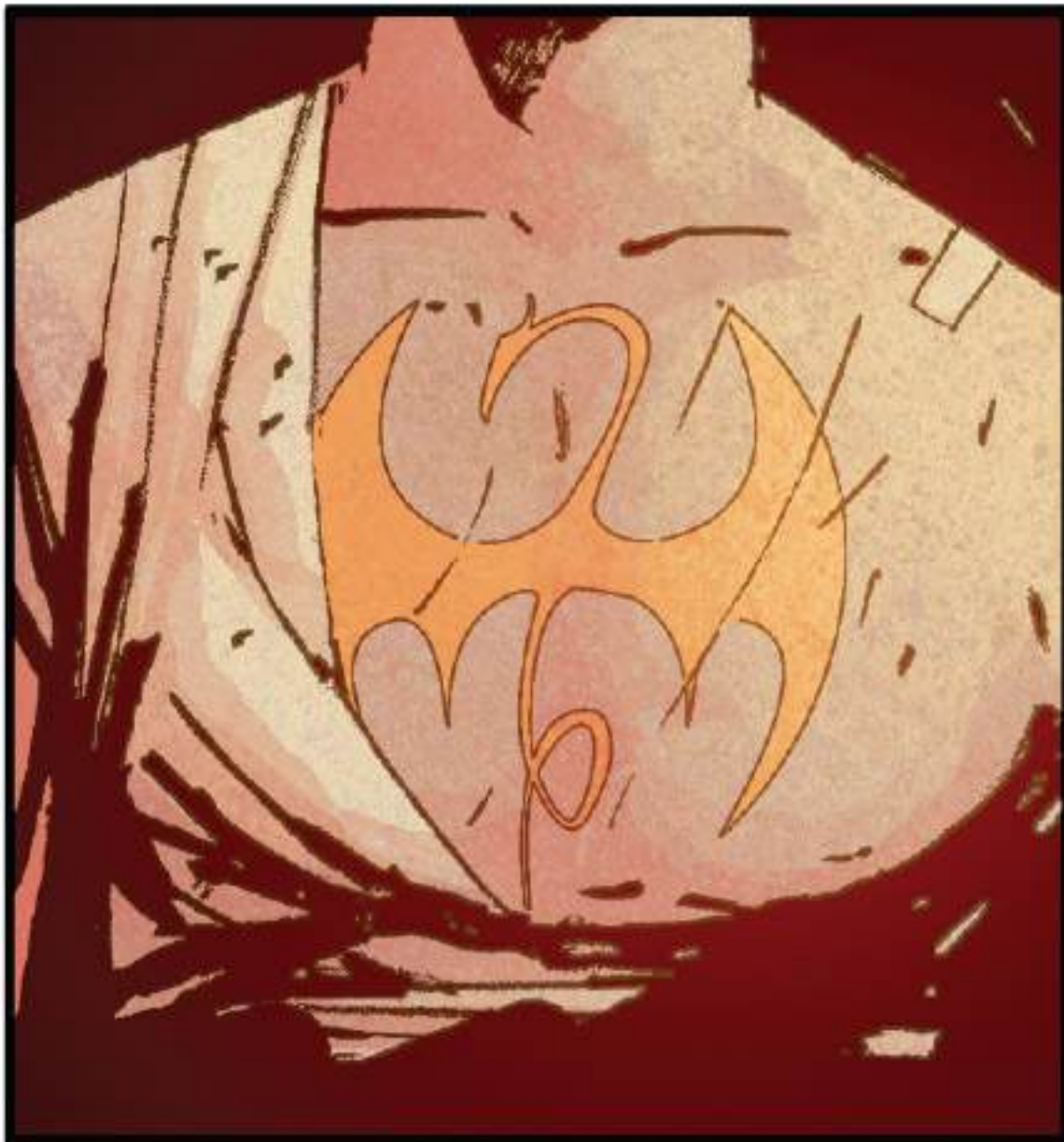
Between its covers are the unheard-of secrets and techniques of all the Iron Fists that came before me.

Secrets of combat... philosophy...and the spirit...

...ways of using the chi of Shou-Lao the Undying...

...in ways I hadn't even dreamed of.

Of using it almost unconsciously.



DANIEL?

HUNH...

I HEALED WITHOUT EVEN THINKING OF IT. AND I DON'T FEEL DRAINED AT ALL.



YU-TI HAS
SUMMONED YOU.
IT'S TIME, SON.

LEI-KUNG,
MASTER. OF
COURSE. I--

I WAS JUST
TESTING SOME OF
THE TECHNIQUES IN
THE BOOK.



*THE BOOK OF
THE IRON FIST* WAS
LONG THOUGHT
LOST TO US.

ITS SCRIPTURES
ARE RECORDED IN A TEXT
ONLY DECIPHERABLE TO YOU...
AND ITS AUTHORS.



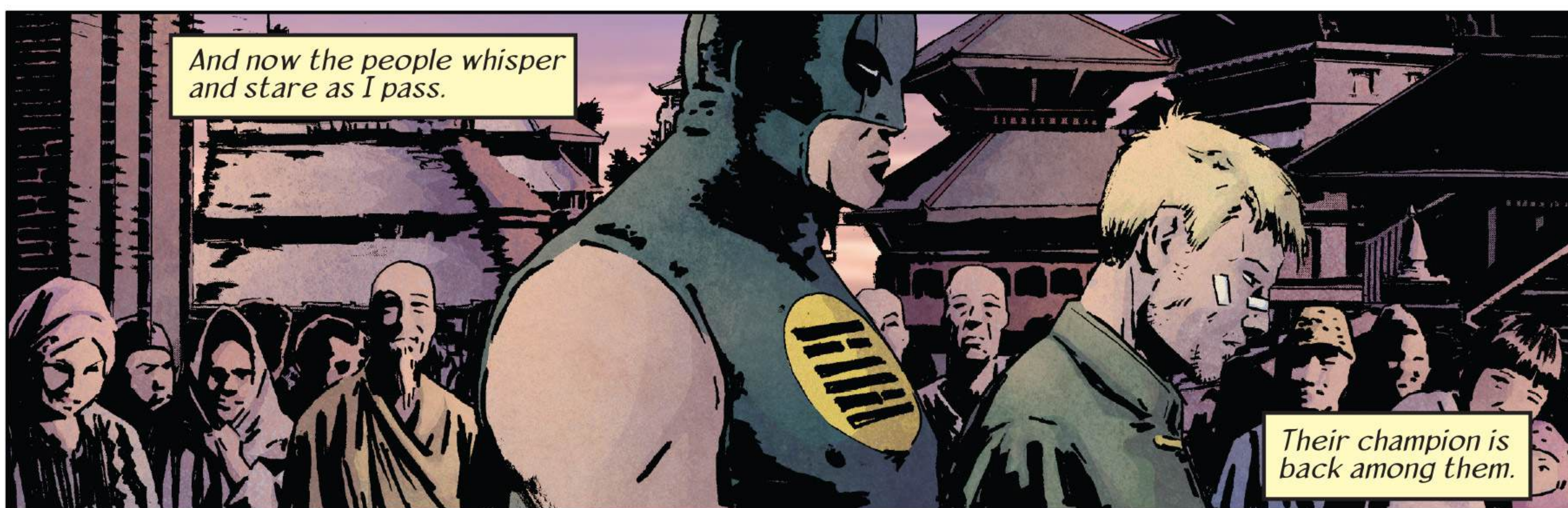
MIRACLE
OF MIRACLES.

I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN HOW
DIFFERENT K'UN-LUN
COULD BE...

Yet it's all I could think of as a
child running through these alleys.

How magical it was. How the spires reached
higher to the heavens than seemed possible.

How anything seemed within
reach here...to me, at least.



And now the people whisper
and stare as I pass.

Their champion is
back among them.



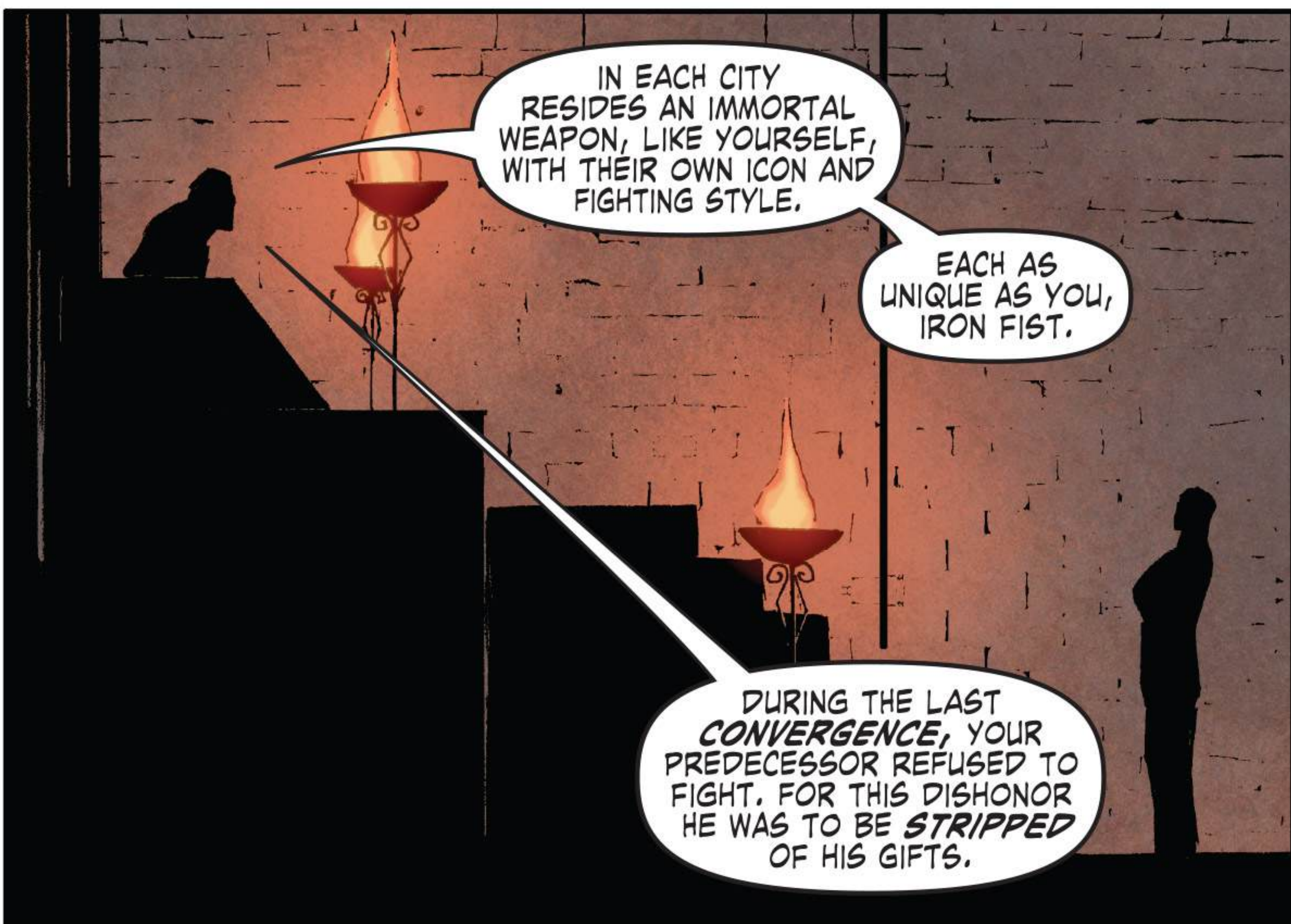
K'UN-LUN IS ONE OF **SEVEN** CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN. EACH APPEARING ON THE MORTAL PLANE ACCORDING TO TIMETABLES CHARTED AMONGST THE STARS.

BUT ONCE EVERY EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS, THESE APPEARANCES ALIGN IN THE **HEAVENLY CONVERGENCE** AND WE CELEBRATE THIS WITH A **MIGHTY TOURNAMENT**.



SECTIONS OF EACH CITY JOIN TOGETHER, CREATING THE **HEART OF HEAVEN**, A PALACE WHERE OUR CONTESTS TAKE PLACE.

ASPECTS OF EACH CITY, AS WELL AS OF EARTH ITSELF, WILL BE FOUND HERE. IT IS UNLIKE ANYWHERE YOU HAVE BEEN, WITH RULES AND LAWS ONLY UNTO ITSELF.



IN EACH CITY RESIDES AN IMMORTAL WEAPON, LIKE YOURSELF, WITH THEIR OWN ICON AND FIGHTING STYLE.

EACH AS UNIQUE AS YOU, IRON FIST.

DURING THE LAST **CONVERGENCE**, YOUR PREDECESSOR REFUSED TO FIGHT. FOR THIS DISHONOR HE WAS TO BE **STRIPPED** OF HIS GIFTS.



HE RESISTED, AND ANOTHER CITY'S CHAMPION WAS **KILLED**. HE THEN FLED, AND THE CELEBRATION ENDED IN DISGRACE FOR US ALL.



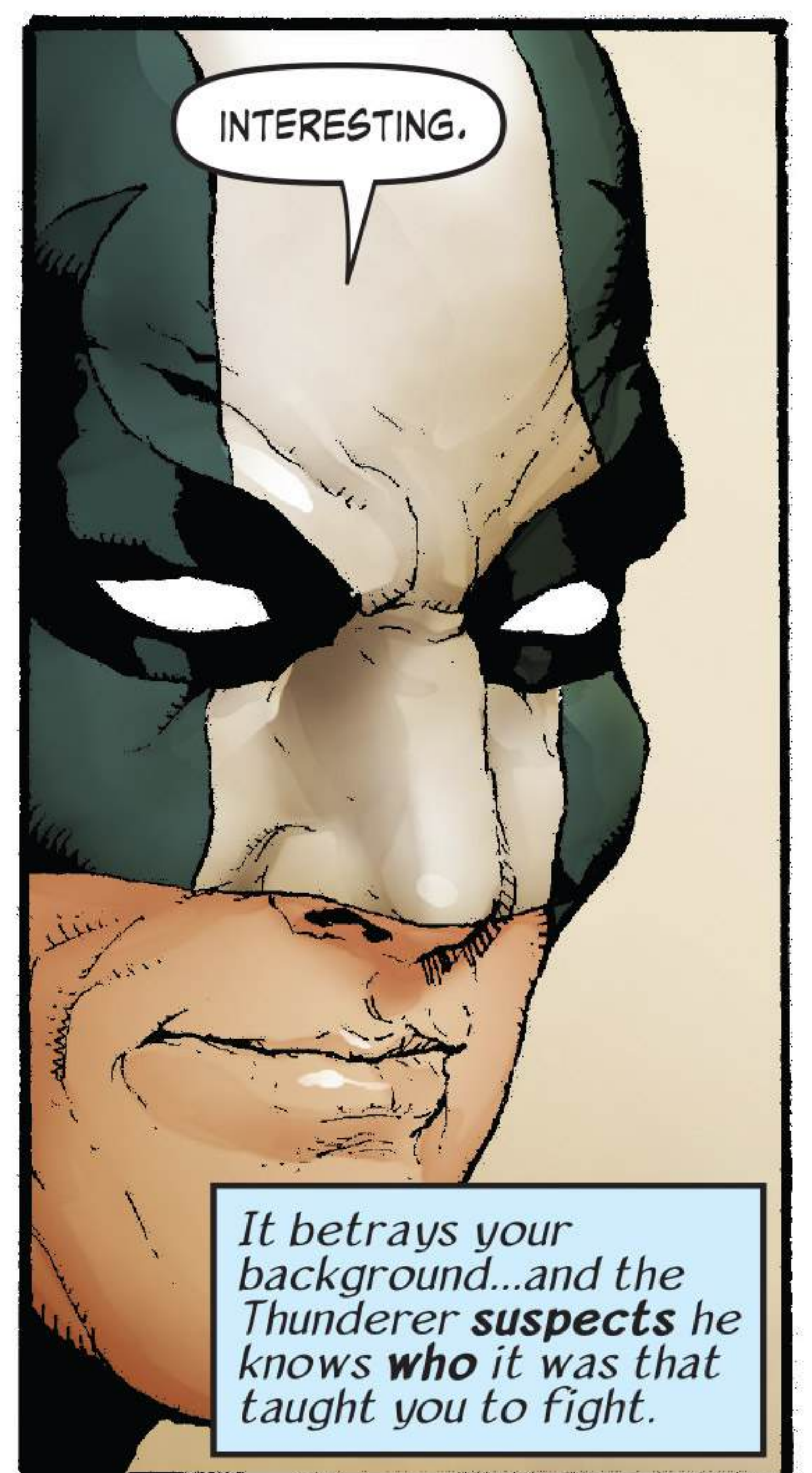
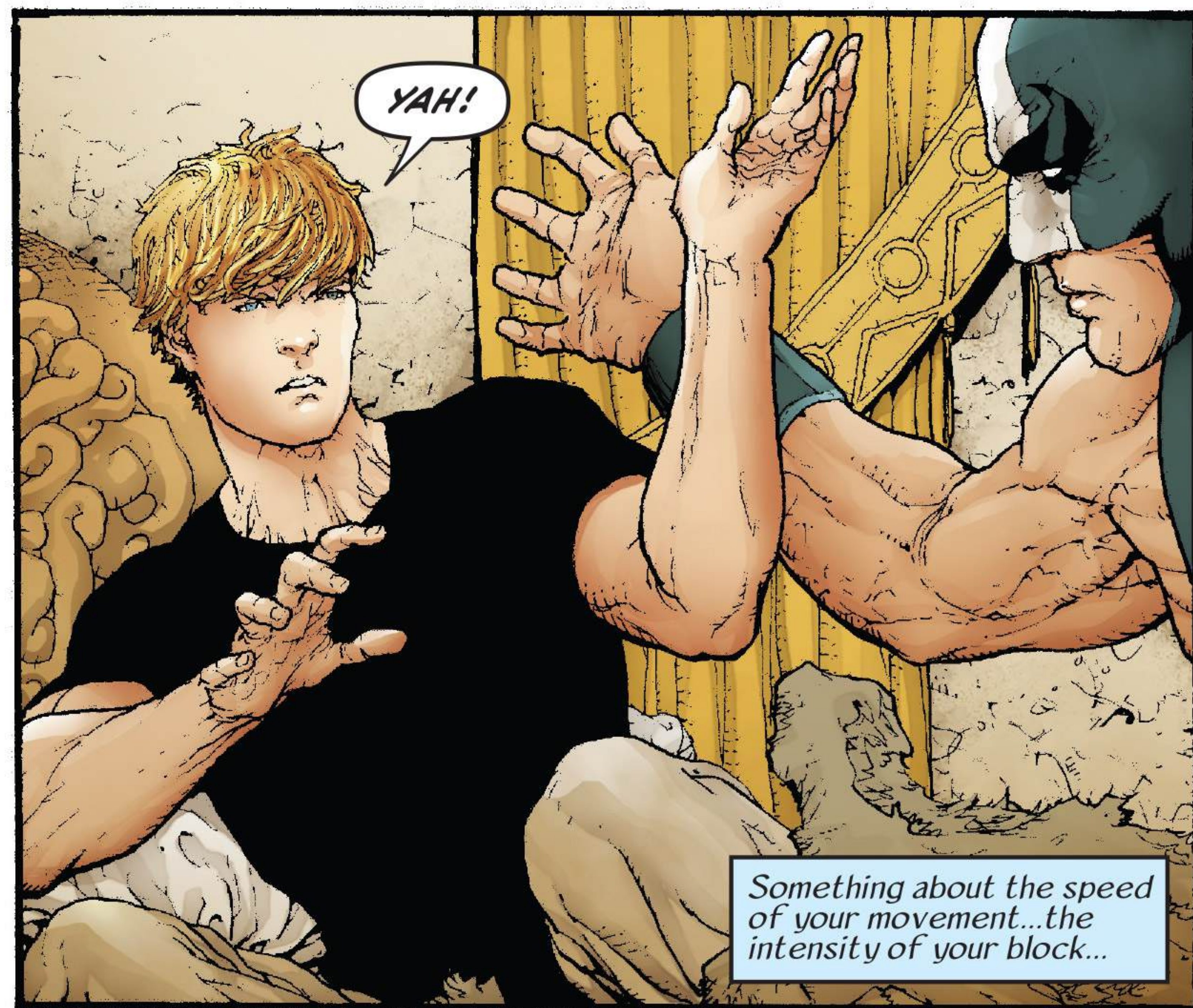
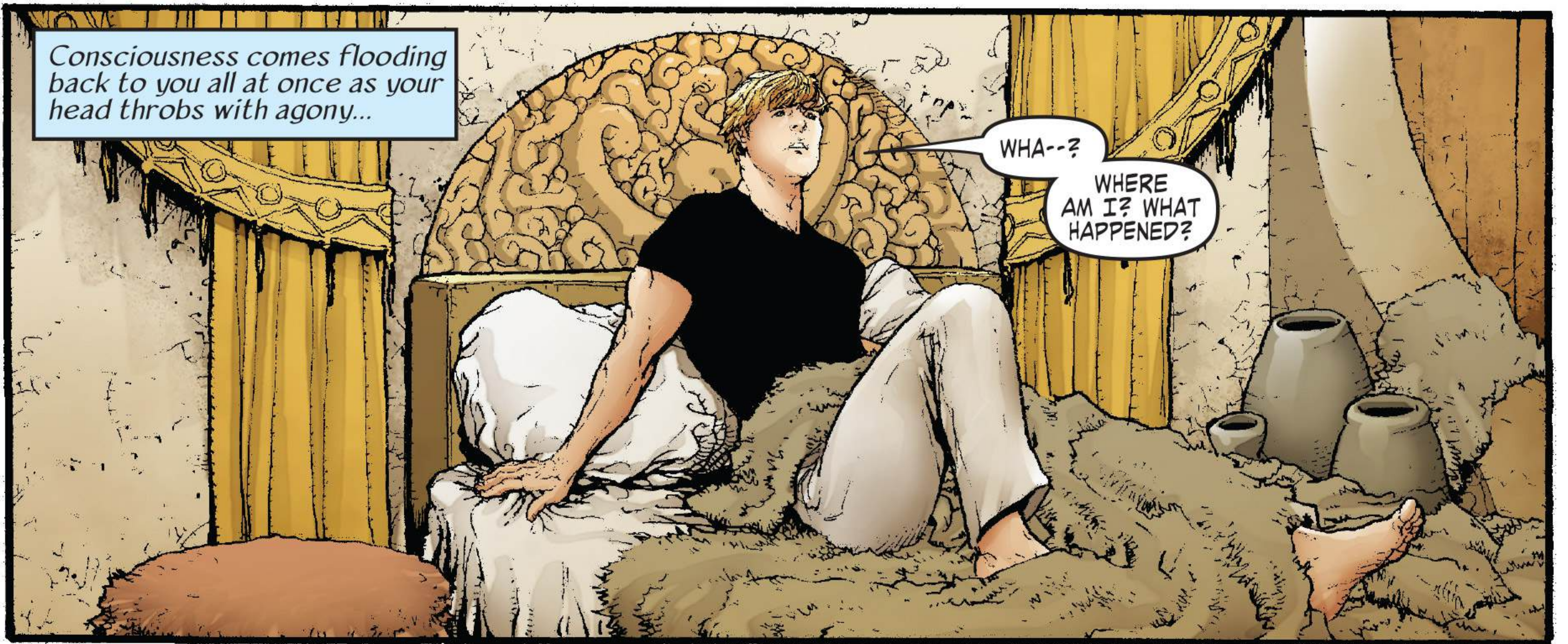
THAT WILL **NOT** COME TO PASS THIS TIME.

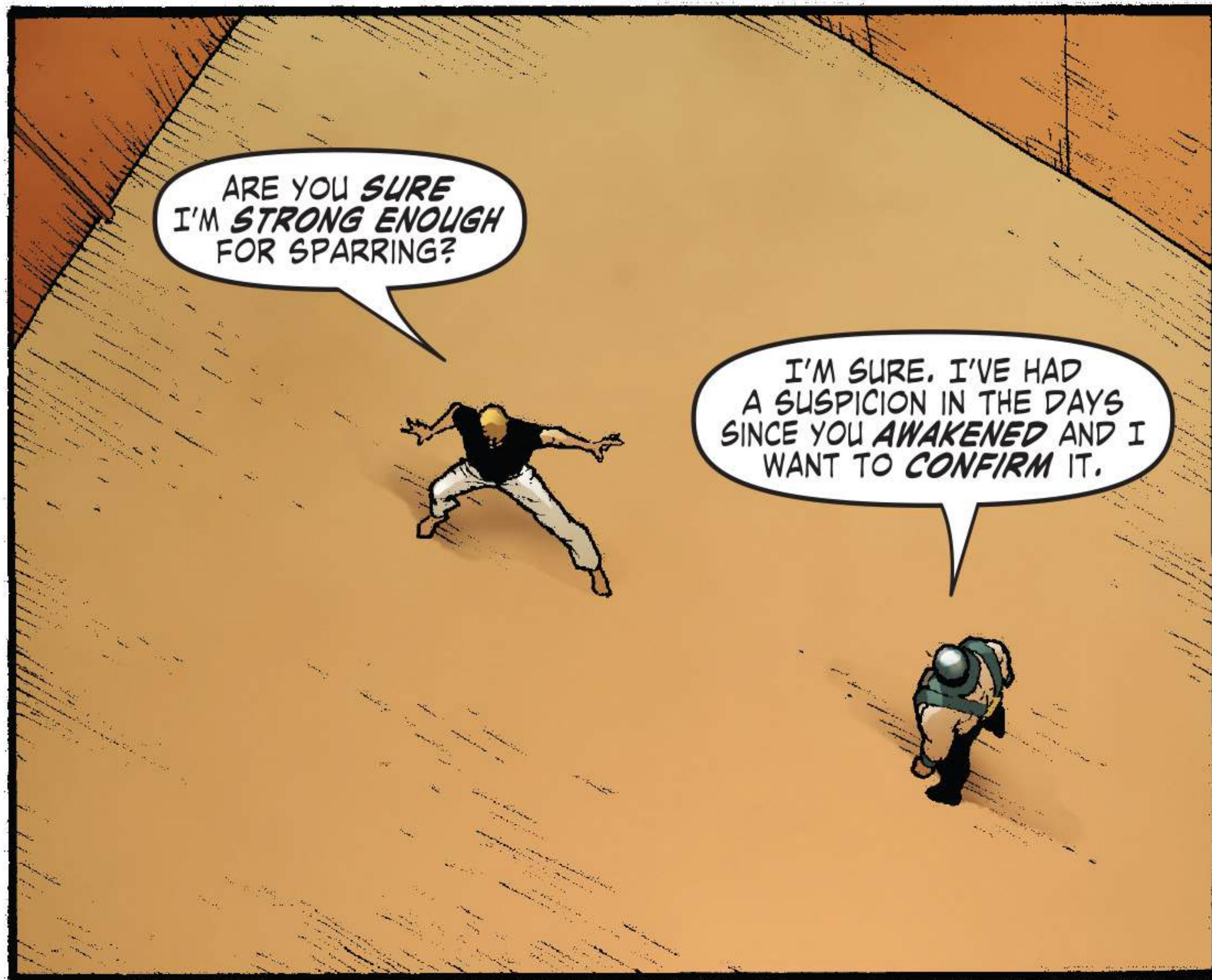
NOW...DO YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS?



YES, MASTER.

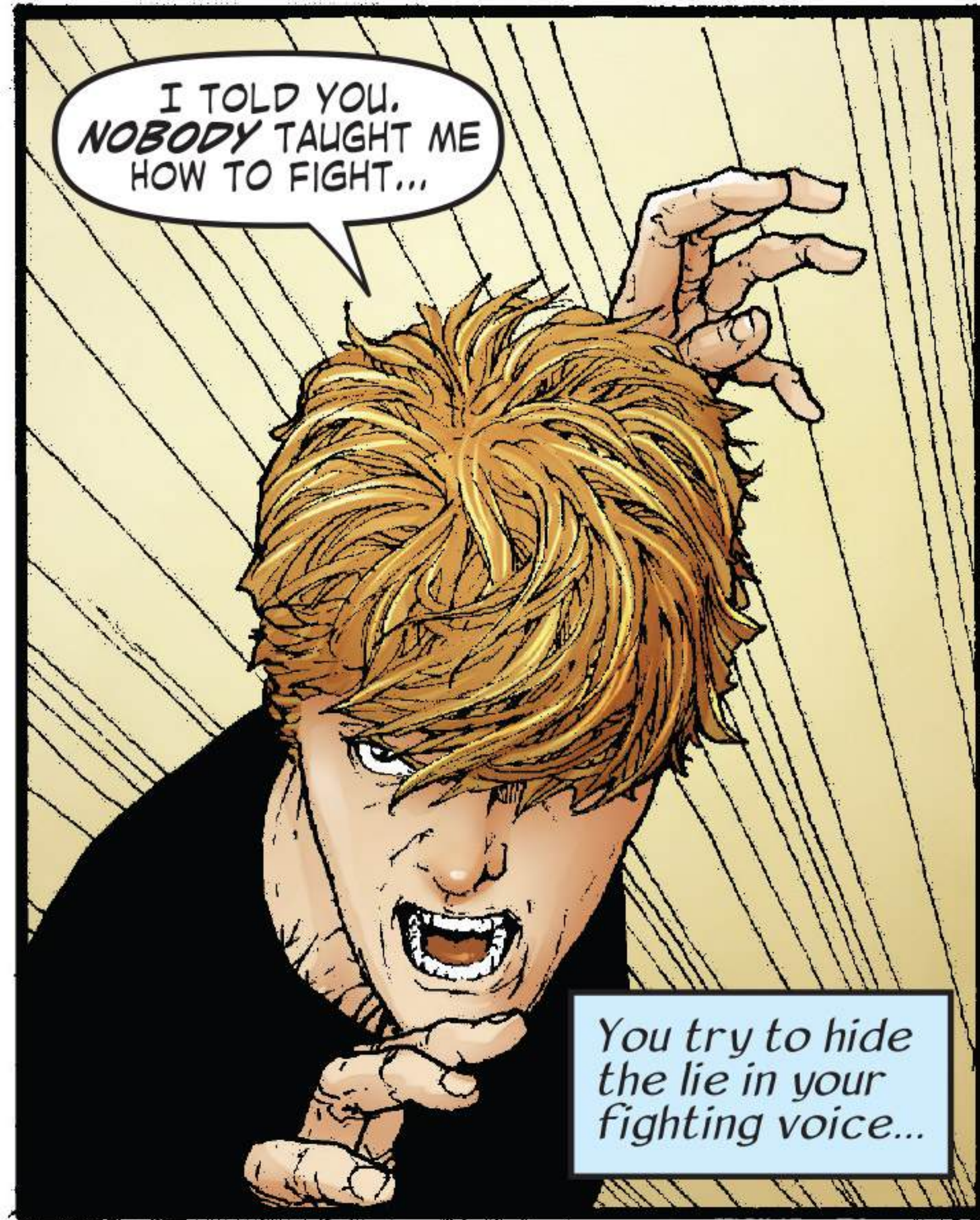
WHY DIDN'T MY FATHER BECOME THE IRON FIST?





ARE YOU *SURE*
I'M *STRONG ENOUGH*
FOR SPARRING?

I'M SURE. I'VE HAD
A SUSPICION IN THE DAYS
SINCE YOU *AWAKENED* AND I
WANT TO *CONFIRM* IT.

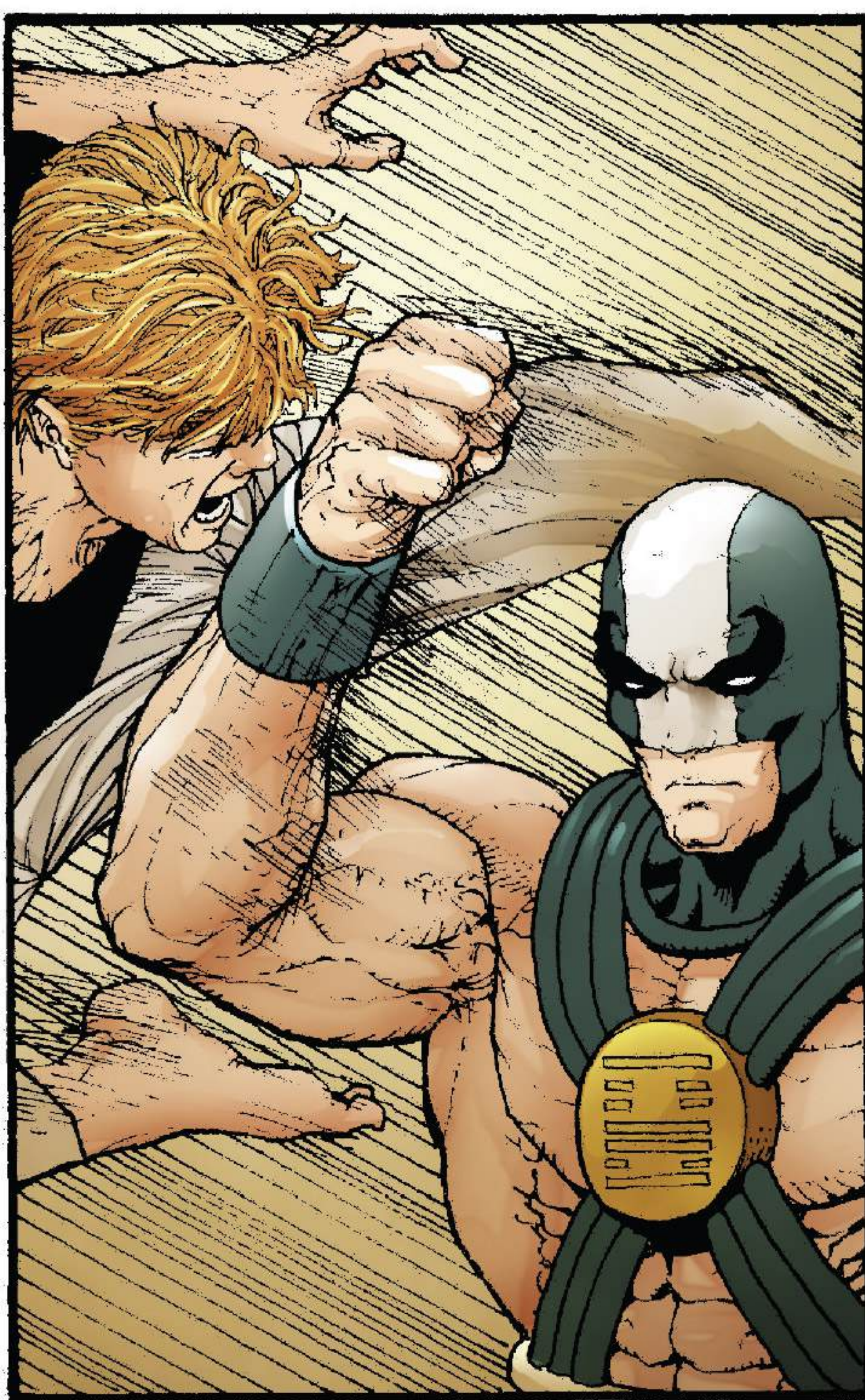


I TOLD YOU.
NOBODY TAUGHT ME
HOW TO FIGHT...

You try to hide
the lie in your
fighting voice...



I TAUGHT
MYSELF!

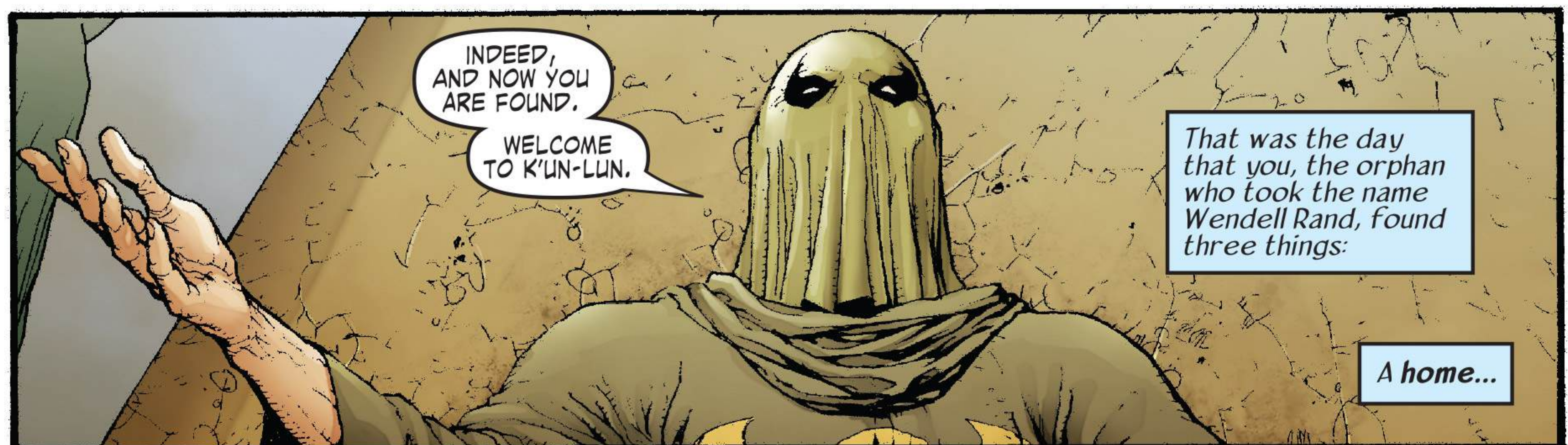
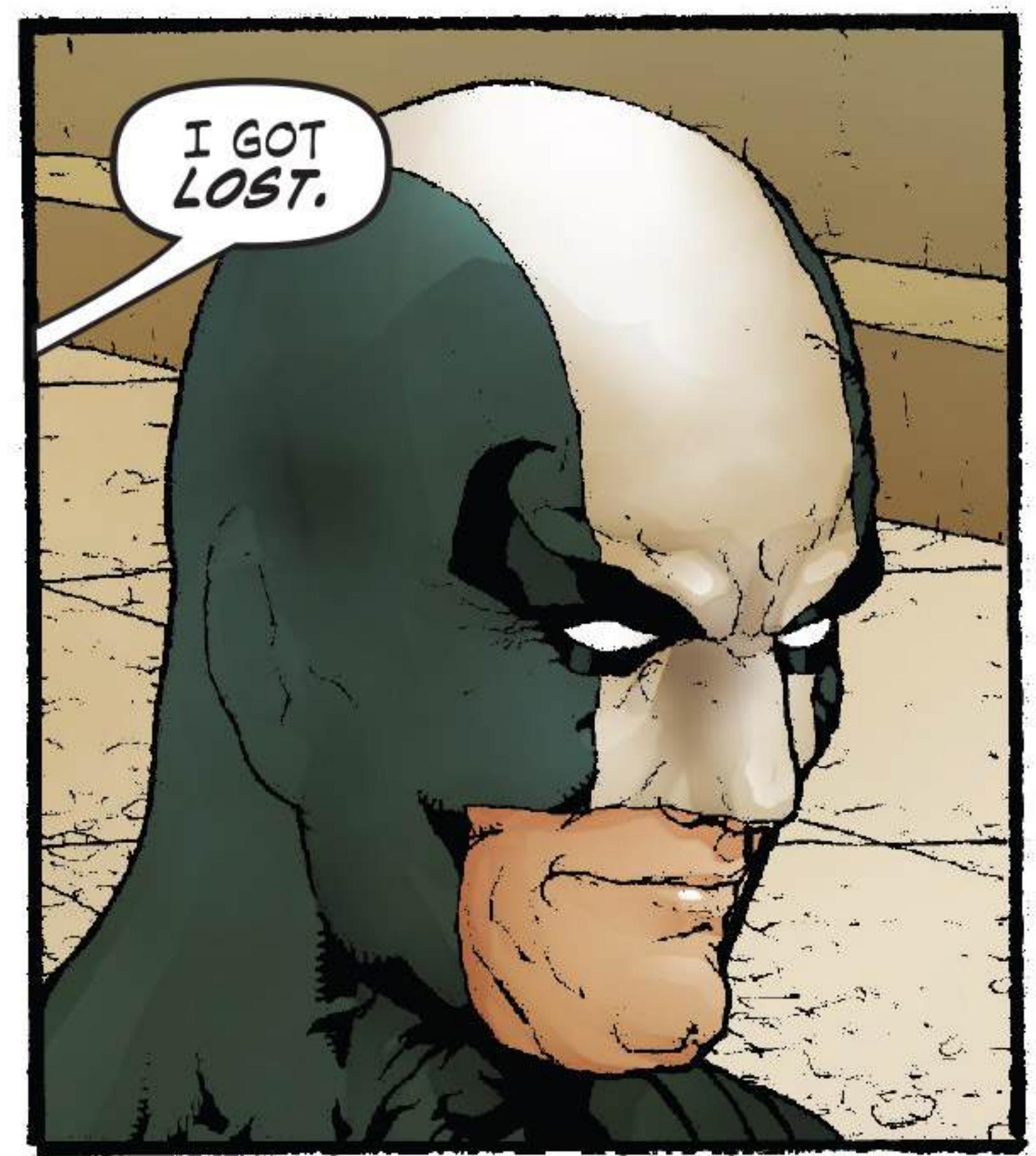
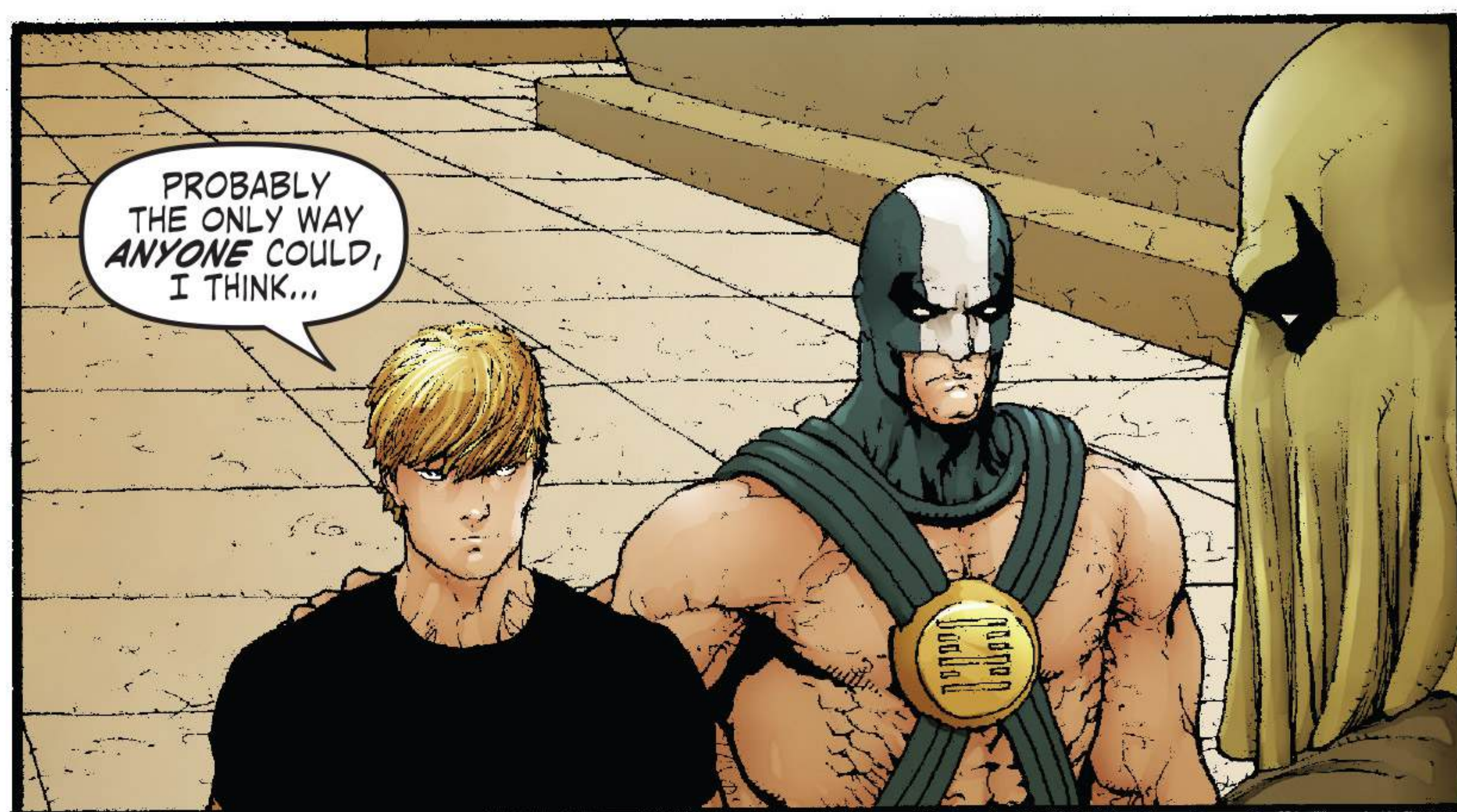
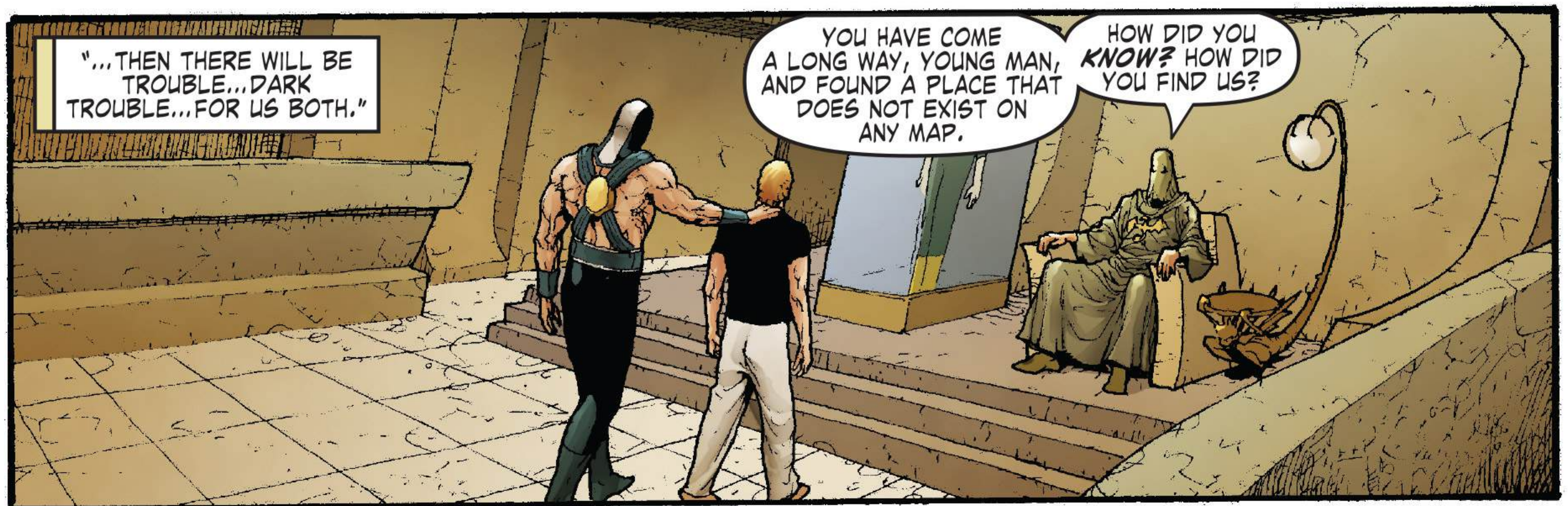


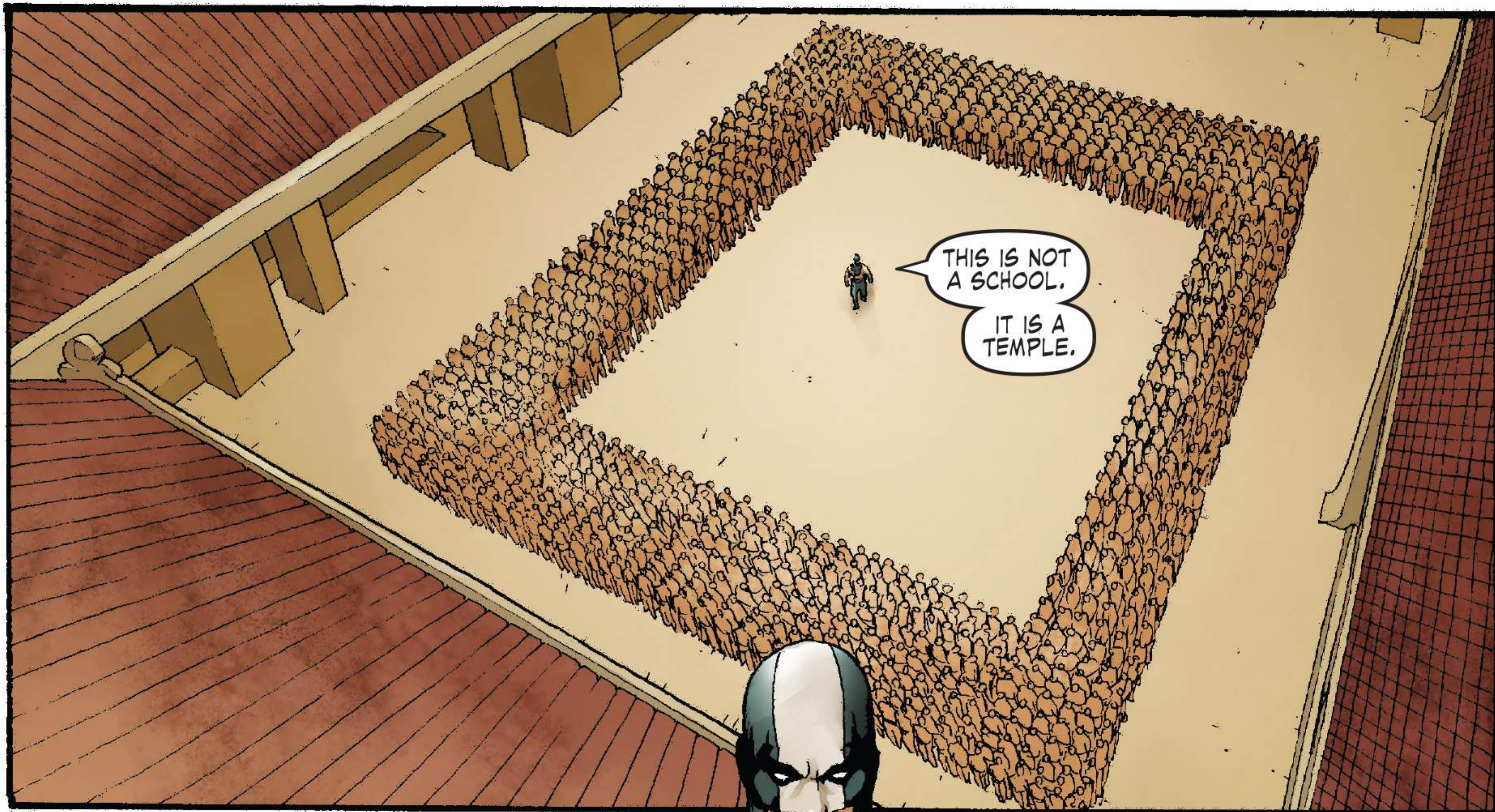
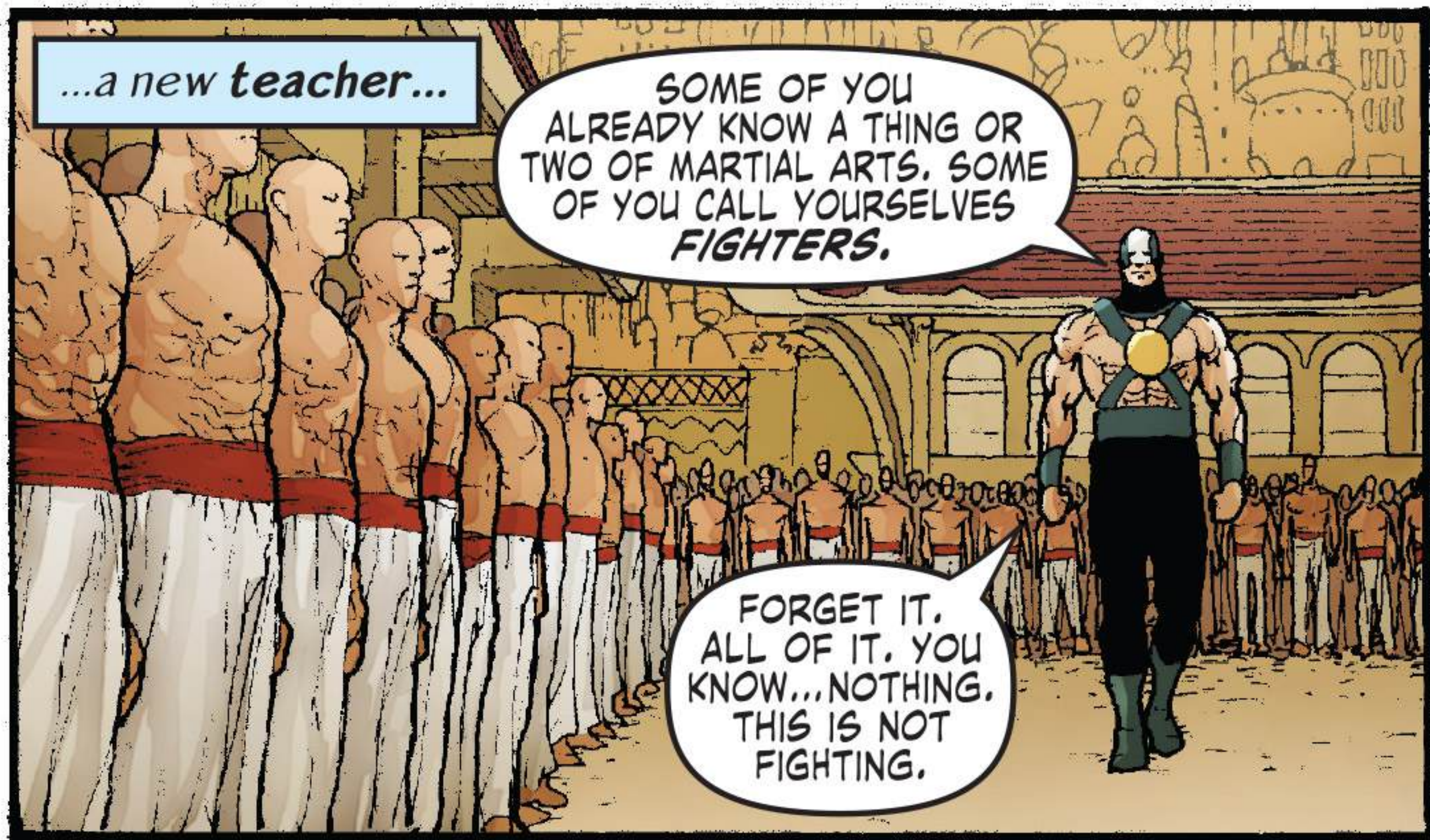
It's no use...

Lei Kung the Thunderer
can read you like a
book...which, in a way, is
precisely what you are...



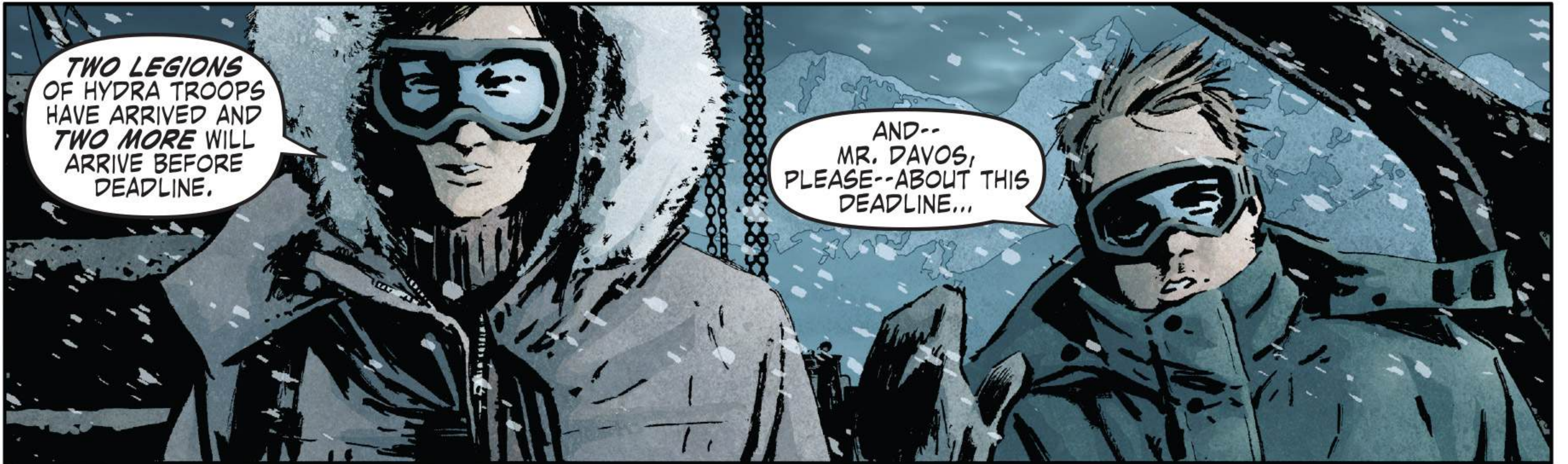
ORSON
RANDALL *STILL*
LIVES.







MR. XAO.
MR. HOGARTH.



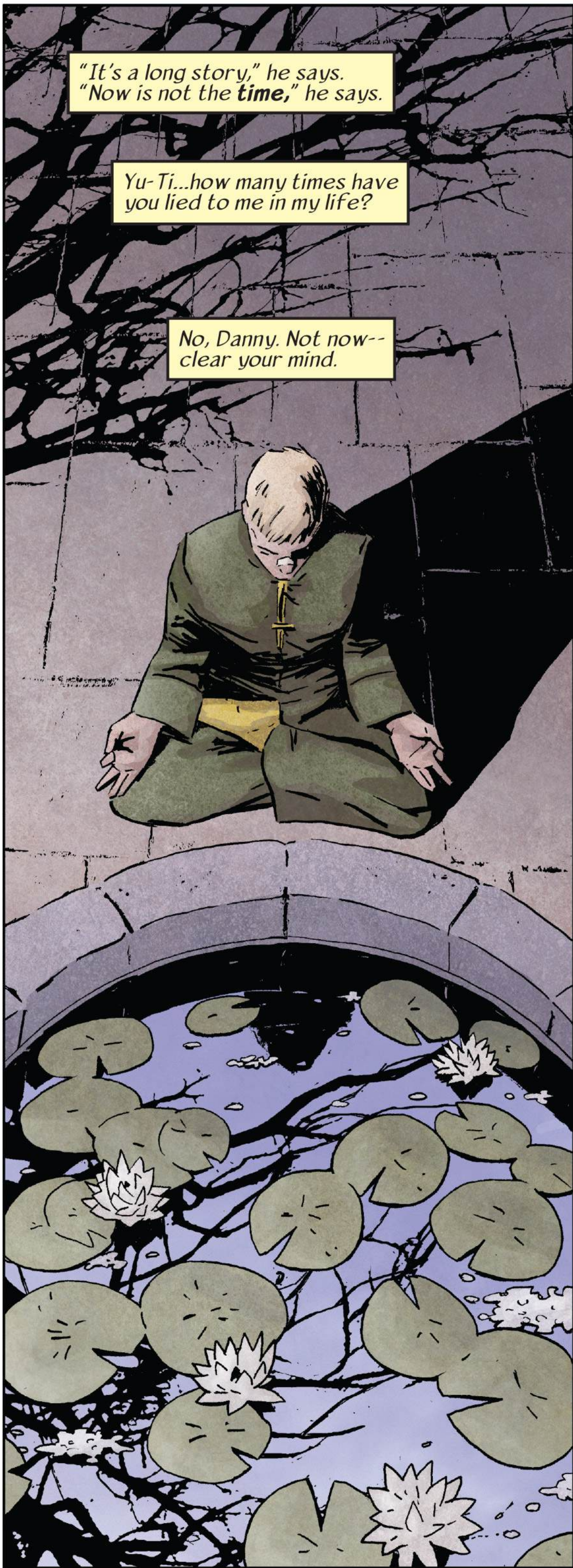


TIME
WAITS FOR
NO MAN.
ESPECIALLY
IN THE K'UN-LUN
MOUNTAINS.



DANNY
WILL SAVE ME.
IRON FIST WILL
COME, AND...

I WOULDN'T
COUNT ON THAT.
HE'S QUITE...
INDISPOSED...



"It's a long story," he says.
"Now is not the **time**," he says.

Yu-Ti...how many times have
you lied to me in my life?

No, Danny. Not now--
clear your mind.

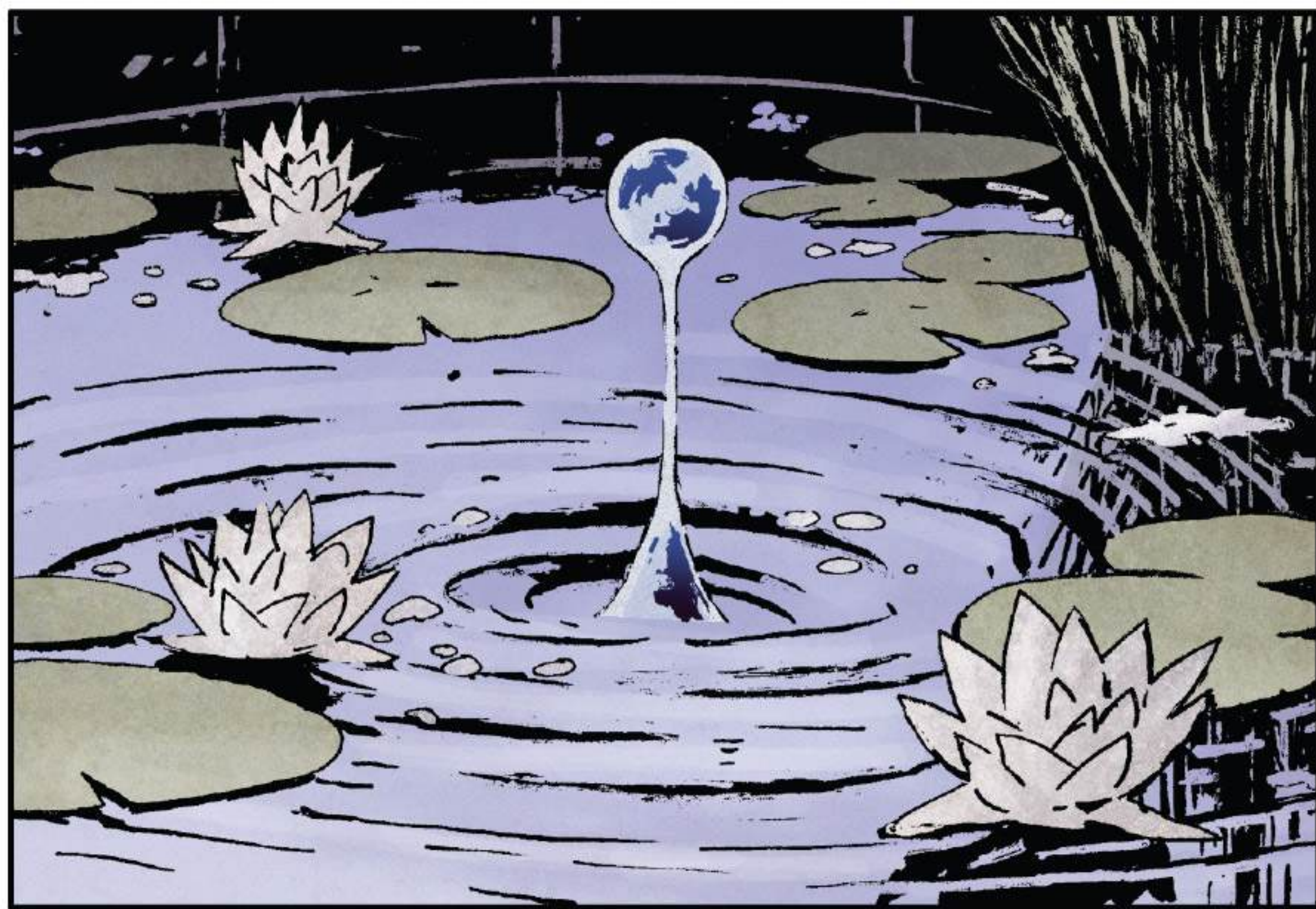


The Scrying Vessel
of Bo-Ling won't
work without **purity**
of conscience.

Focus only on
your question.



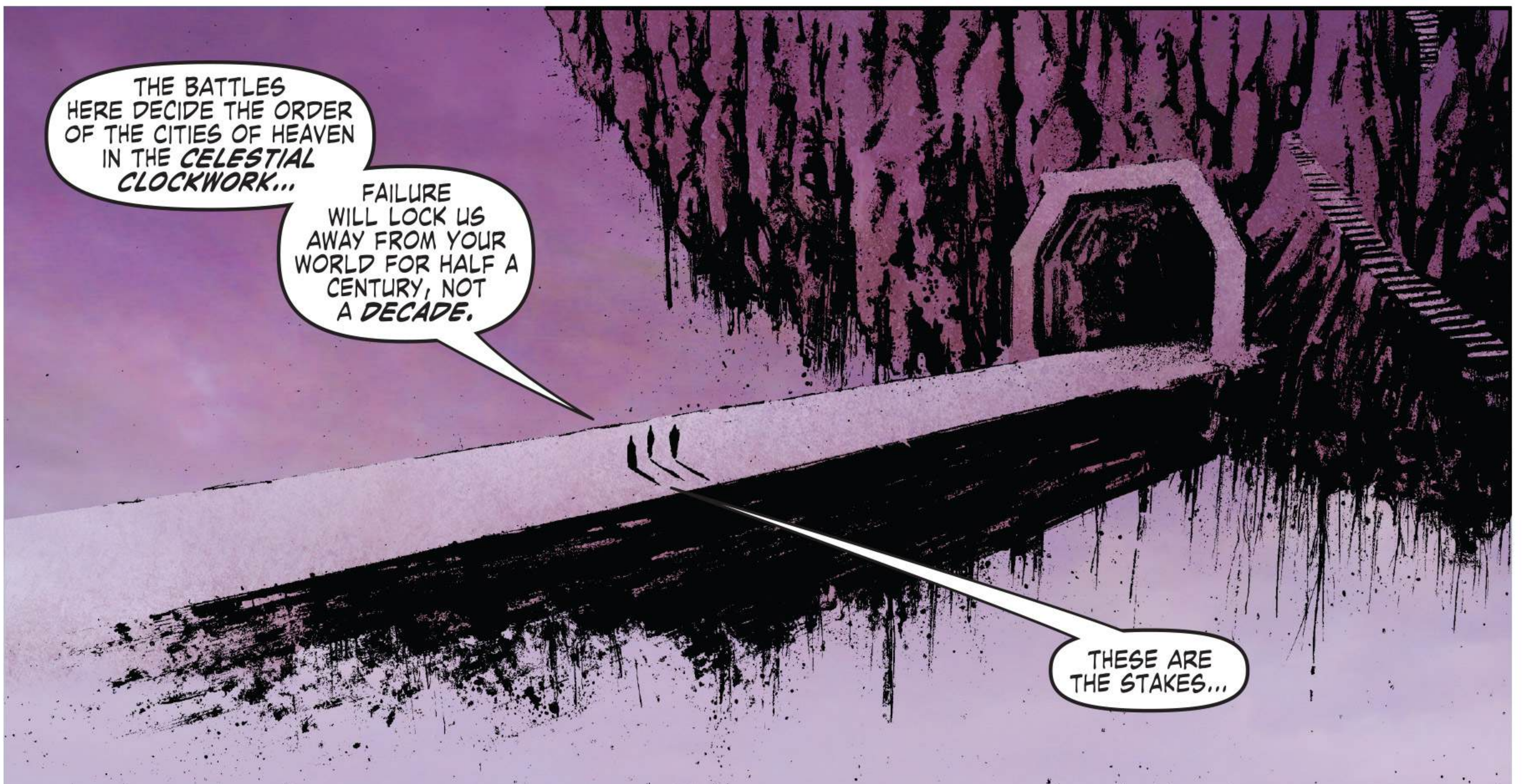
WHERE
IS JERYN
HOGARTH?

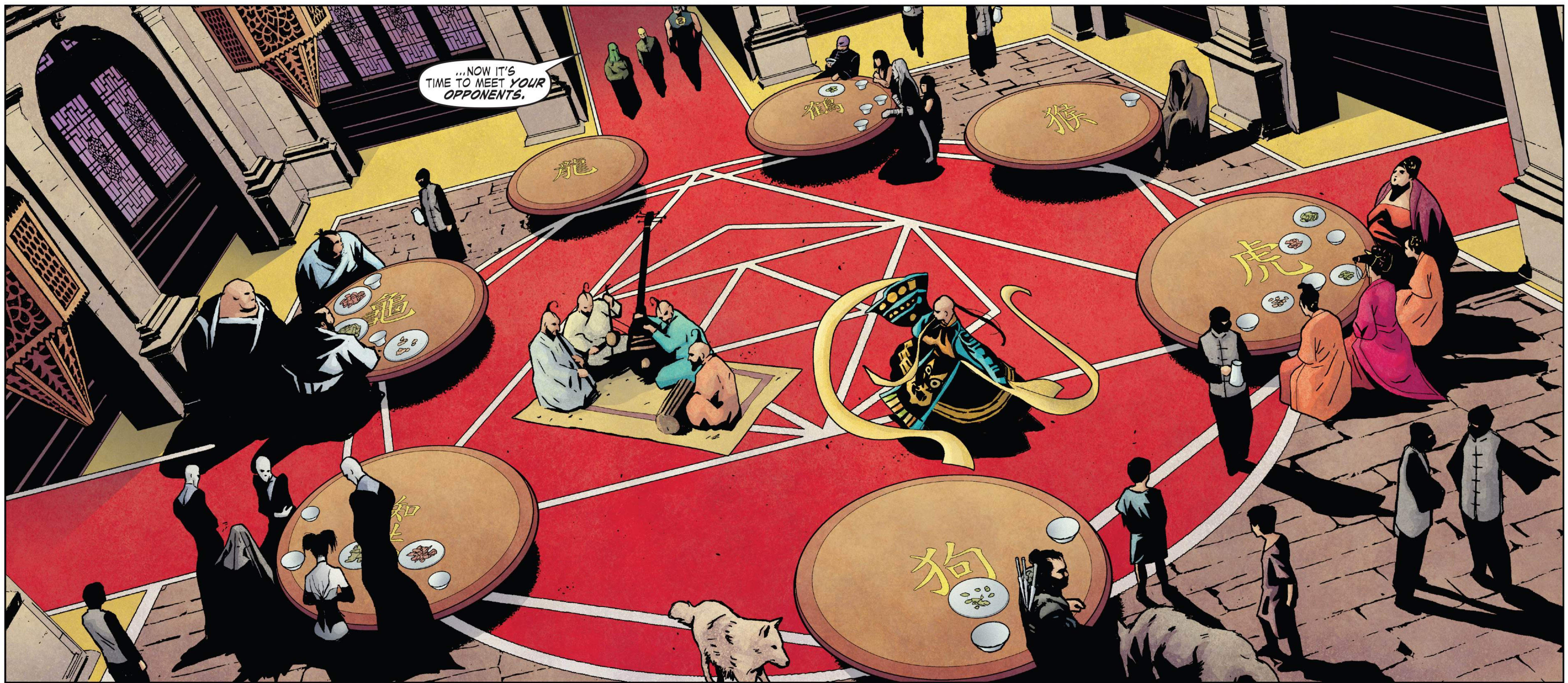


K'un-Lun? That
doesn't make sense.

Jeryn is in K'un-Lun?







"FAT COBRA...
HIS SIZE AND STRENGTH
ARE ONLY OUTCLASSED
BY HIS SPEED."

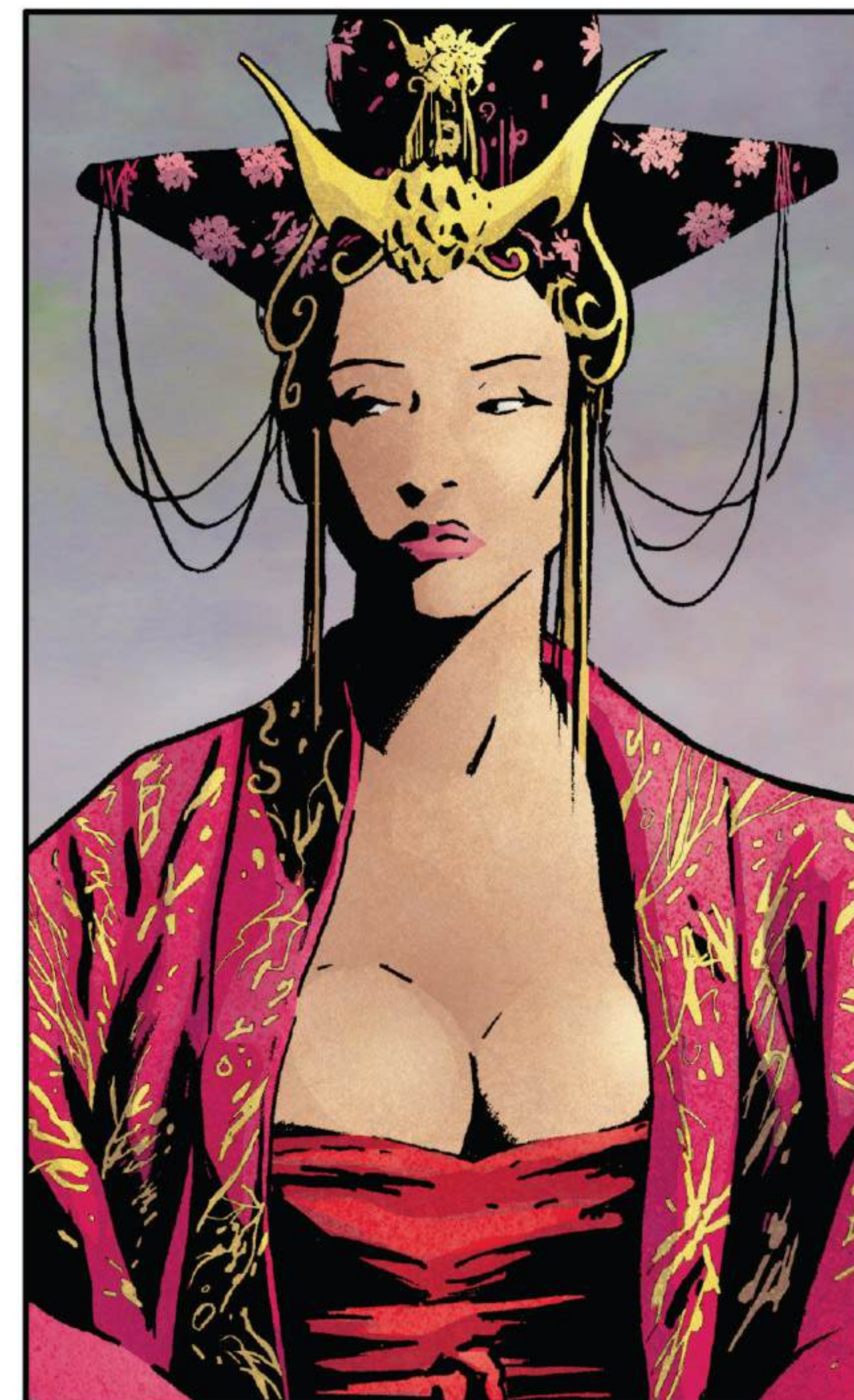
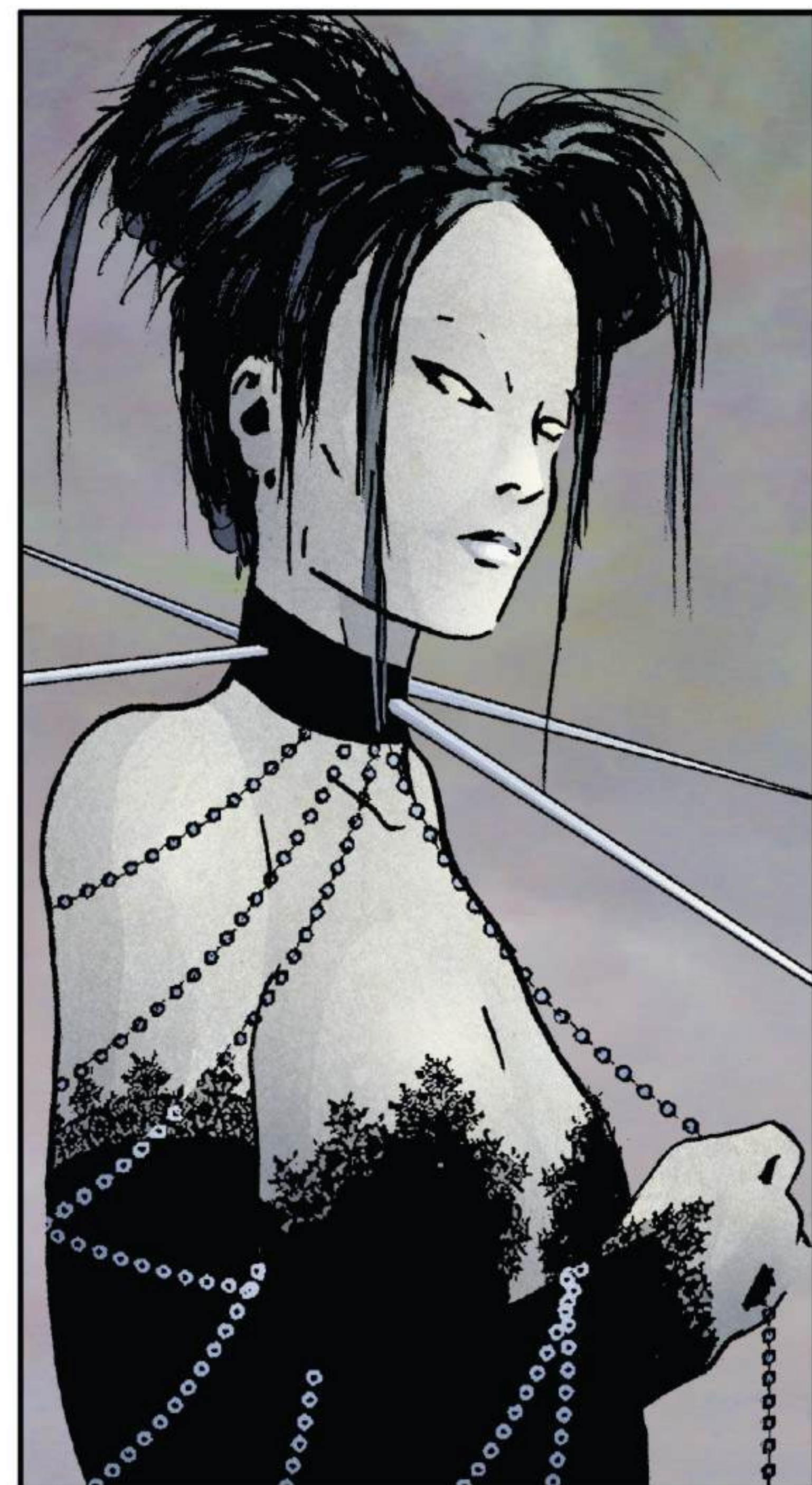
"THE BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS...
HER HEART PUMPS THE COLDEST
BLOOD IMAGINABLE...AND HORRORS
INCONCEIVABLE TO MORTAL MEN."

"DOG BROTHER #1...
HERO TO ALL THE STRAYS ON ALL THE
STREETS OF THE WORLD...A PRANKSTER-
ASSASSIN WHO RULES THE UNDER-CITY..."

"TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER...MANY A MAN
HAS FOUND HIS DOOM AT
HER HAND OR IN HER BED."

"THE PRINCE OF
ORPHANS. MYSTERIOUS,
EVEN TO WE WHO CULTIVATE
UNENDING MYSTERY."

"AND THE NEW WEAPON
OF K'UN-ZI...DAVOS.
THE STEEL SERPENT...
MASTER OF THE CRANES."





DAVOS!

YOU SON
OF A--!



WHERE'S
JERYN?

IRON FIST,
NOW IS NOT
THE--

WHERE?!

DANIEL!



YU-TI!
CONFLICT BETWEEN
IMMORTAL WEAPONS BEFORE
THE TOURNAMENT IS
FORBIDDEN--

CAN YOU
NOT **CONTROL**
YOUR WARRIOR,
YET AGAIN?



SAYS ONE WHO
HAD TO PURCHASE THEIRS...
CRANE MOTHER.

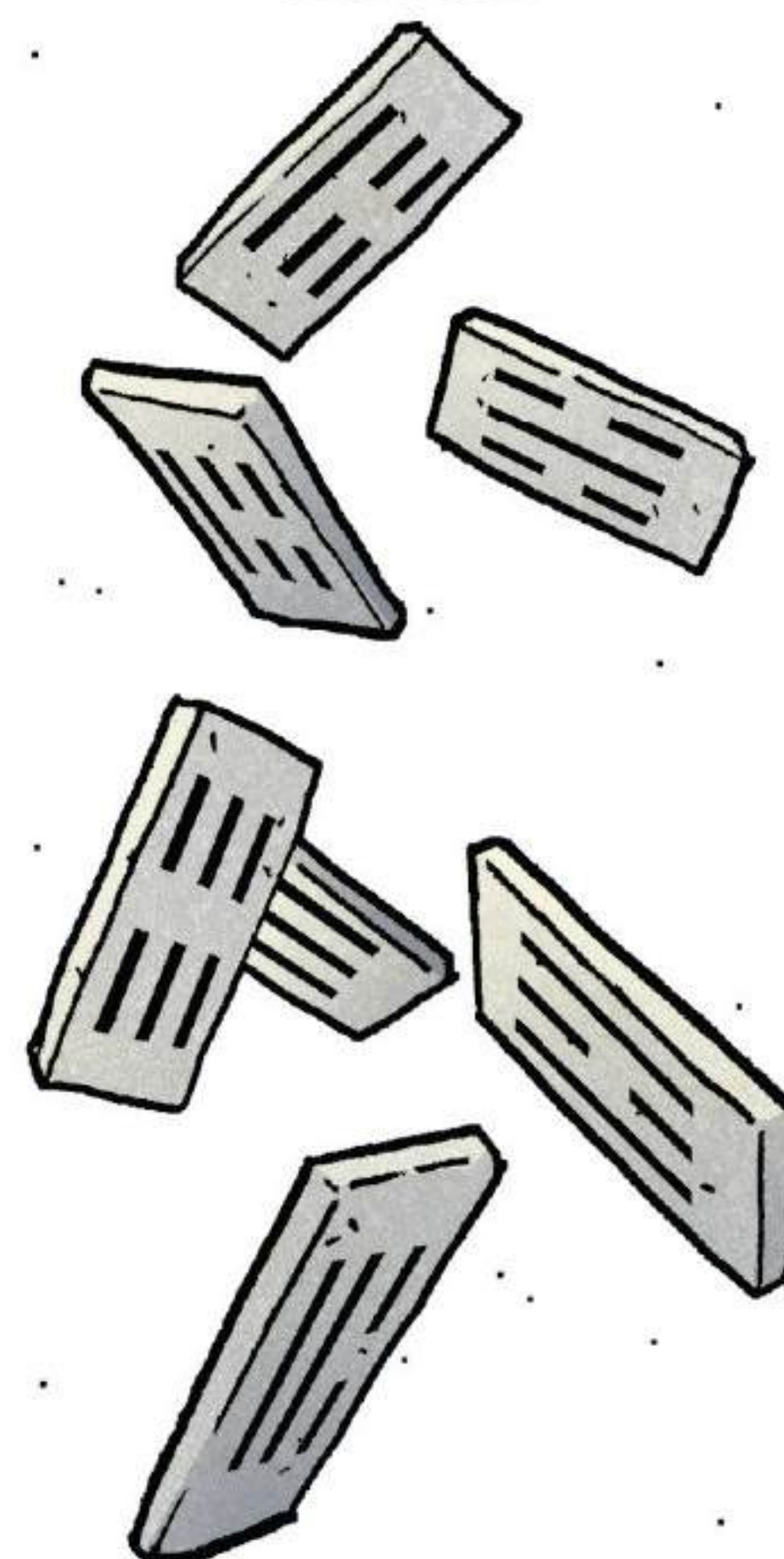
MY
WARRIOR'S
ANGER IS **JUST**, IF
INAPPROPRIATE AT
THIS TIME.



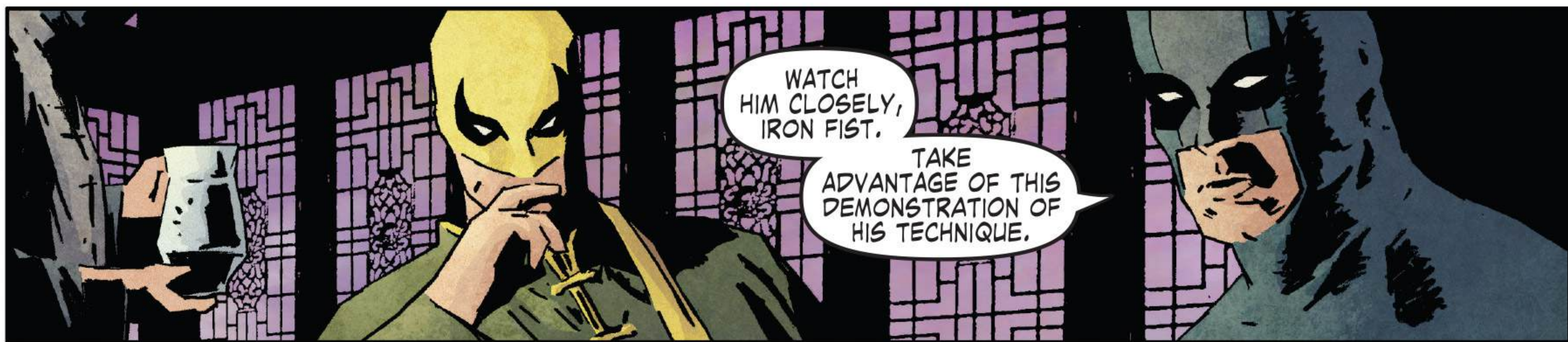
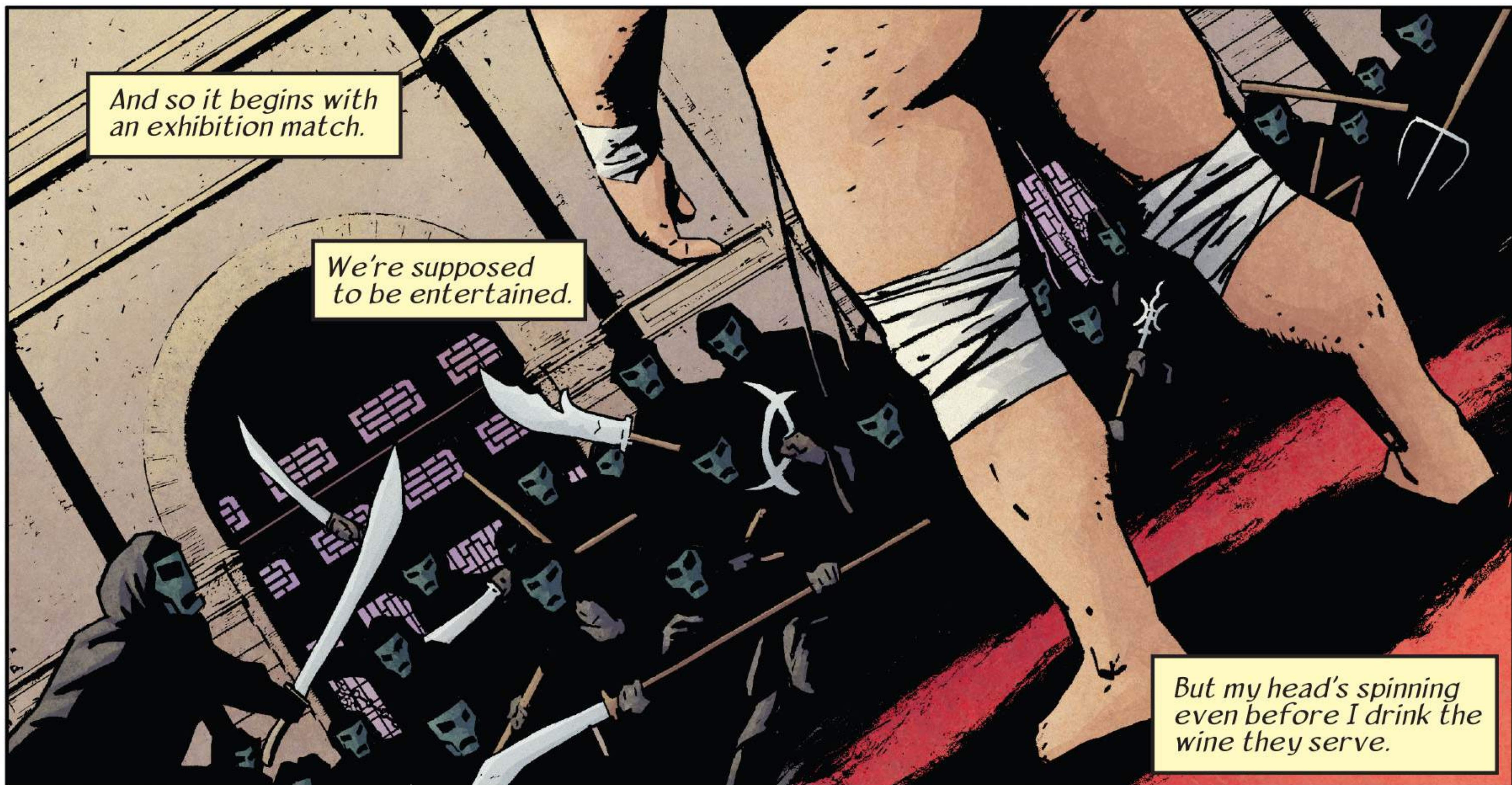
YES...WE HAVE
ALL SET ASIDE
OUR BLOOD FEUDS
FOR THIS NIGHT,
YU-TI.

ALLOW ME
NOW TO CAST THE
HOLY TILES TO SEE
WHICH CHAMPION SHALL
ENTERTAIN US AS
WE BEGIN THE FIRST
NIGHT'S FEAST...

ONE HUNDRED
OF THE FINEST
SHAOLIN TERROR
PRIESTS FROM AROUND
THE WORLD HAVE BEEN
ASSEMBLED HERE
TONIGHT.



ALL
PREPARED TO
FACE...



Whoa.

ONE
HUNDRED
APOLOGIES,
MASTER IRON
FIST.



THUNDERER!
THAT GIRL
HAD--

IT IS UNSEEMLY
TO FOCUS ON *GIRLS*
IN THE MIDST OF THIS
DISPLAY, DANIEL.



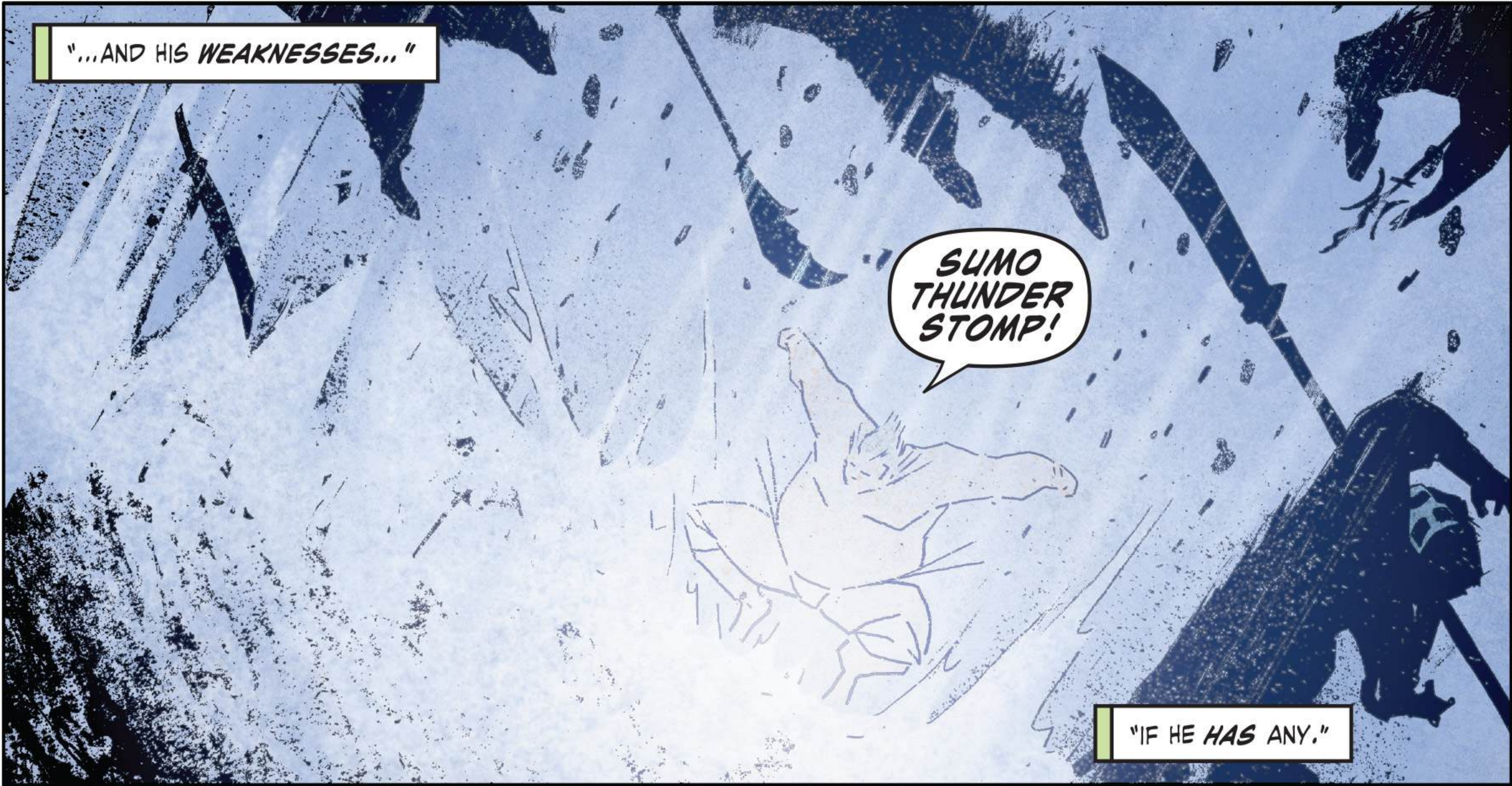
"INSTEAD, FOCUS
ON FAT COBRA'S
DEFENSES..."



"...HIS OFFENSES..."



"...AND HIS *WEAKNESSES...*"

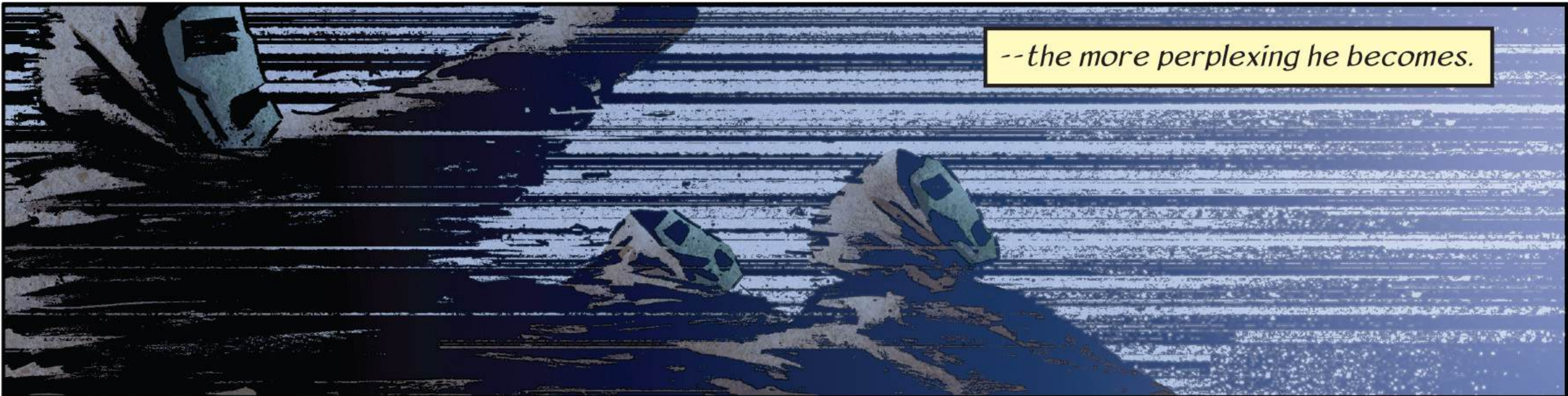


SUMO
THUNDER
STOMP!

"IF HE *HAS* ANY."



The Thunderer is right--
the more I study Fat Cobra--



--the more perplexing he becomes.



He's big--okay. His
totem is the tortoise...



But he's strong like an ox...

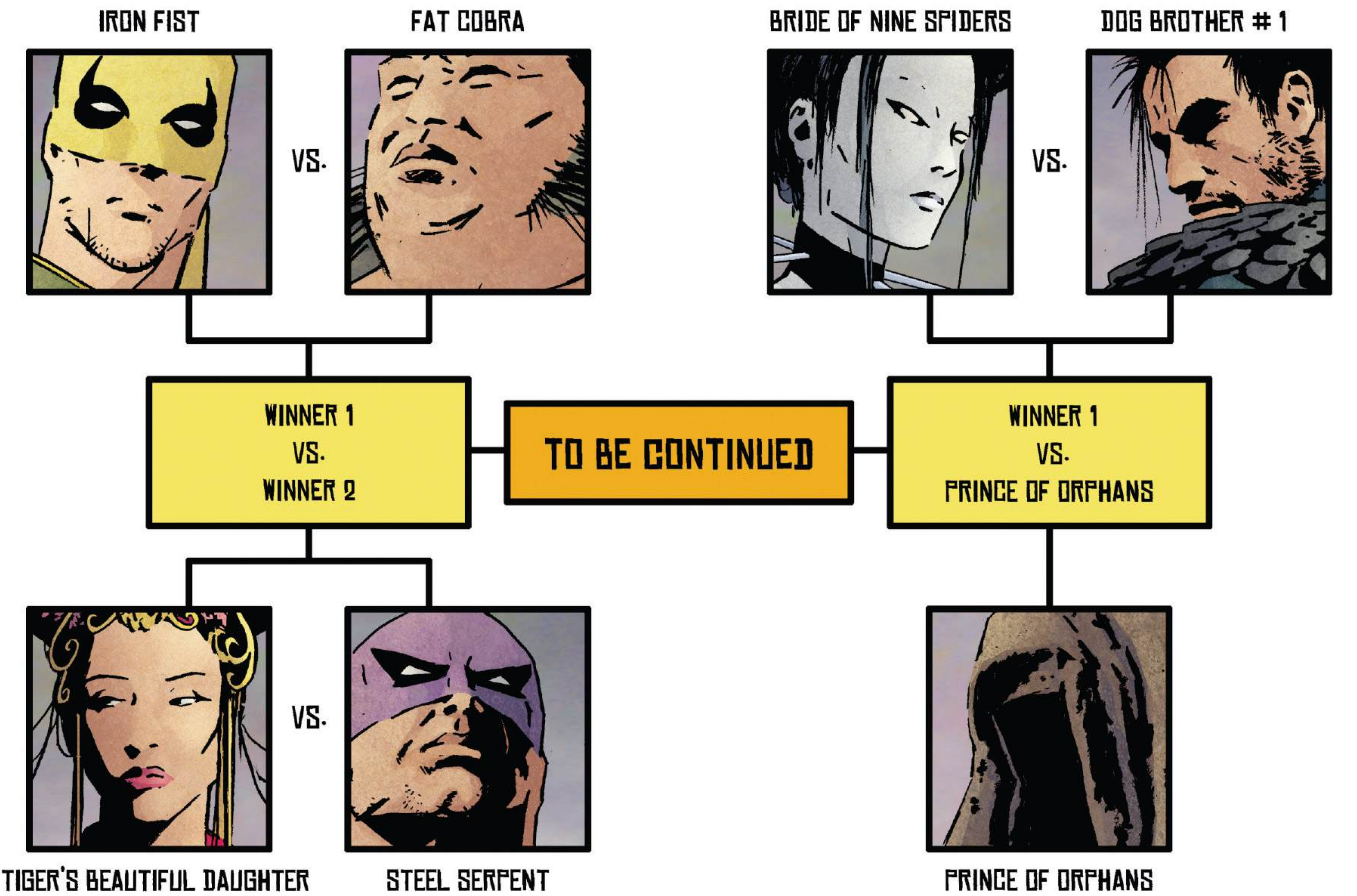
And he's not slow at all.



HOO-TAH!
IT IS FINISHED.

100 SHAOLIN
TERROR PRIESTS
FELLED BEFORE MY TEA
HAS COOLED.

I have no idea how to fight him, let alone beat him...

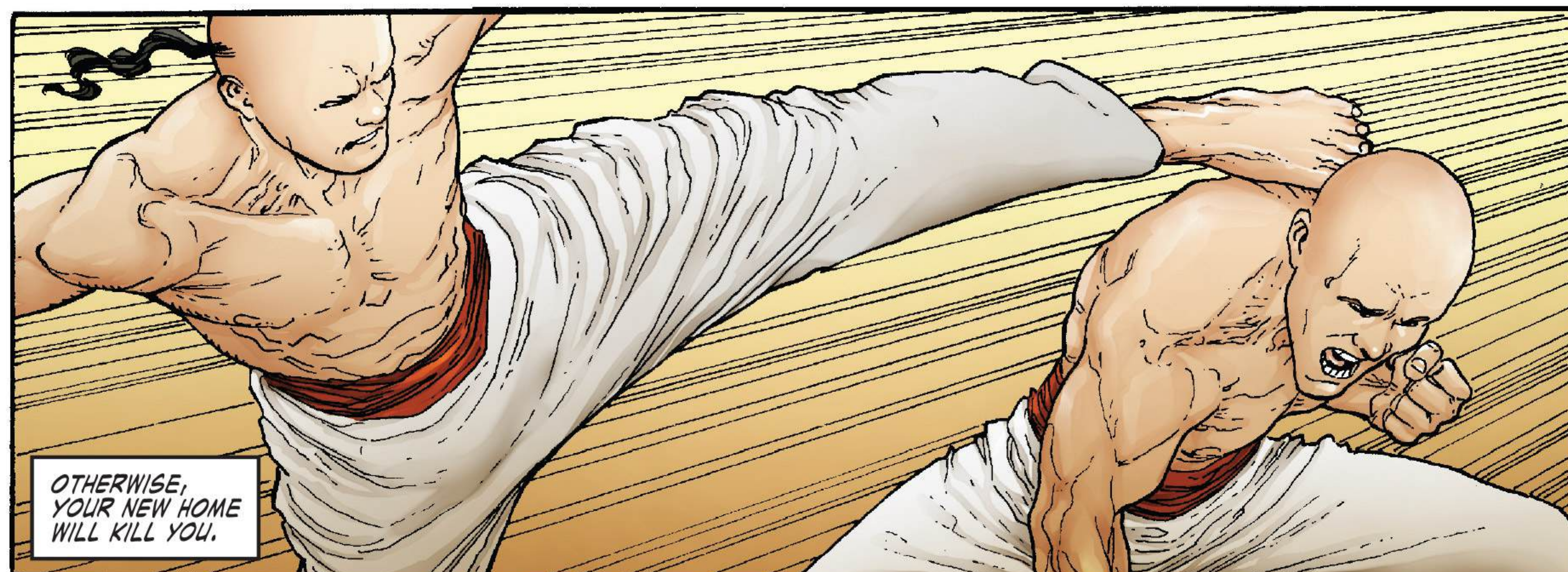
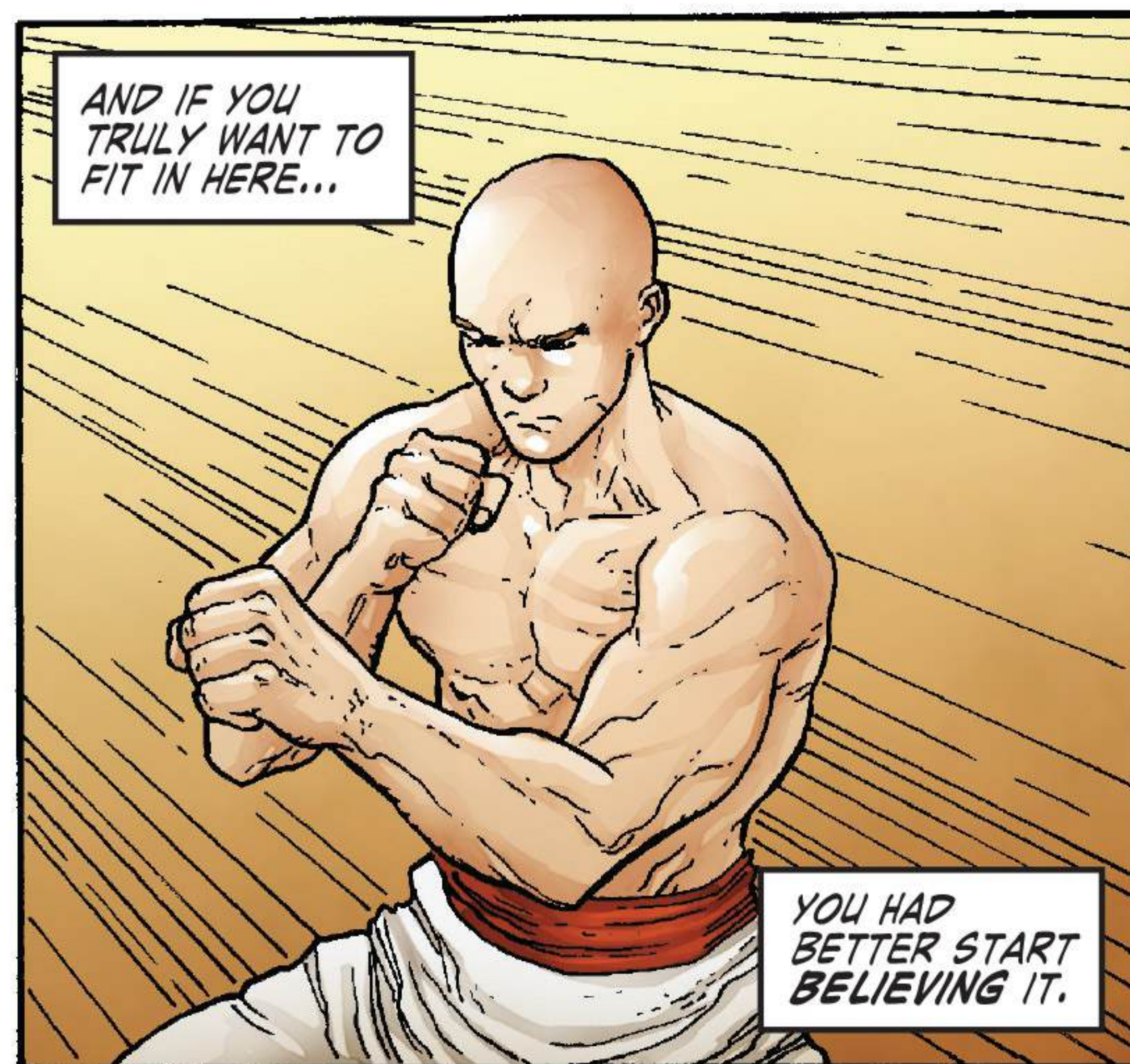
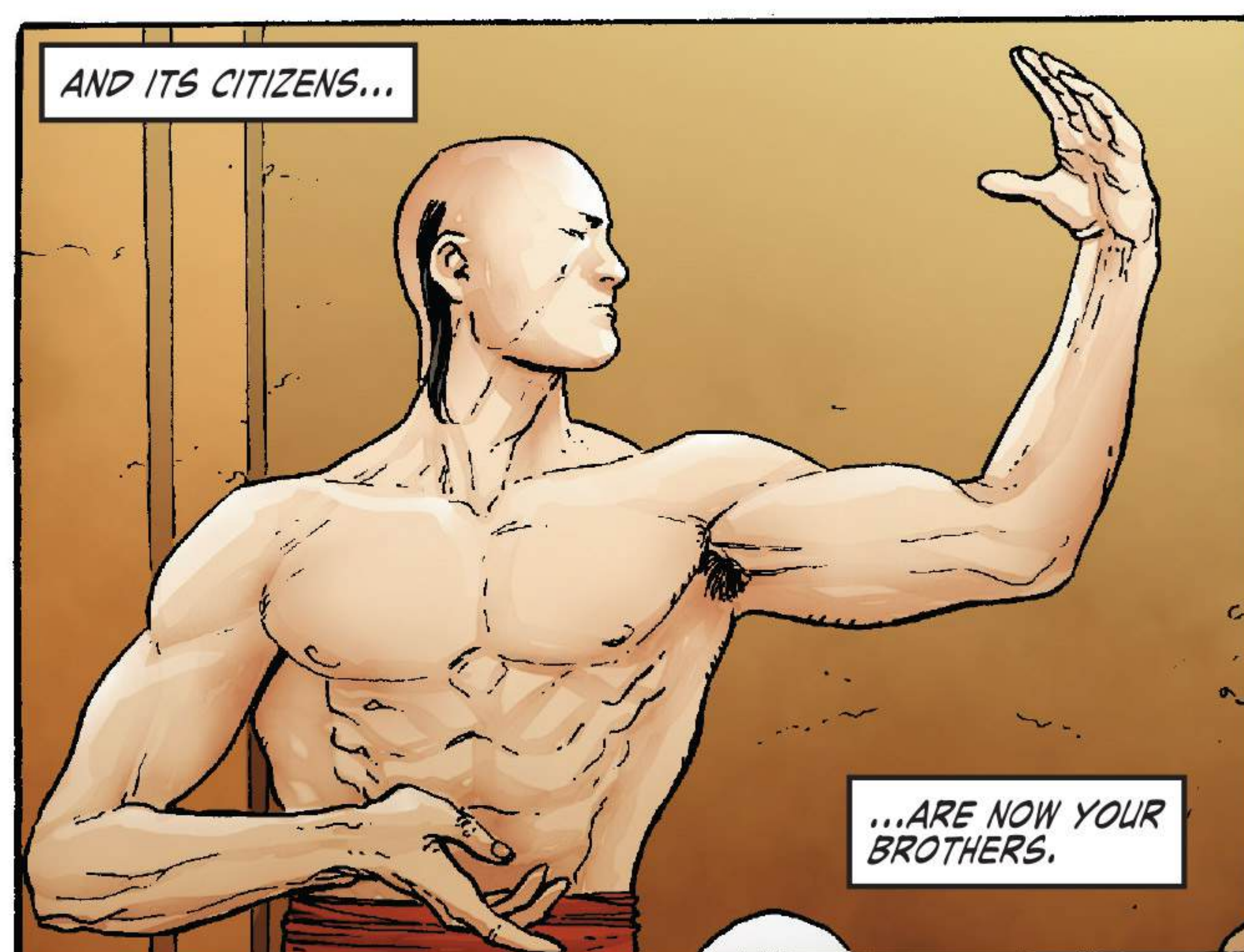
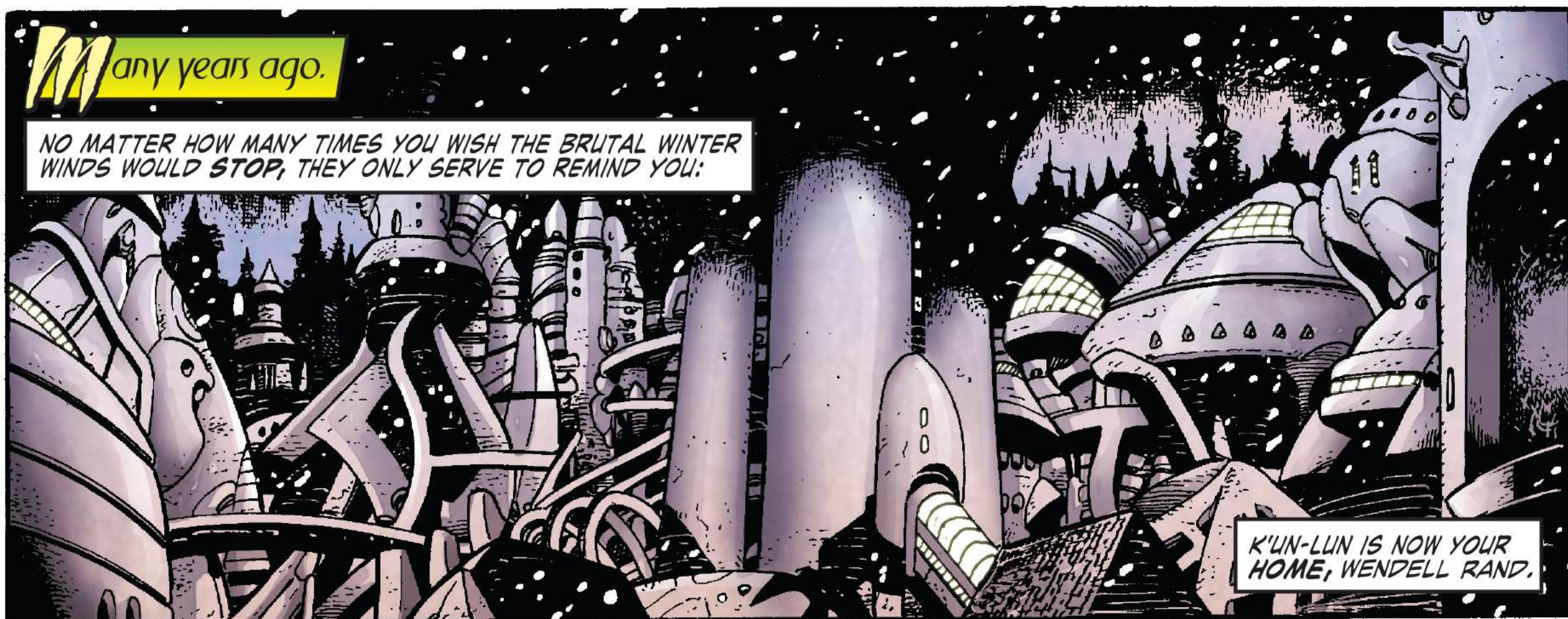


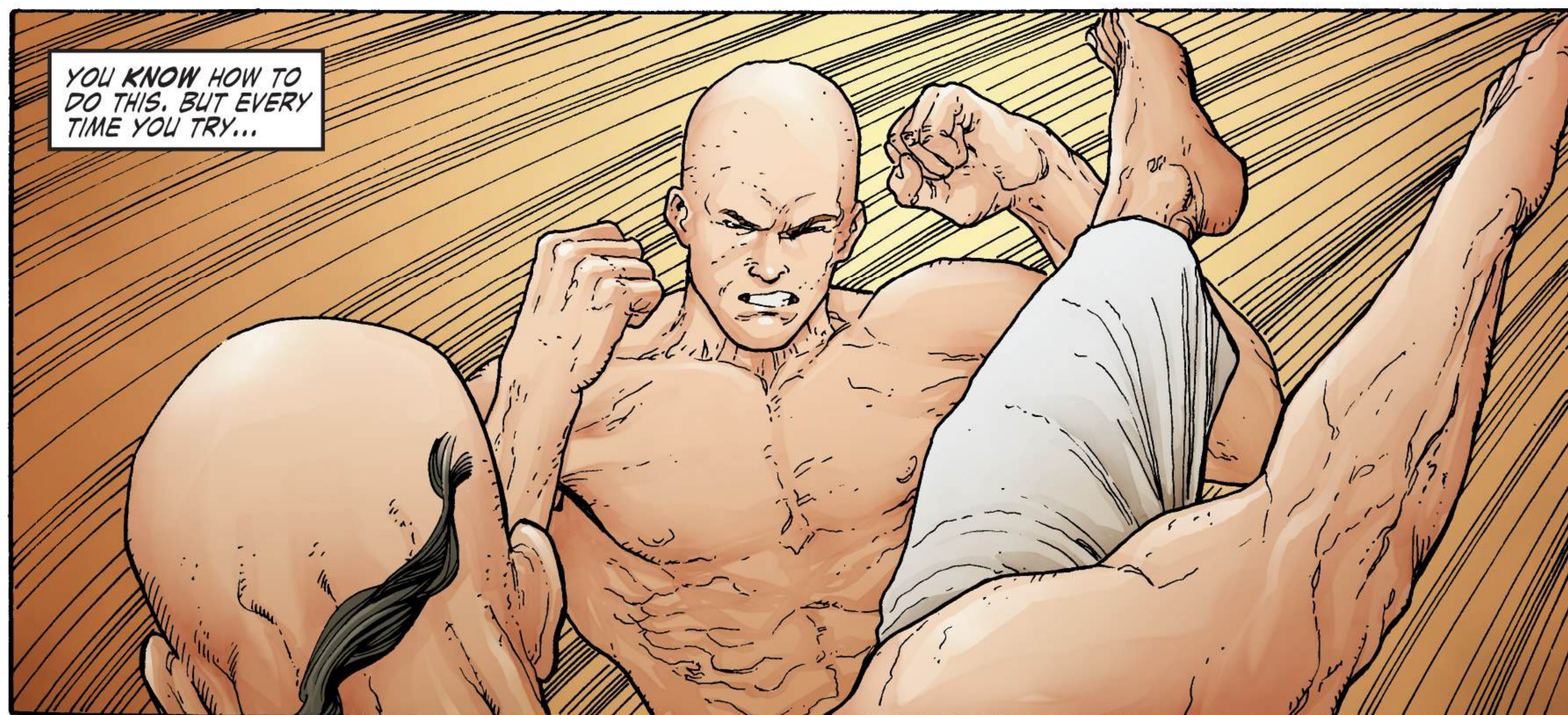
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The 7 Capital Cities of Heaven

二
Round 2

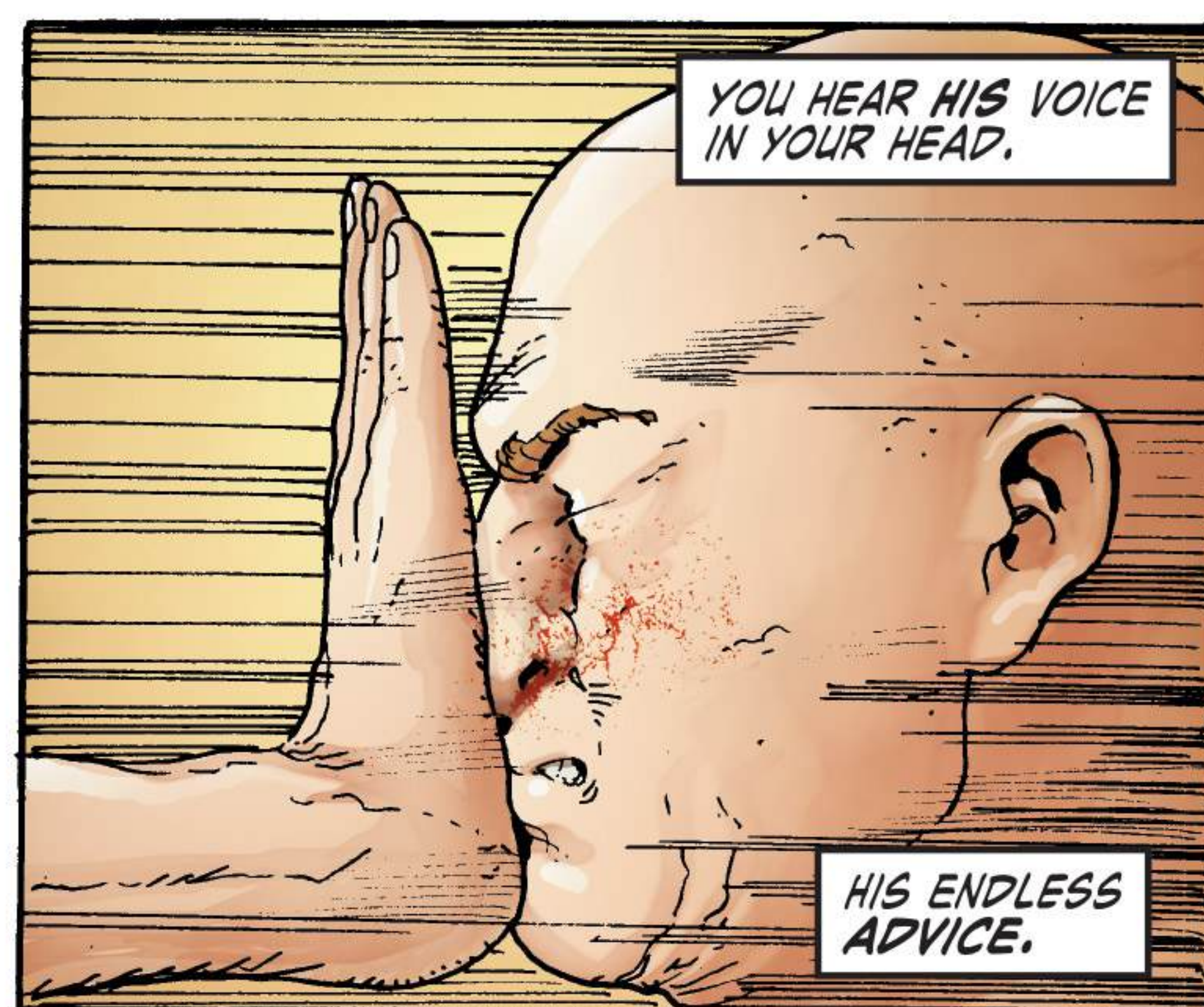




YOU KNOW HOW TO
DO THIS. BUT EVERY
TIME YOU TRY...

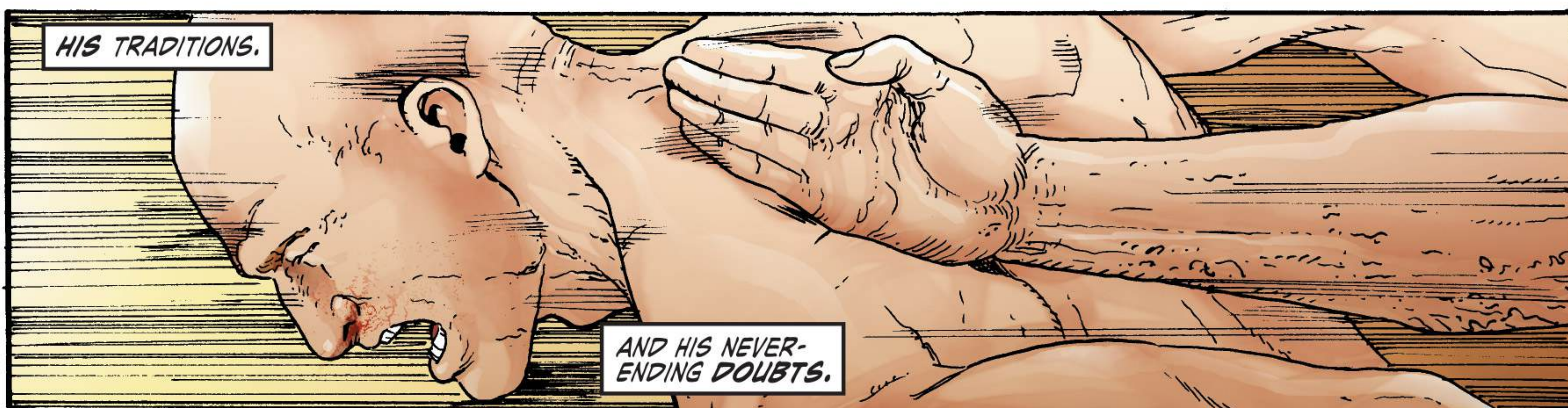


NOW, SEE? YOU MOVE
THE OPPOSITE ARM LIKE THIS,
AND YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR
RIGHT HAND READY--



YOU HEAR HIS VOICE
IN YOUR HEAD.

HIS ENDLESS
ADVICE.

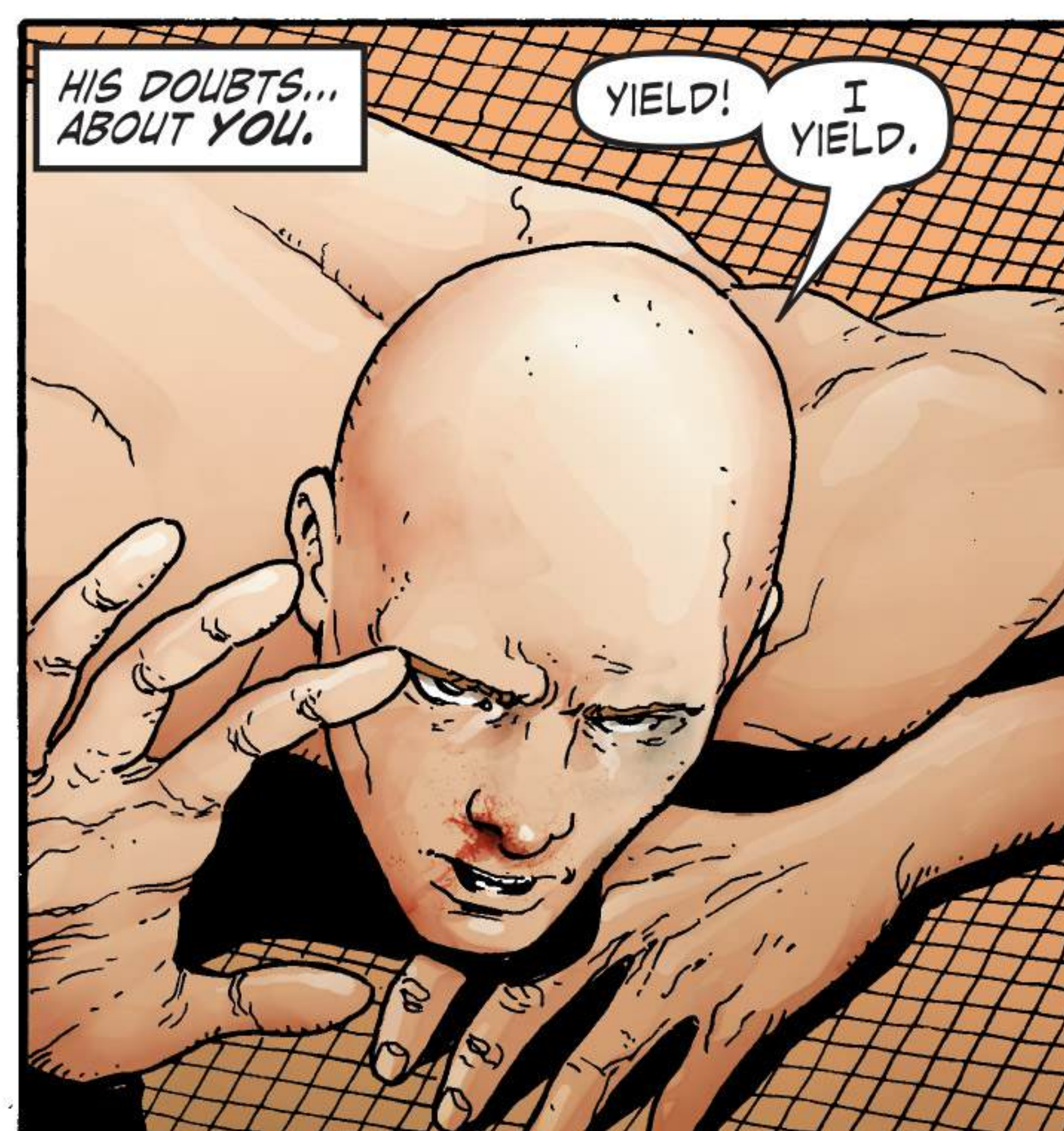


HIS TRADITIONS.

AND HIS NEVER-
ENDING DOUBTS.



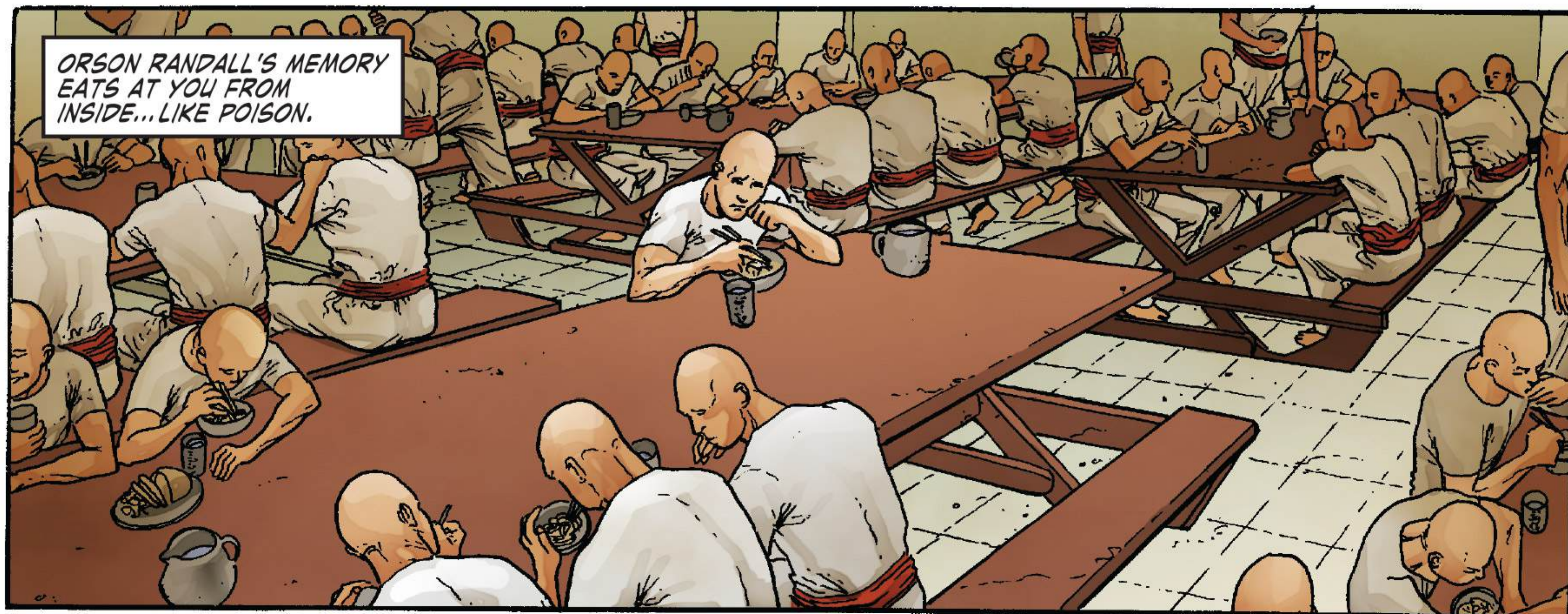
YIELD,
YOUNG
TIGER.



HIS DOUBTS...
ABOUT YOU.

YIELD!

I
YIELD.

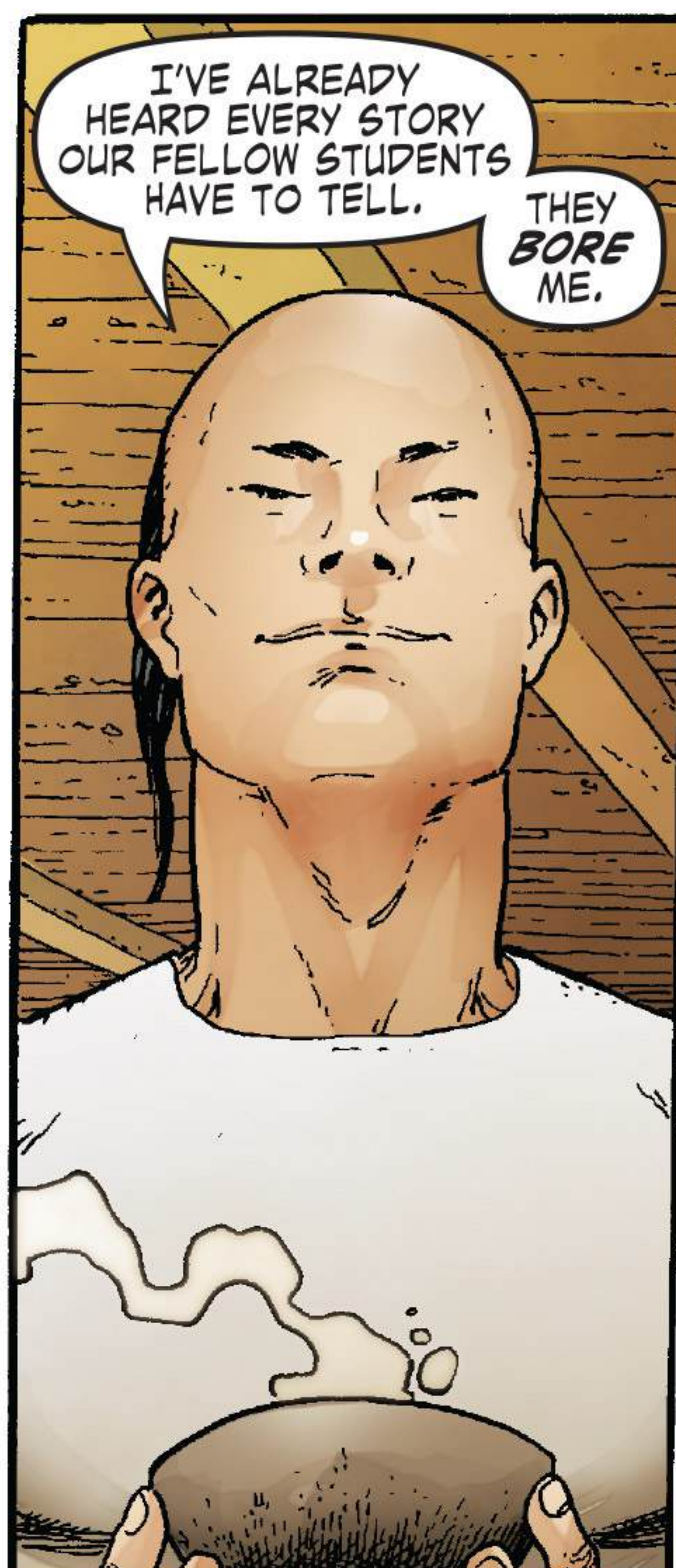


ORSON RANDALL'S MEMORY
EATS AT YOU FROM
INSIDE...LIKE POISON.



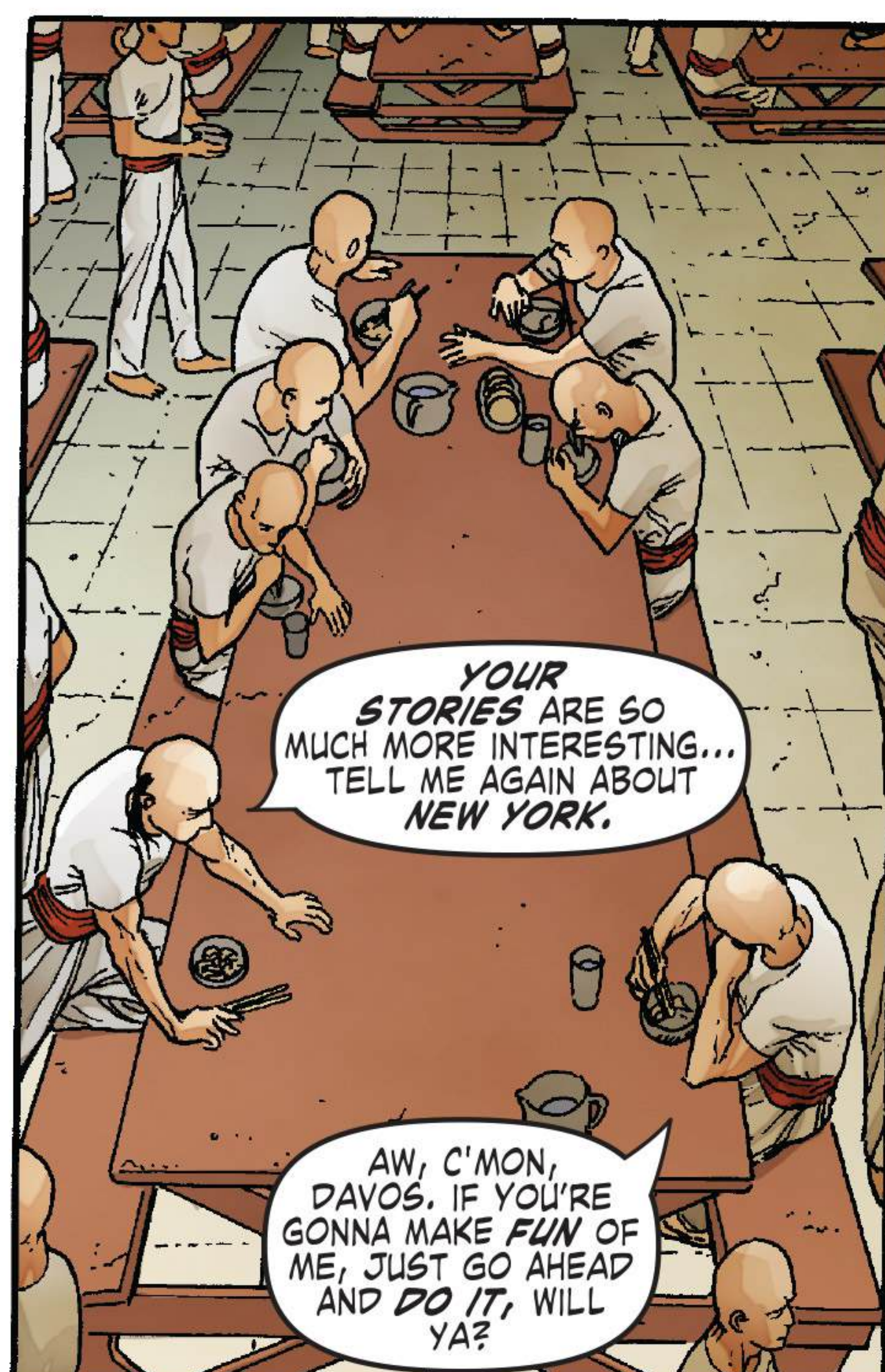
OUT-
WORLDER.

CAN
I SIT
HERE?



I'VE ALREADY
HEARD EVERY STORY
OUR FELLOW STUDENTS
HAVE TO TELL.

THEY
BORE
ME.



YOUR
STORIES ARE SO
MUCH MORE INTERESTING...
TELL ME AGAIN ABOUT
NEW YORK.

AW, C'MON,
DAVOS. IF YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE **FUN** OF
ME, JUST GO AHEAD
AND **DO IT**, WILL
YA?

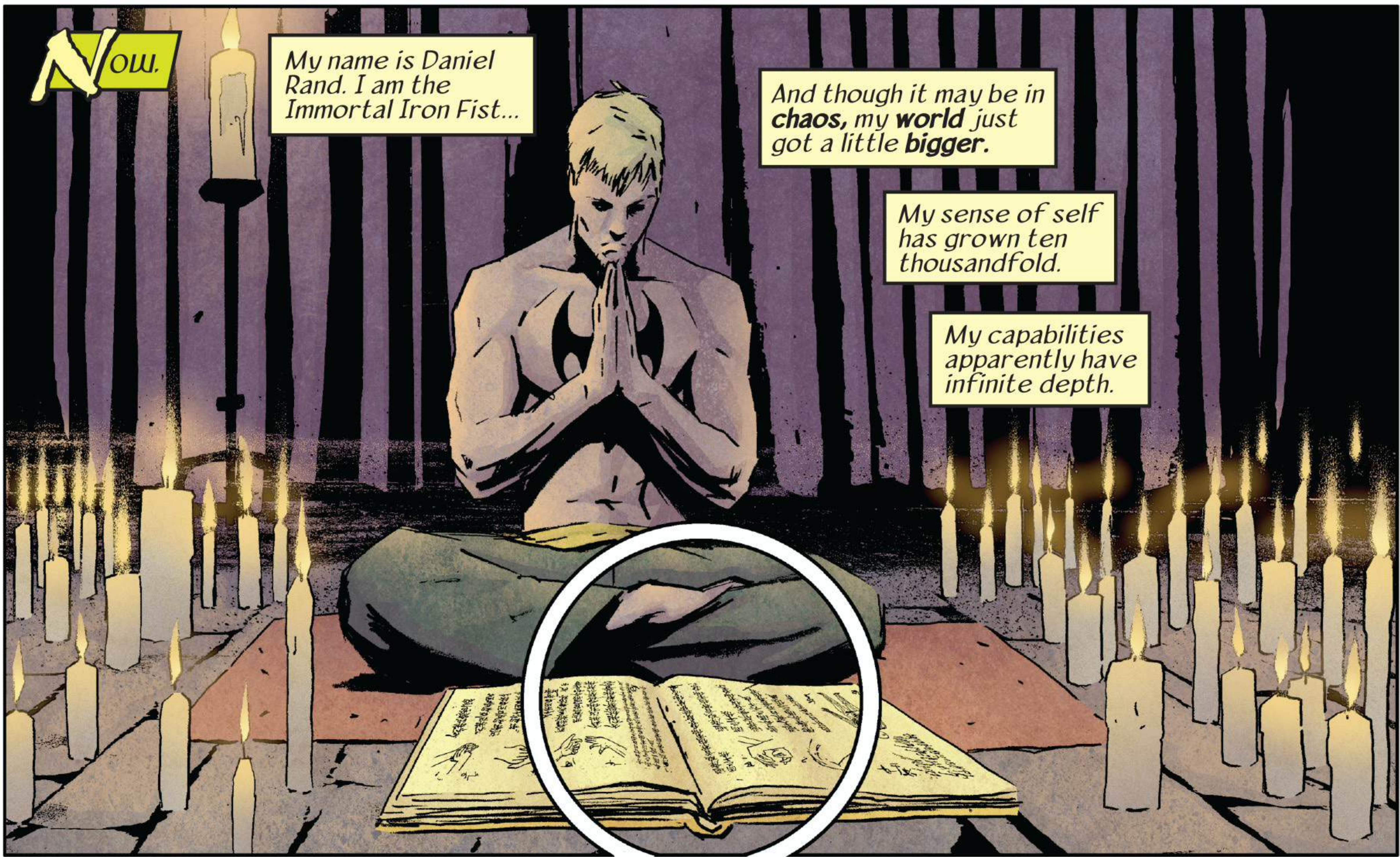


WENDELL,
EVERYONE **ELSE** MAY
NOT TRUST YOU, BUT MY
FATHER, **THE THUNDERER**,
LIKES YOU...AND TUAN
LIKES YOU, TOO.

OR THEY'D
HAVE THROWN YOU TO
THE WOLVES.



TRUE
ENOUGH.



NOW.

My name is Daniel Rand. I am the Immortal Iron Fist...

And though it may be in **chaos**, my **world** just got a little **bigger**.

My sense of self has grown ten thousandfold.

My capabilities apparently have infinite depth.

And infinite ways to kill men.



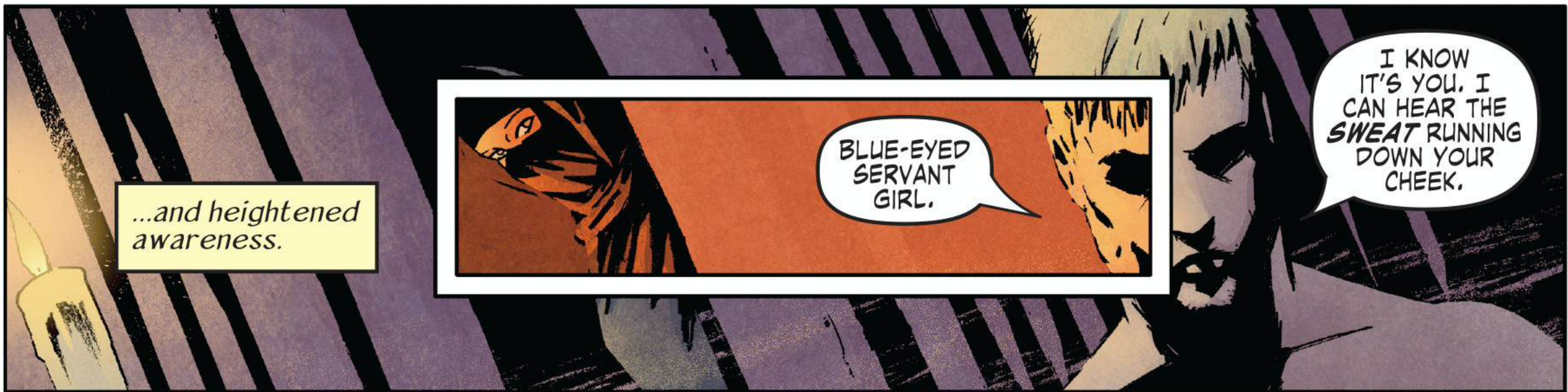
Like this one-- the Black-Black Poison Touch.



Awesome.



Heightened powers, heightened skills...



...and heightened awareness.

BLUE-EYED SERVANT GIRL.

I KNOW IT'S YOU. I CAN HEAR THE **SWEAT** RUNNING DOWN YOUR CHEEK.



I'M NOT
AFRAID OF YOU,
DANIEL RAND.

YOU WILL
NOT *CATCH*
ME.



Ah, K'un-Lun... With
your endless
mysteries and
alien intrigues...



How I
missed you.

KEEE!

FLUT



WHO
ARE YOU,
ASSASSIN?

AND WHO IS
YOUR MASTER, THAT
WOULD TEACH A *WOMAN*
THE FORBIDDEN WAYS OF
MARTIAL ARTS IN
K'UN-LUN?



ASSASSIN?

MY CRIME WAS
BEING *CAUGHT*
SPYING...



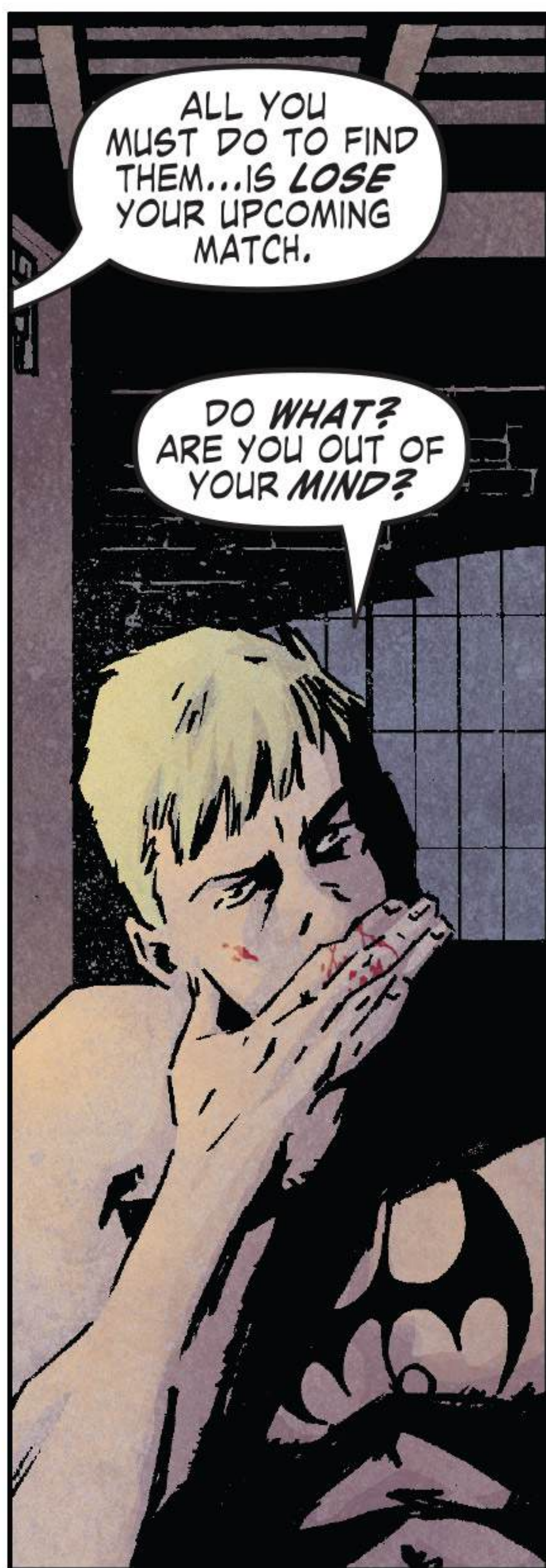


WHAT SECRETS?



THERE ARE **LARGER THINGS** AT WORK...AND MISSING PIECES TO WHAT TROUBLES YOU.

AND I'VE BEEN SENT TO TELL YOU WHERE THE ANSWERS LIE.



ALL YOU MUST DO TO FIND THEM...IS **LOSE** YOUR UPCOMING MATCH.

DO **WHAT?** ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR **MIND?**



YOU MUST LEAVE THE **HEART OF HEAVEN** AND JOURNEY TO THE **WORLD OF MEN**.

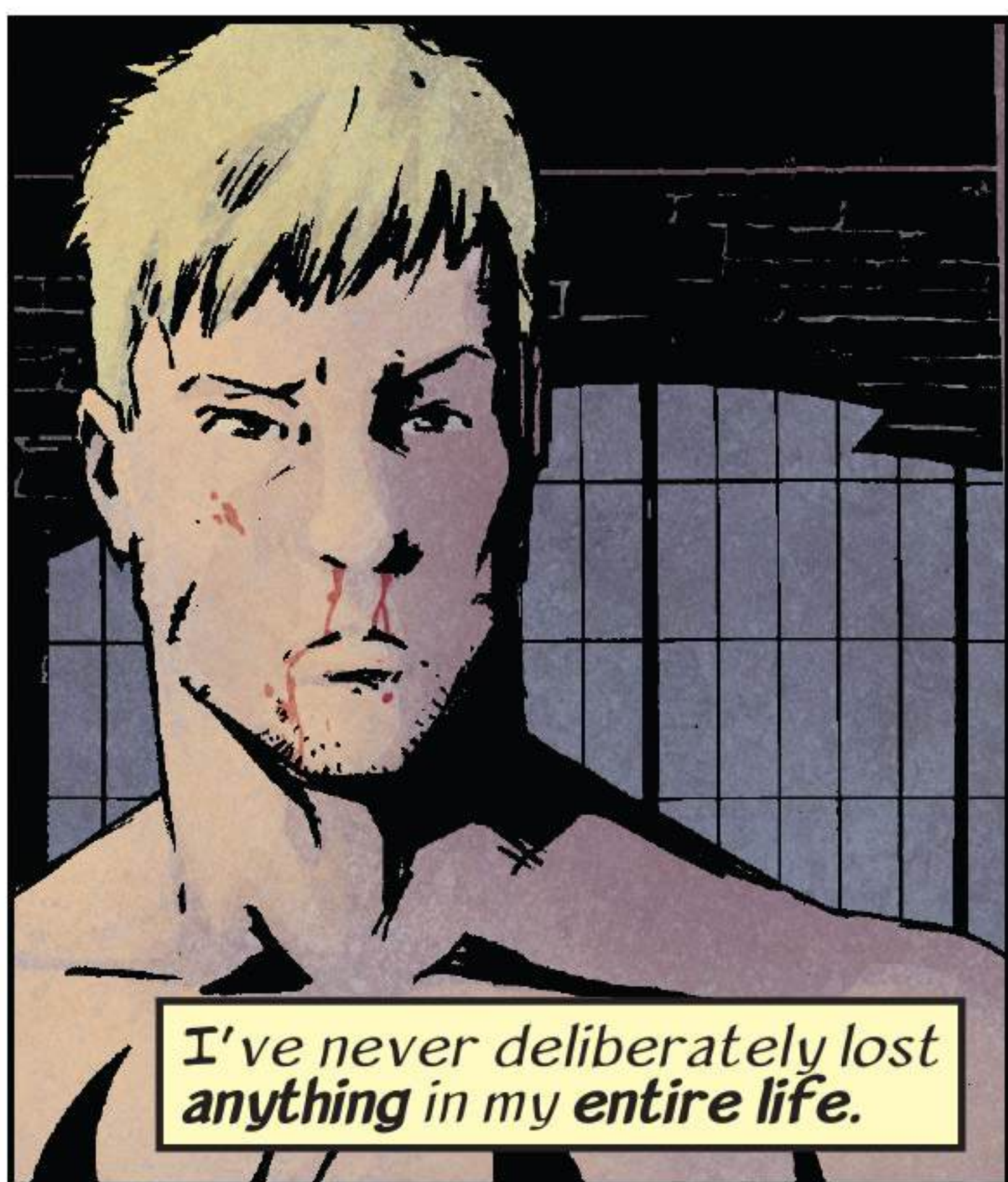
YOU WON'T BE MISSED IF YOU'VE **LOST** AND AREN'T TO FIGHT AGAIN UNTIL THE **BATTLE ROYALE...**



...YOU MUST LET **FAT COBRA** DEFEAT YOU.

Nuts.

The girl is nuts.



I've never deliberately lost anything in my **entire life**.

That's not the way we **do things** in my line of work.



She's nuts.

Right?

The *thought* haunts
me as night turns to
day and day turns
into...

TOURNAMENT ROUND ONE:

THIS HOLY
FESTIVAL OF COMBAT
FIRST REVEALS TO US AN
UNDEFEATED CONTENDER.
THOSE WHO **LOSE** WILL
FIGHT ONE MORE TIME TO
DECIDE THE **DEFEATED**
CONTENDER.

THESE TWO
WEAPONS FIGHT TO
DETERMINE THE **CHAMPION**
AND THEIR CITY'S PLACE
AMONG **THE WORLD**
OF MEN.

NOW--FAT
COBRA VERSUS
IRON FIST!
GO!

Watch him, Danny.

Fight *smart* and get
out of your head.

He'll lead with that **long**
punch from last night--

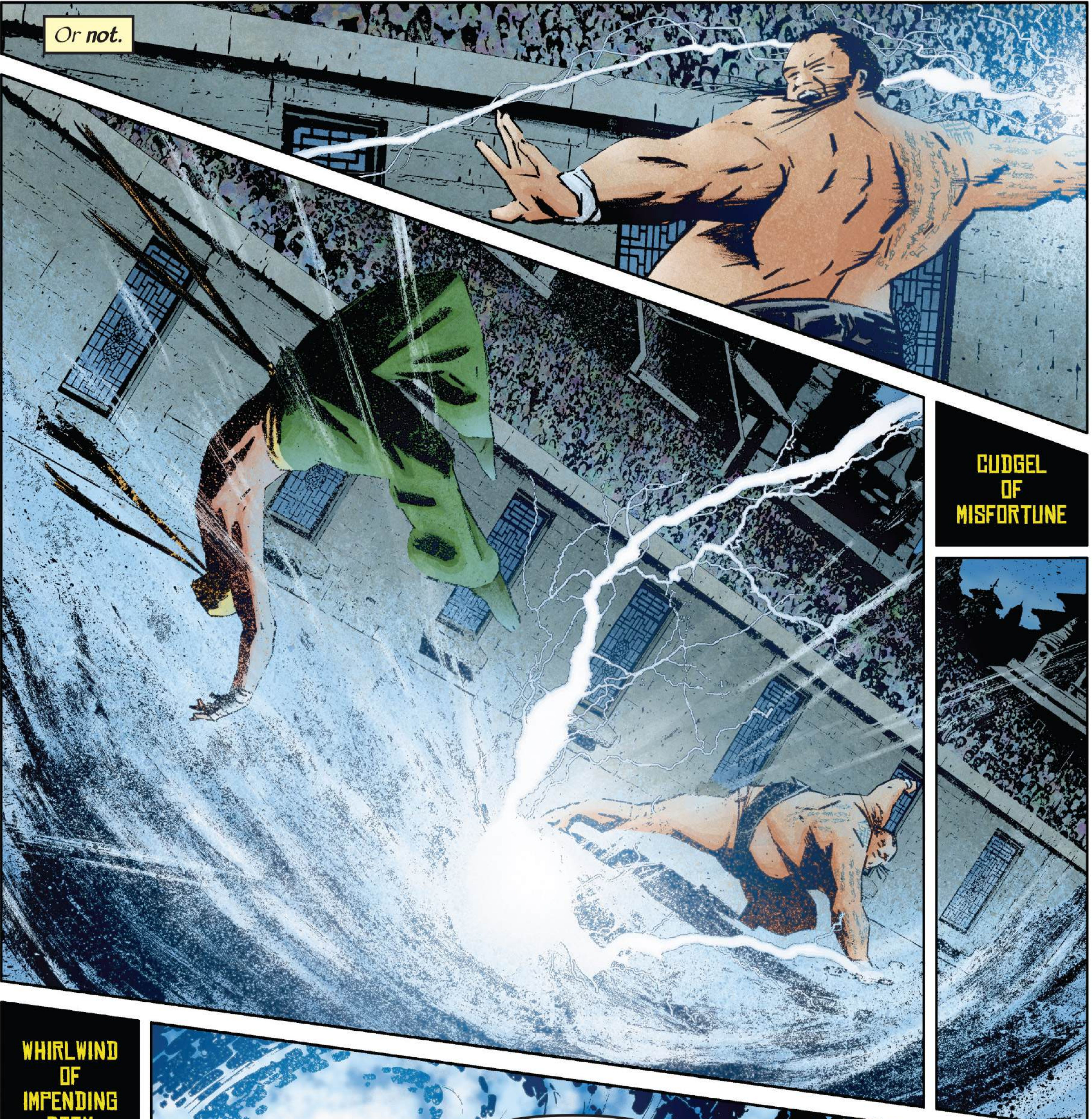
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龍

FIVE
HUNDRED ON
THE **LITTLE**
ONE.

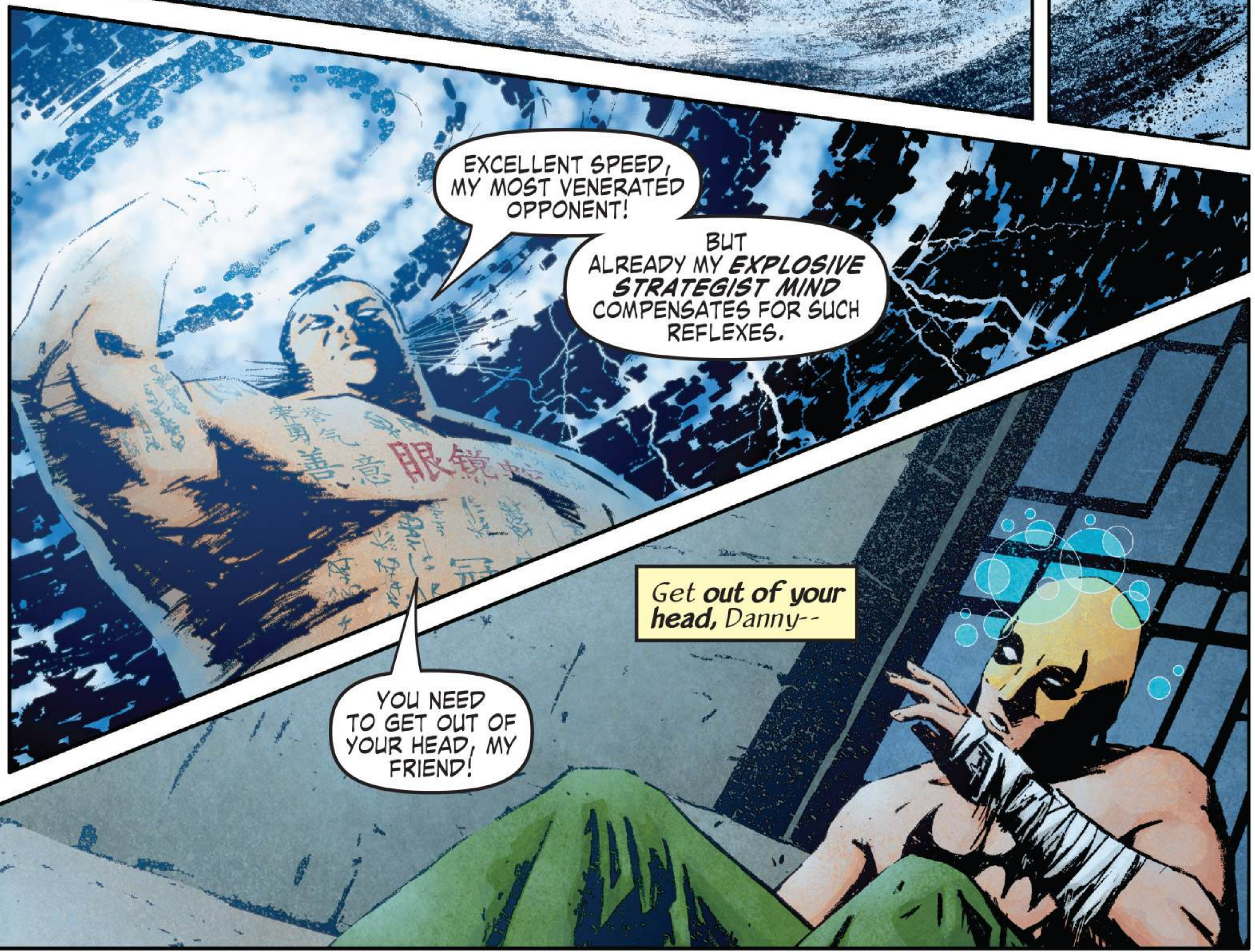
DEAL.

Or not.



CUDGEL
OF
MISFORTUNE

WHIRLWIND
OF
IMPENDING
DOOM



EXCELLENT SPEED,
MY MOST VENERATED
OPPONENT!

BUT
ALREADY MY *EXPLOSIVE
STRATEGIST MIND*
COMPENSATES FOR SUCH
REFLEXES.

Get out of your
head, Danny--

YOU NEED
TO GET OUT OF
YOUR HEAD, MY
FRIEND!

It's like getting punched in the heart by a **hurricane**.

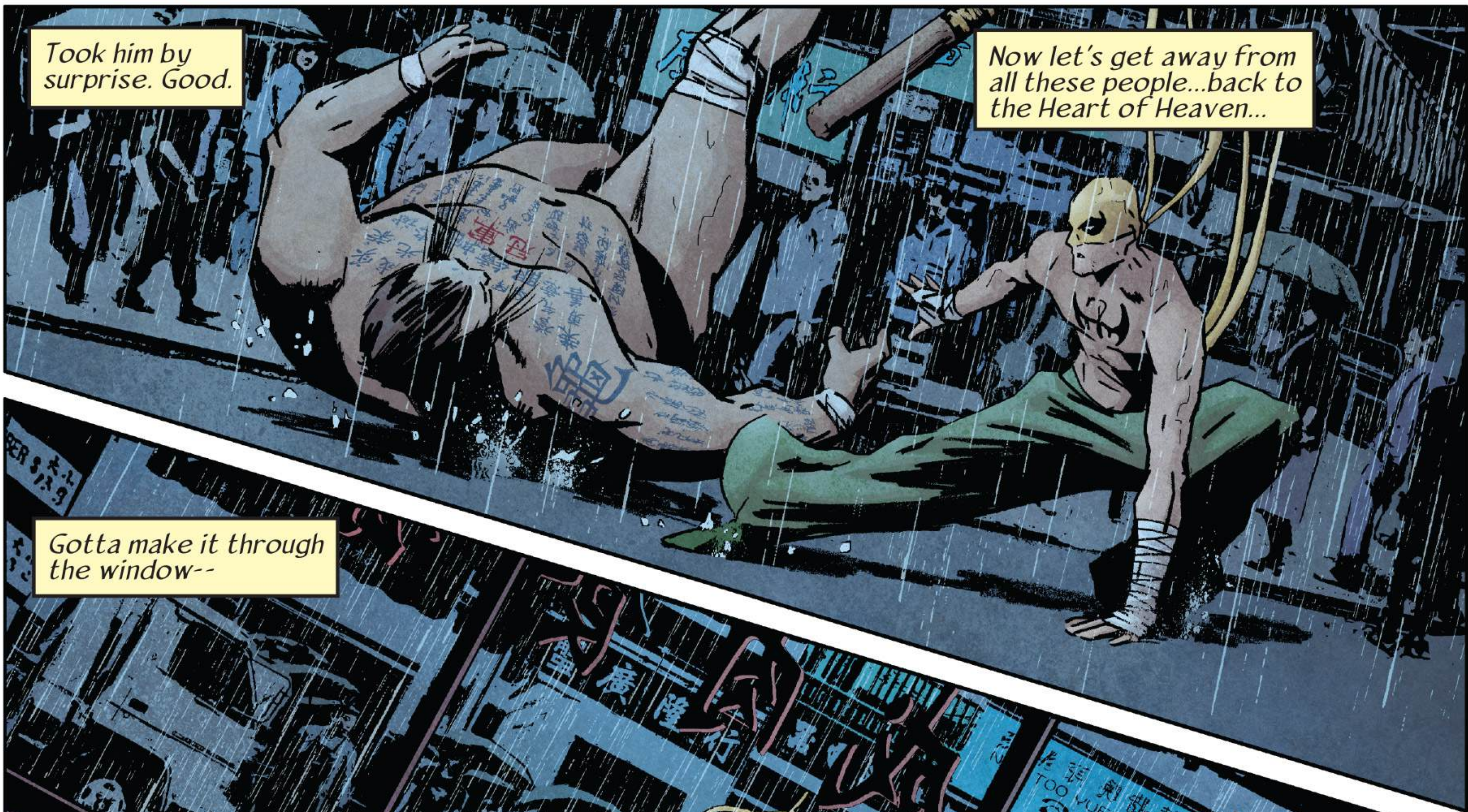
But nothing prepares me for what comes next...

The Heart of Heaven is indeed just as **strange** a place as Yu-ti said it was.

One moment we're in the heavenly realms, the next in...what is this--Hong Kong?

BURNING CHI THUNDERFOOT

WOOOPH--!

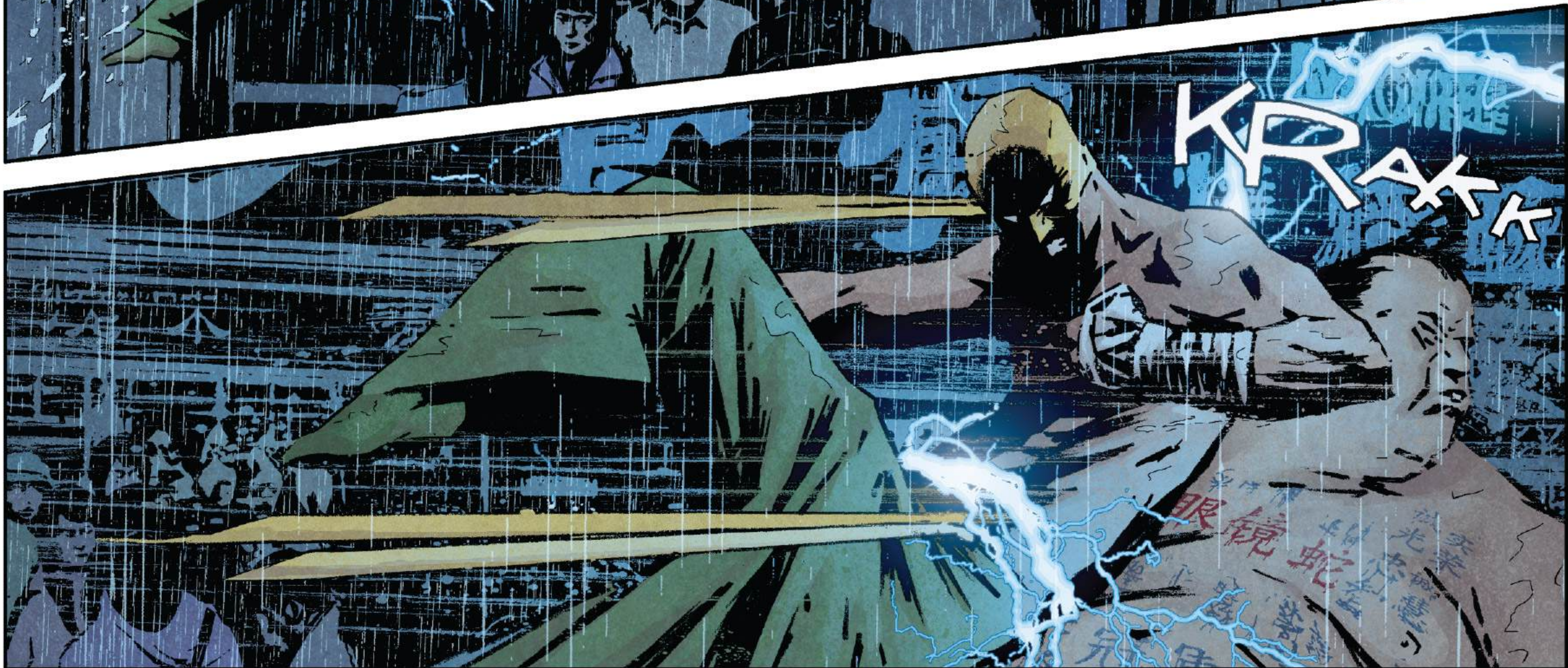
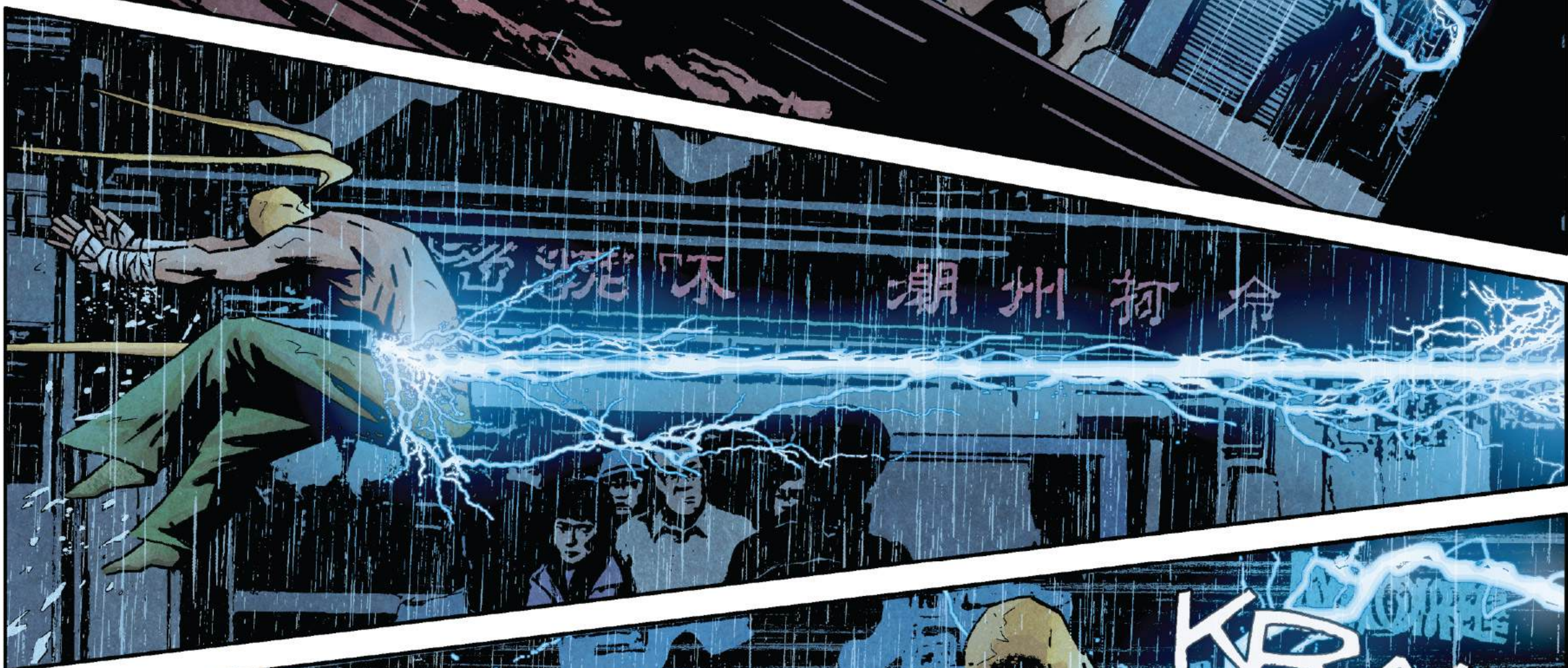


Took him by surprise. Good.

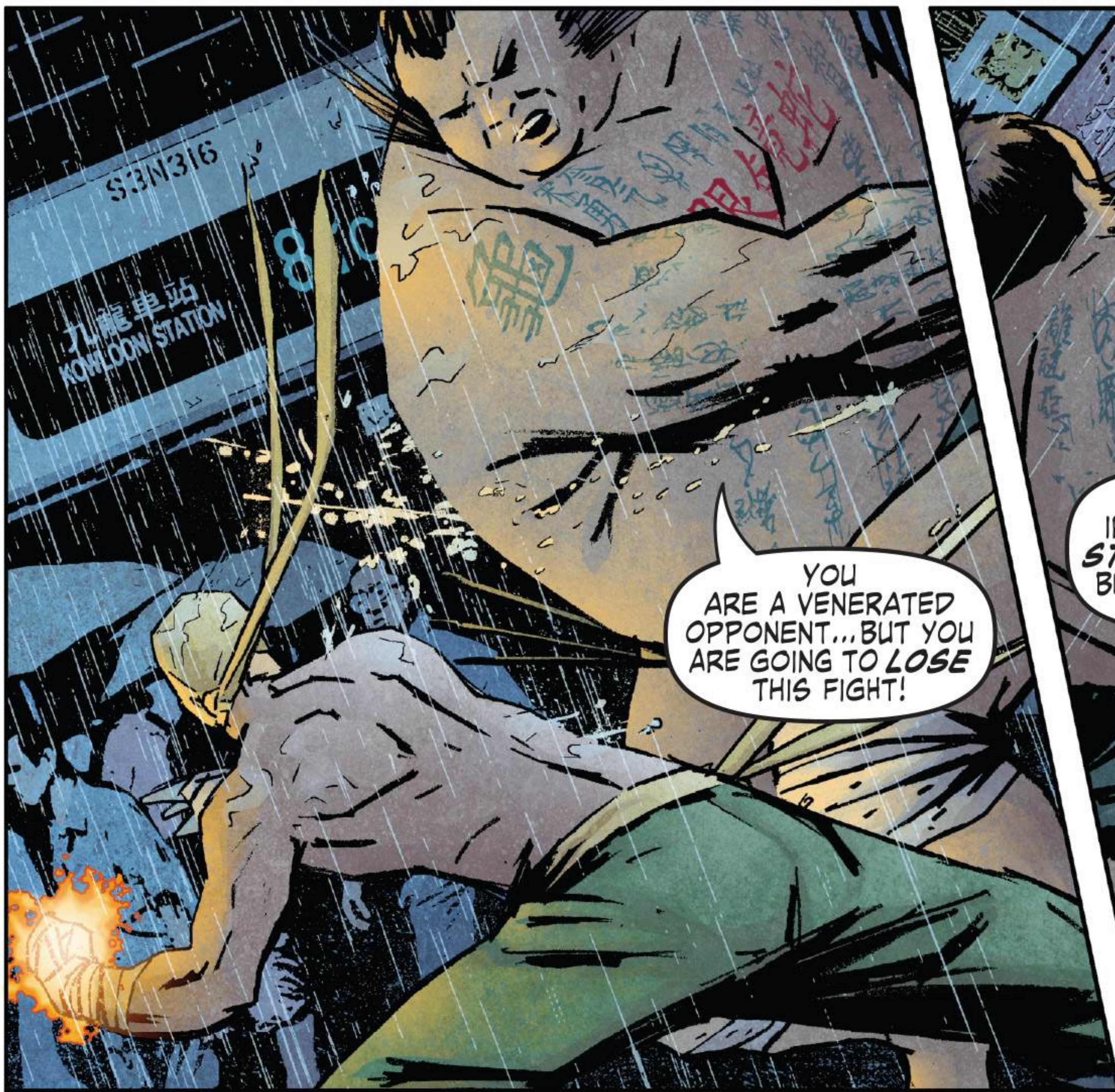
Now let's get away from all these people...back to the Heart of Heaven...



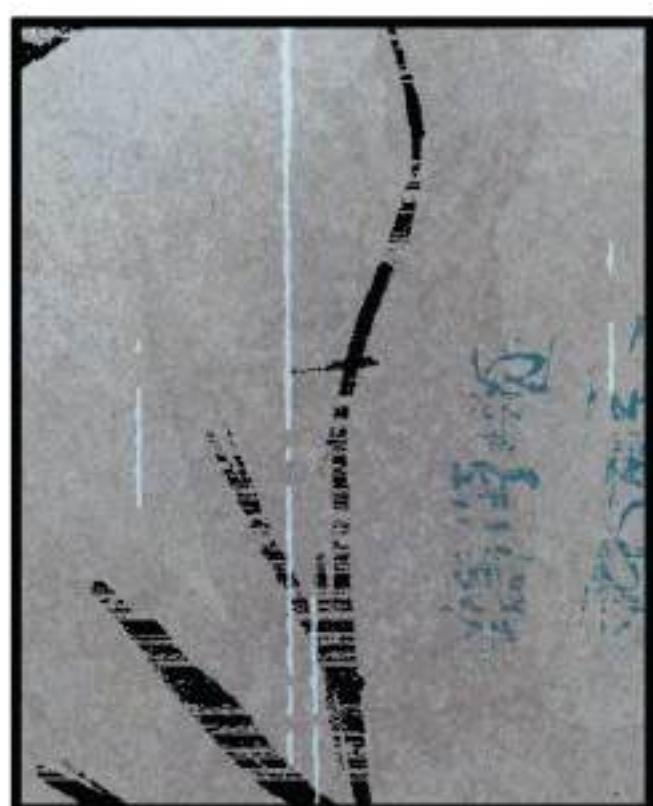
Gotta make it through the window--

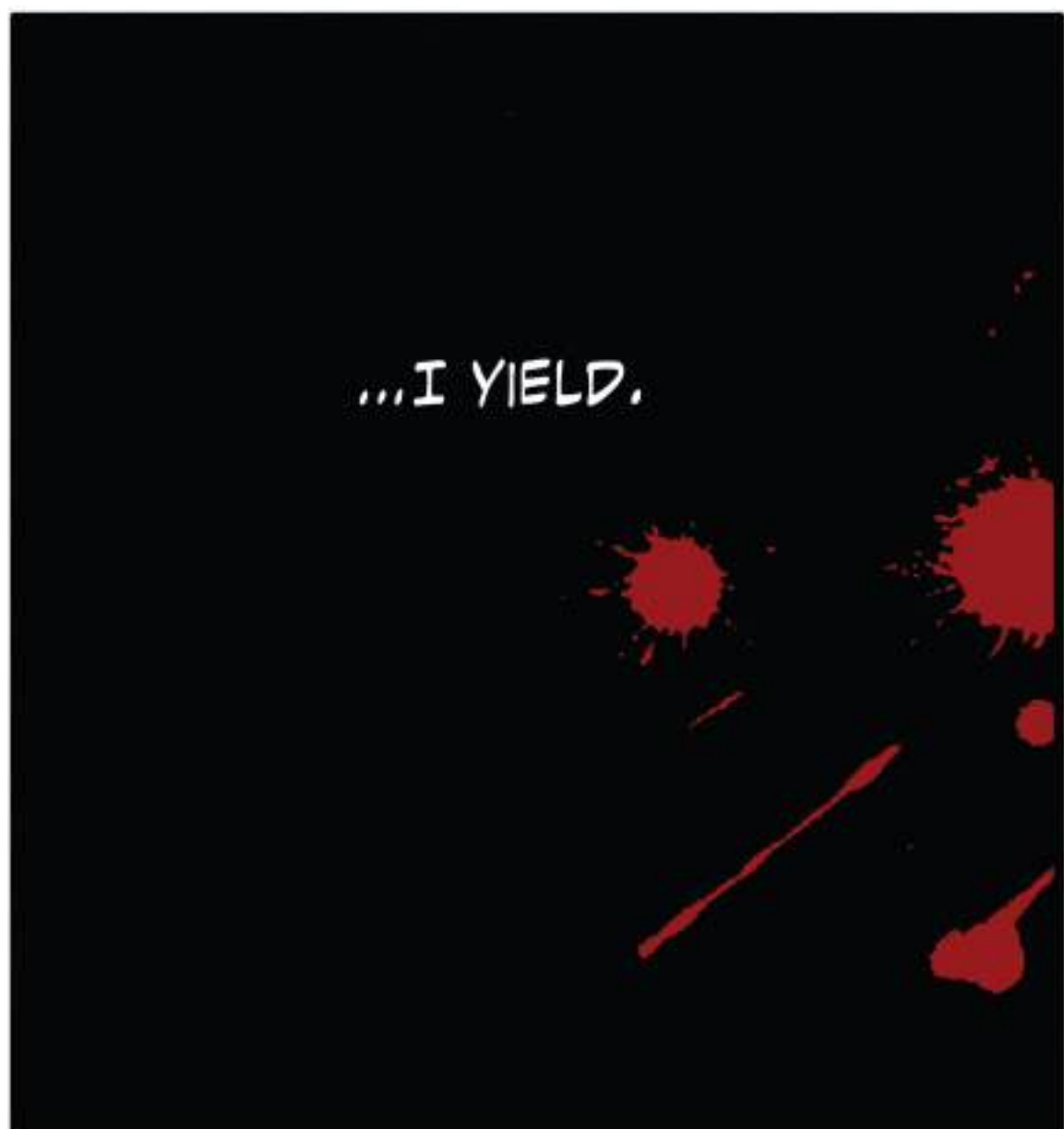
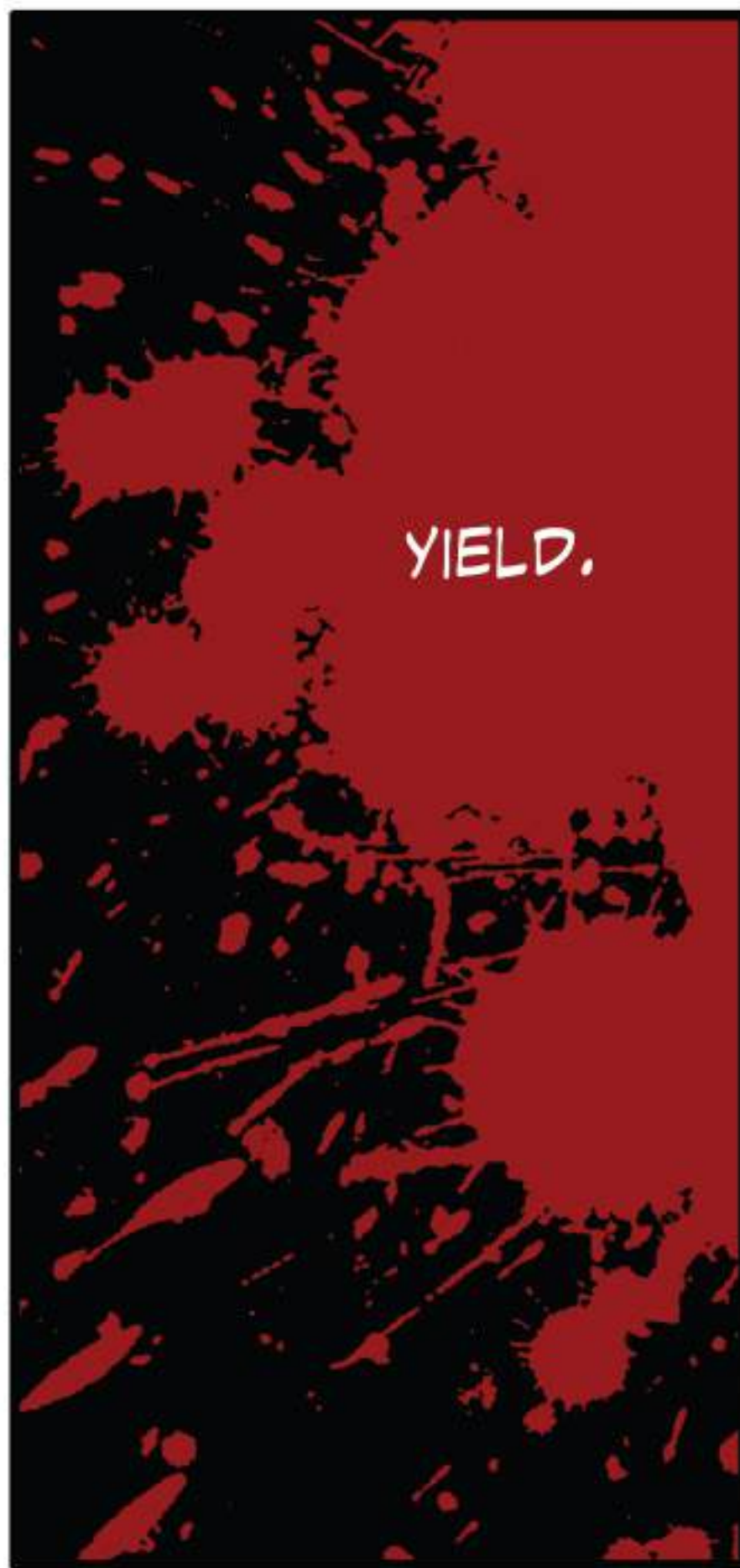


KRAKK



THE DEVIL'S SKULLCRUSHER







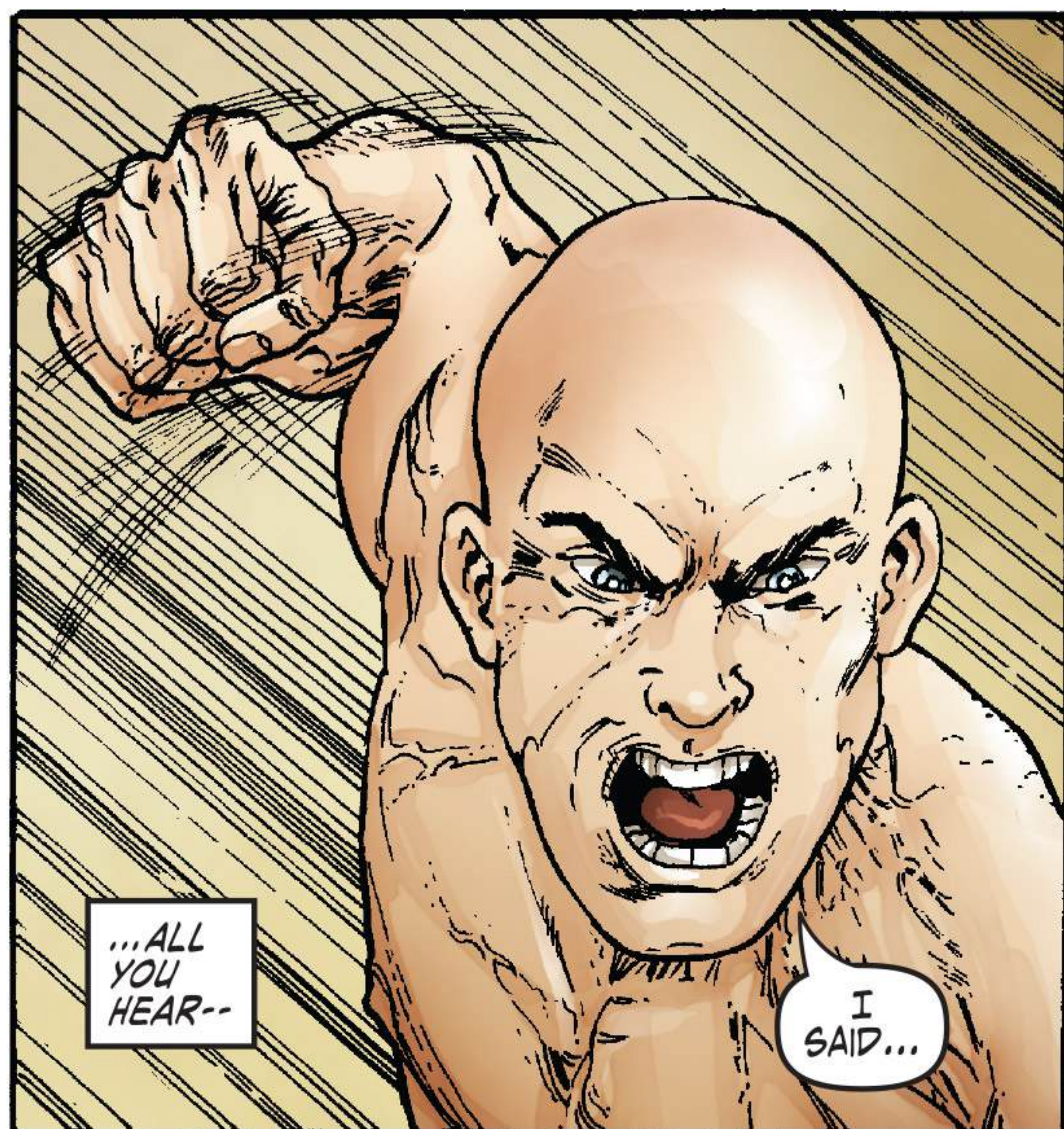
WHEN YOU NEXT MEET DAVOS,
YOU WAIT FOR THE VOICE OF
YOUR MENTOR TO ONCE AGAIN
FLOOD YOUR THOUGHTS.

YIELD!



INSTEAD OF THE VOICE OF
ORSON RANDALL,
THOUGH...

GO TO
HELL.



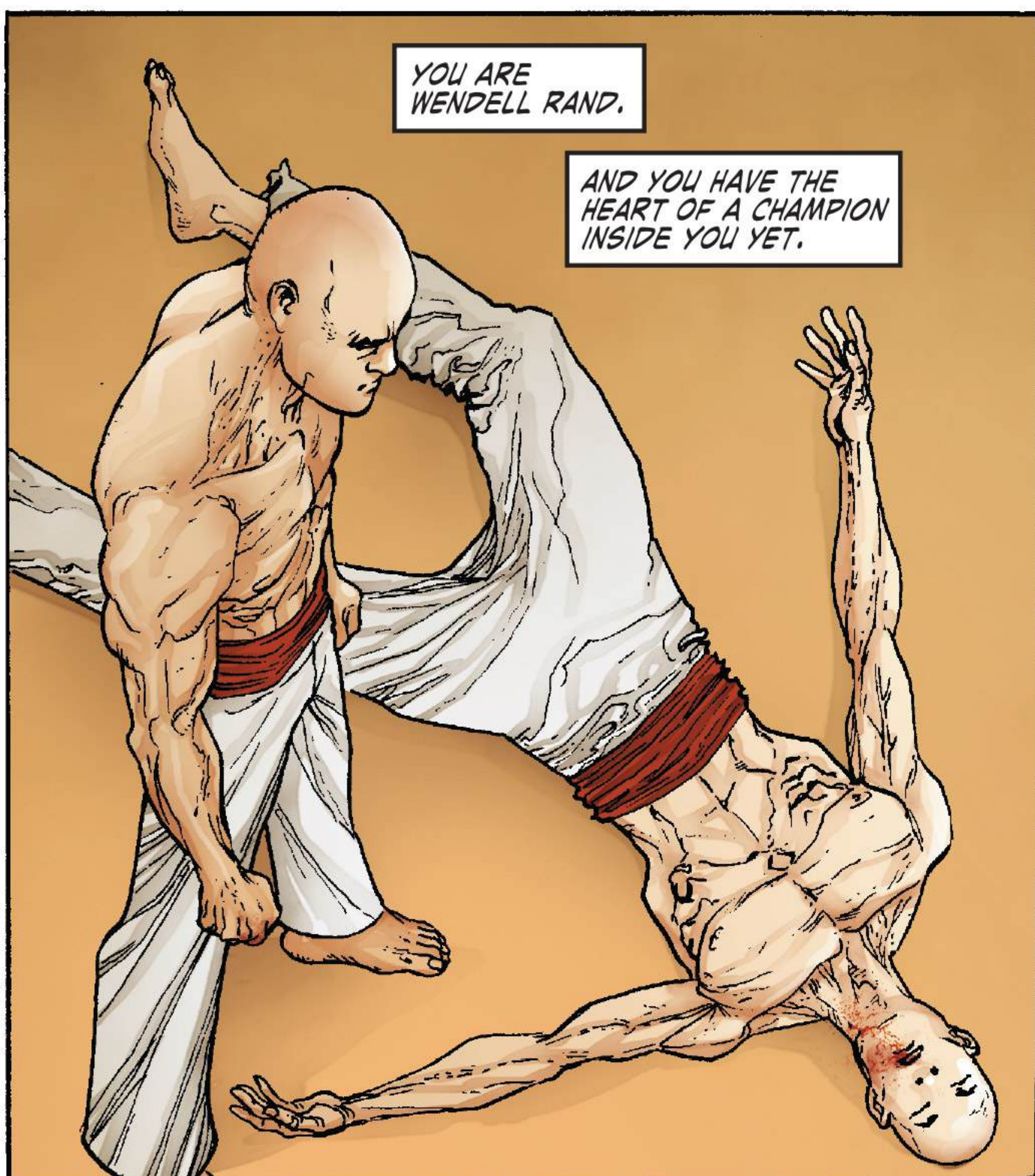
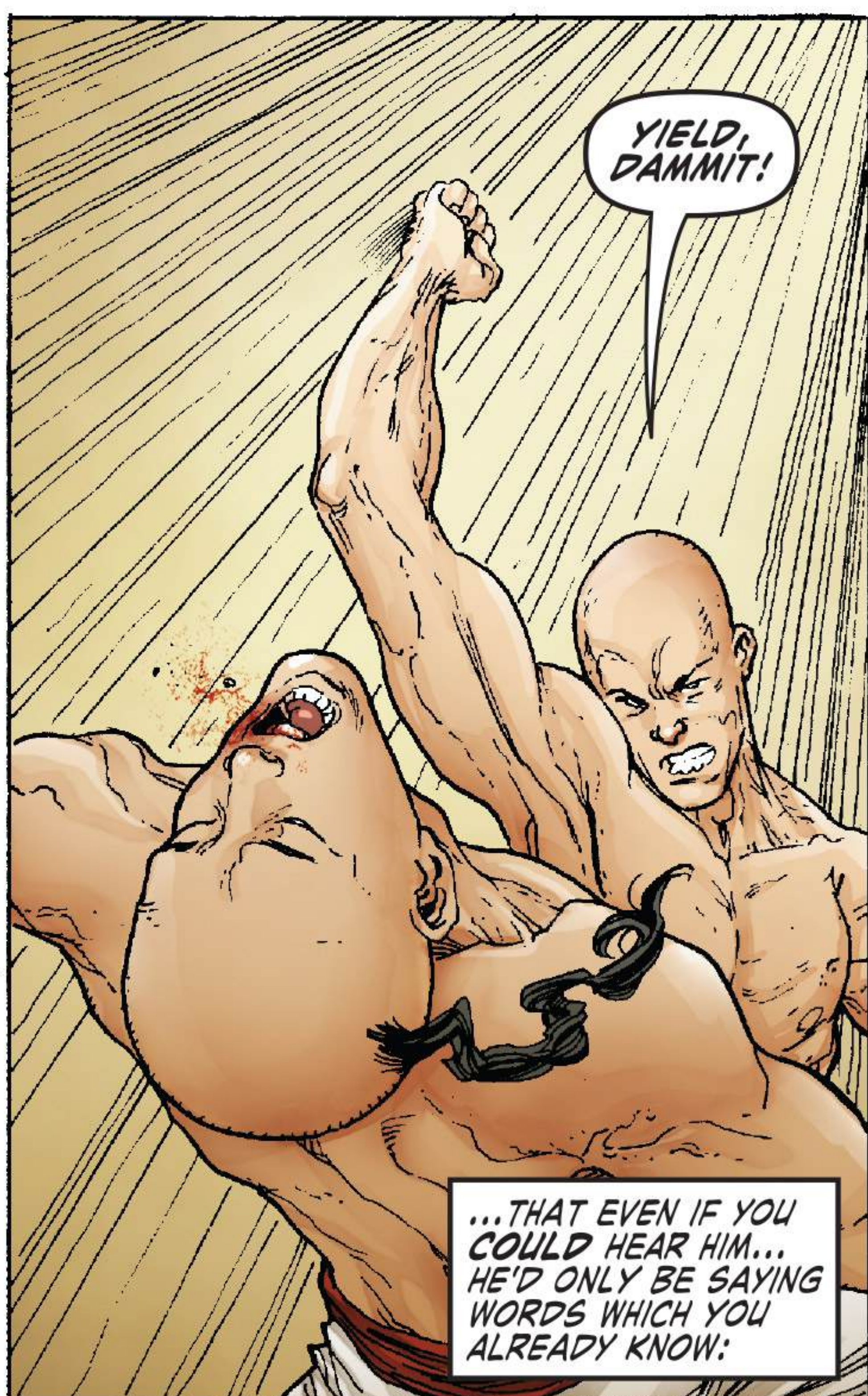
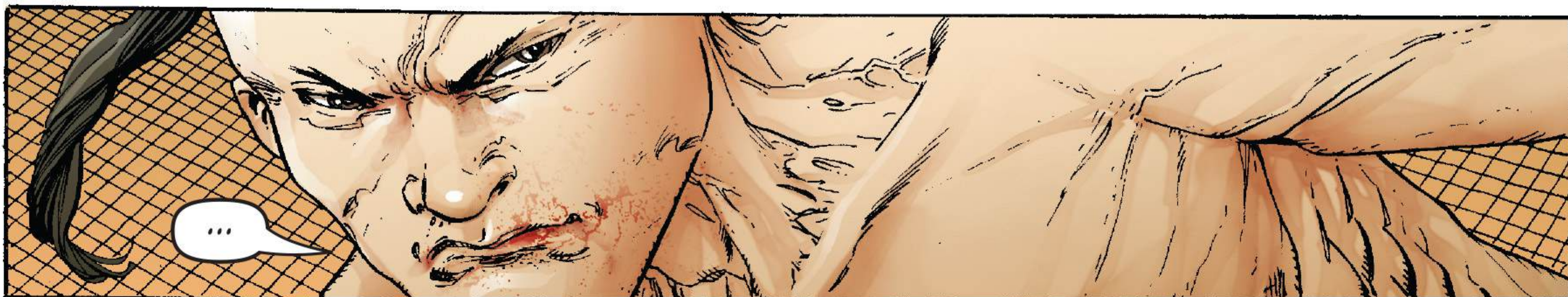
...ALL
YOU
HEAR--

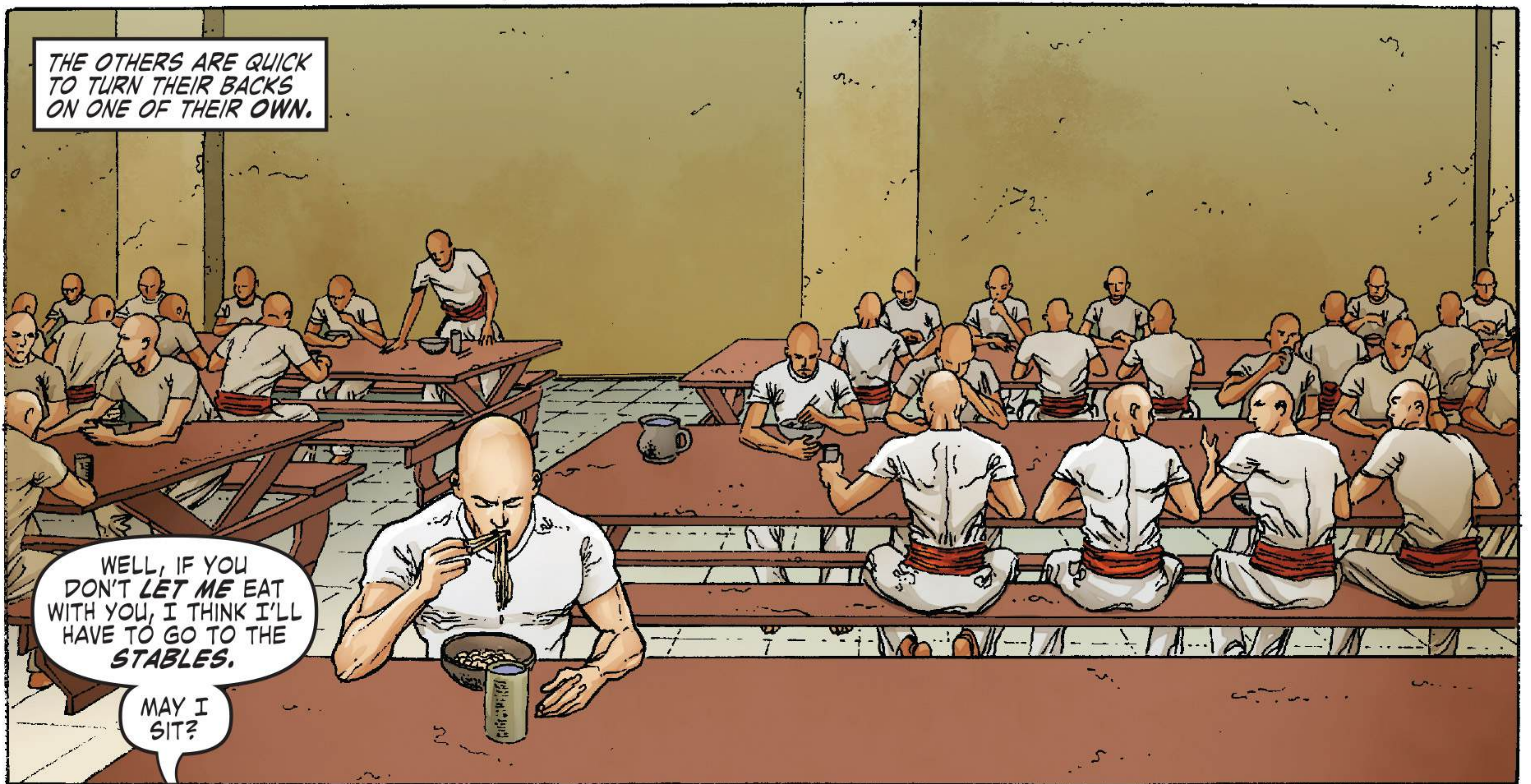
I
SAID...



--IS YOUR OWN
MERCILESSNESS.

YIELD!



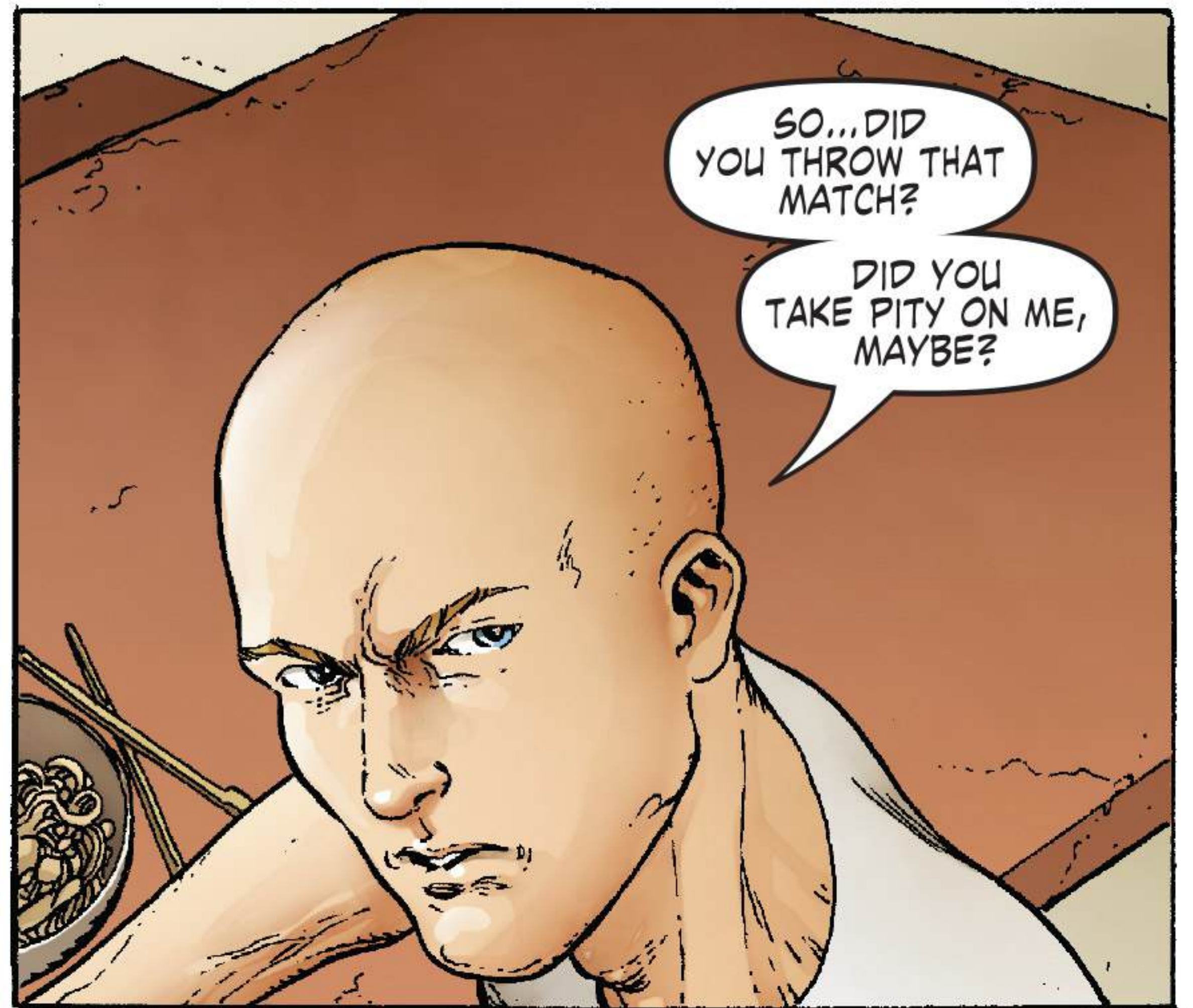


ONLY
THING WORSE
THAN EATING WITH
THE **OUTWORLDER**
IS GETTING
BEATEN BY HIM,
HUNH?



SO...DID
YOU THROW THAT
MATCH?

DID YOU
TAKE PITY ON ME,
MAYBE?



...



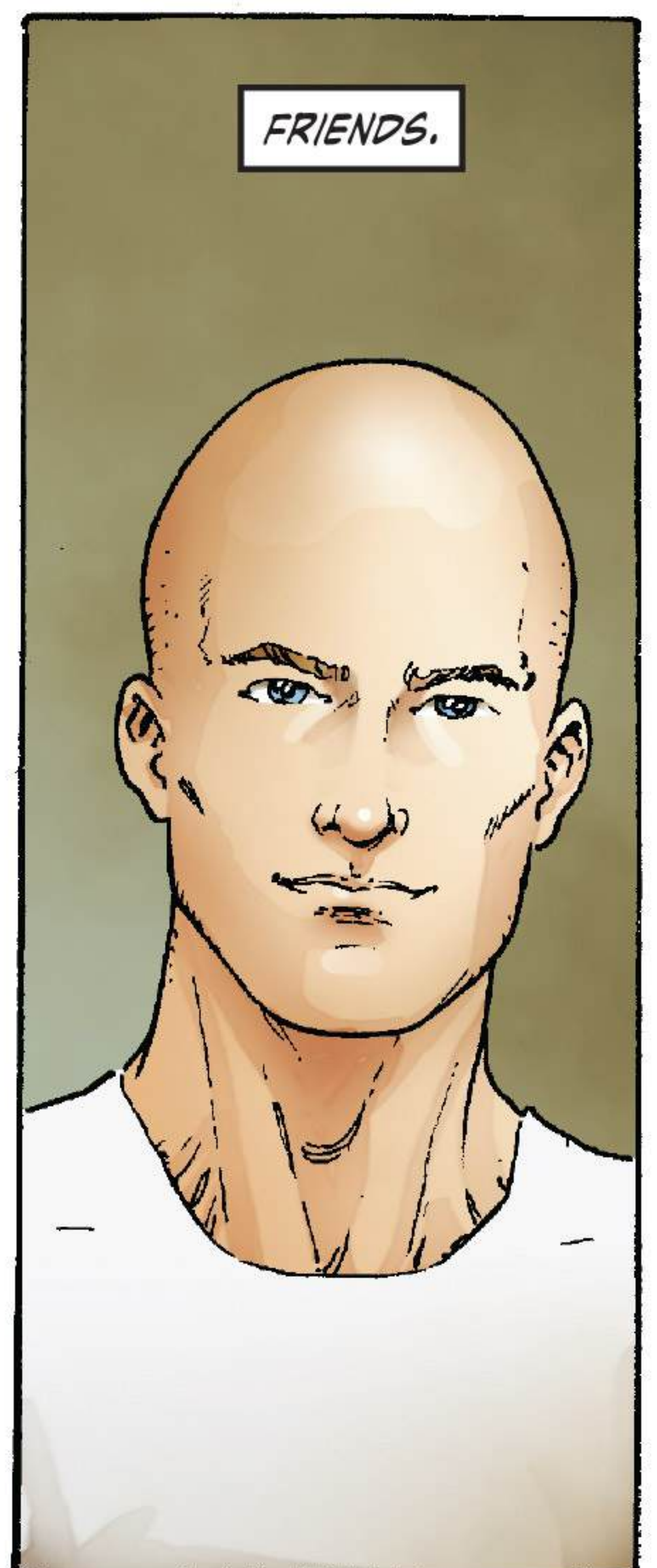
I DIDN'T
AND I NEVER WILL...
I DEMAND THE **BEST**
OF YOU, AND YOU SHALL
KNOW ONLY THE BEST
OF ME.

THE OTHER STUDENTS WILL
TALK, OF COURSE. THE
WAY STUDENTS OFTEN DO.

THE SON OF THE
THUNDERER AND
THE OUTWORLDER.



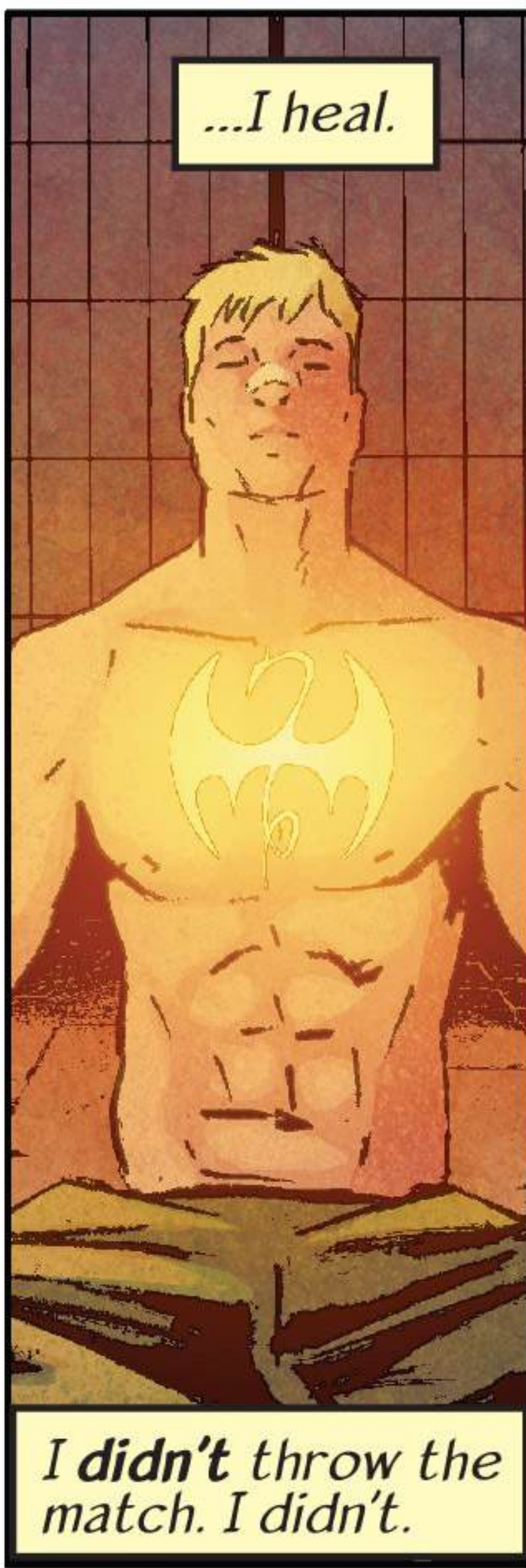
FRIENDS.





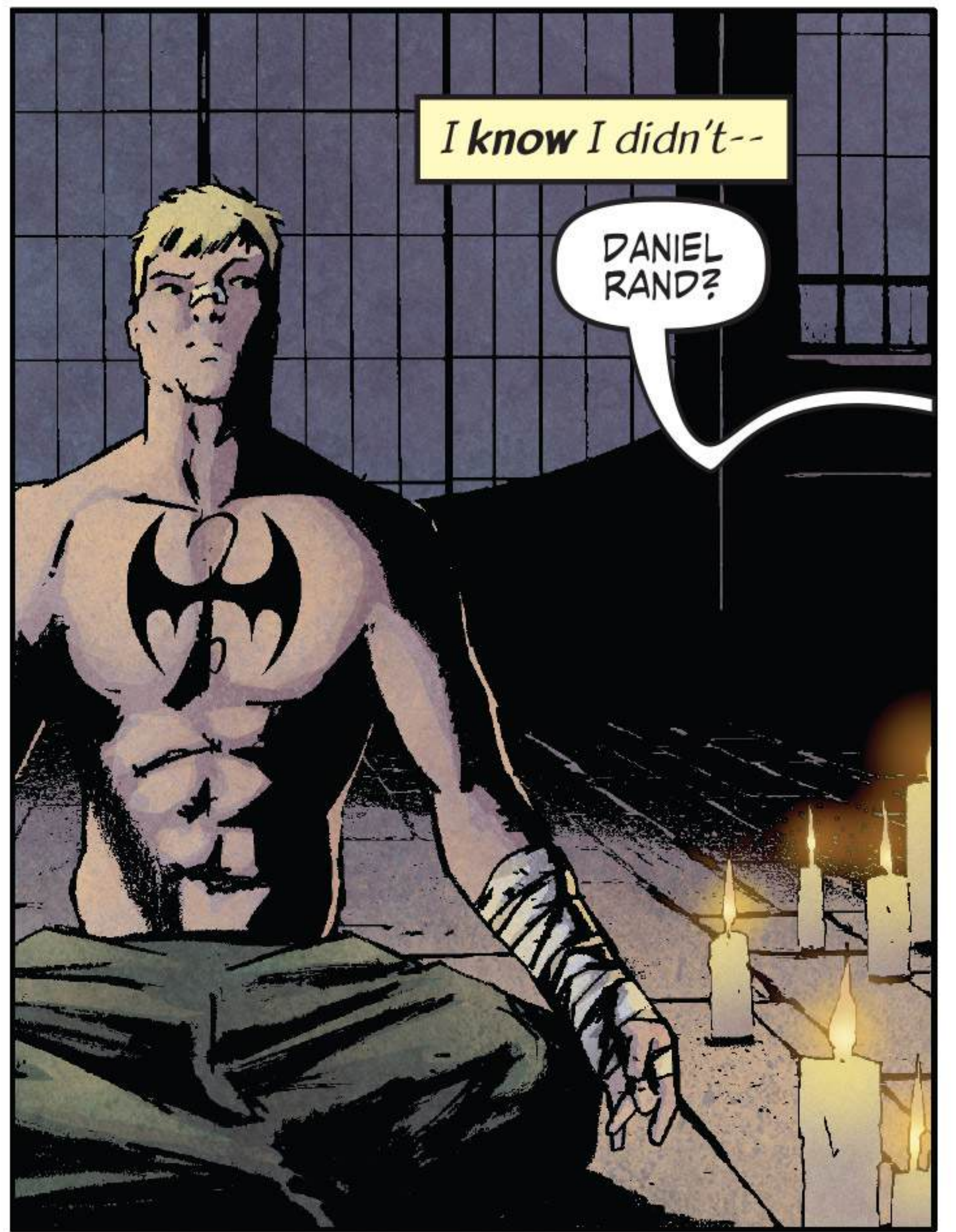
I meditate. I focus.

And slowly...



...I heal.

I *didn't* throw the match. I *didn't*.



I *know* I didn't--

DANIEL RAND?



THERE'S NOT MUCH *TIME*, DANIEL.

IF YOU WOULD FIND THE SECRETS OF ORSON RANDALL, YOU MUST LEAVE THE HEART OF HEAVEN *NOW*.

YEAH, OKAY.



HURRY. AND *PUT THESE ON*. WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU'LL NEED THEM.



THIS HIDDEN NETWORK OF PASSAGES IS KNOWN OF BY VERY FEW.

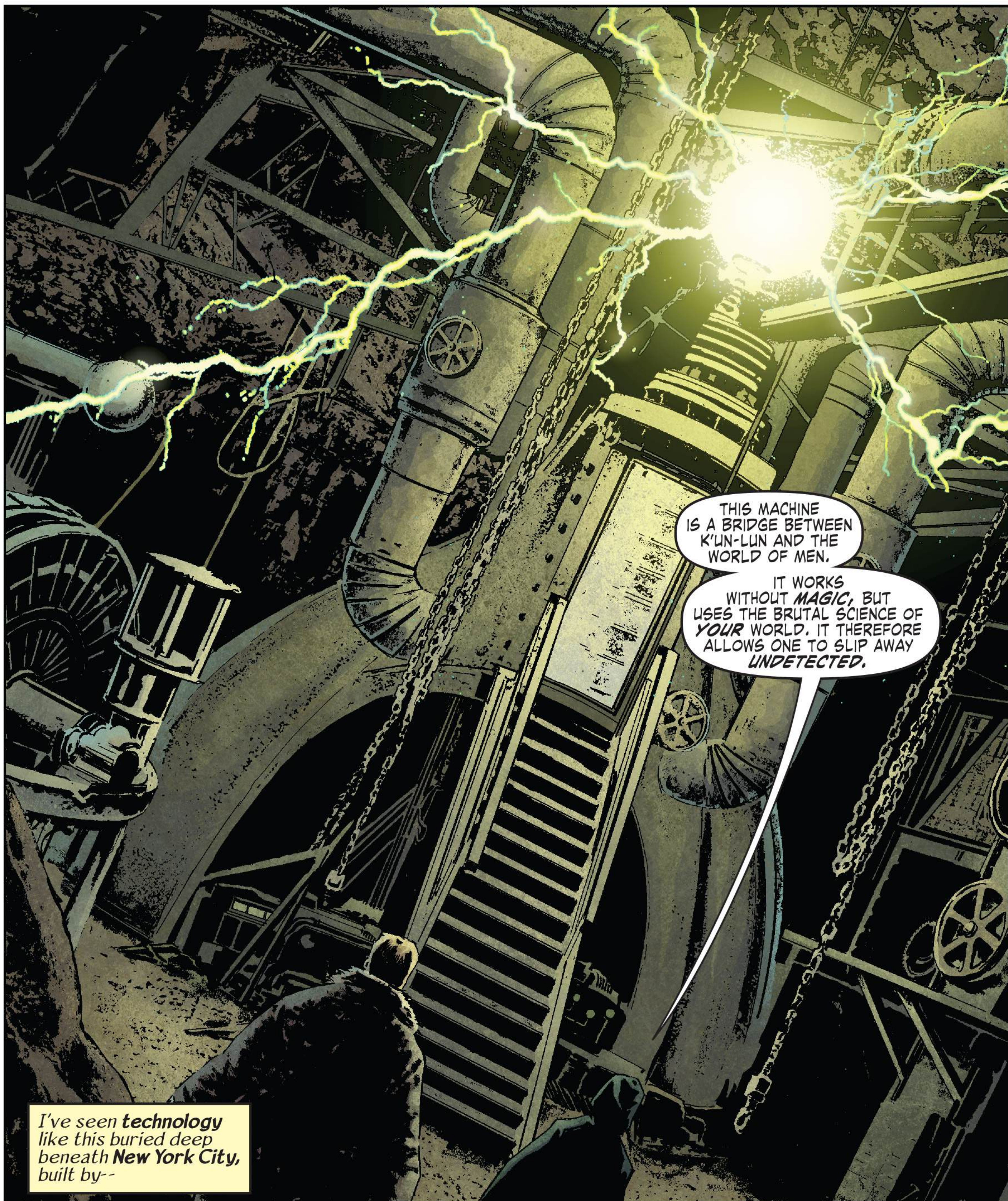
THEIR PURVIEW HAS LONG BEEN MY PUNISHMENT.

PUNISHMENT?

NEVER FORGET, IN K'UN-LUN THE SINS OF THE *PARENT* ARE PASSED TO THE CHILD.



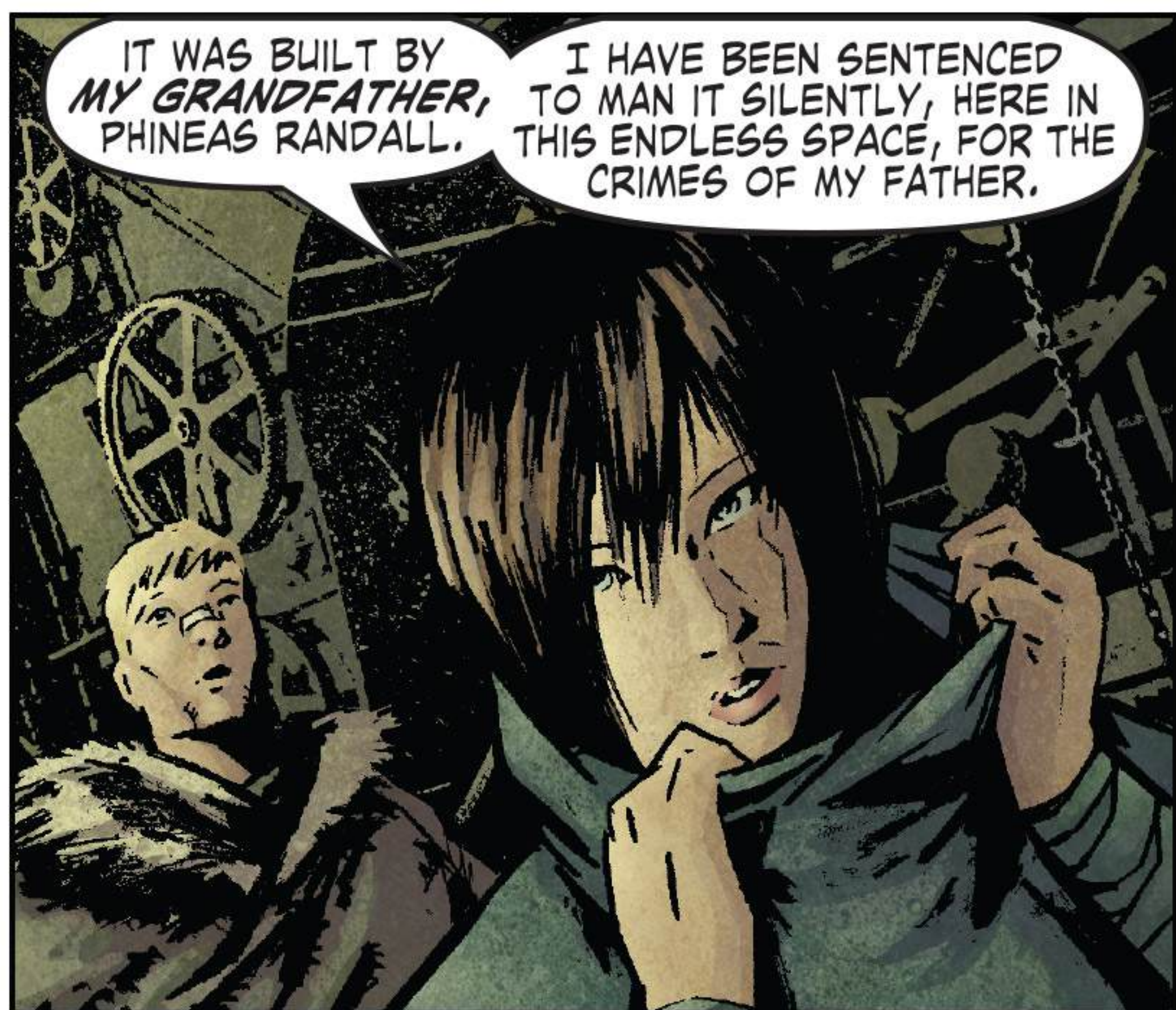
HERE... WE HAVE ARRIVED...



THIS MACHINE IS A BRIDGE BETWEEN K'UN-LUN AND THE WORLD OF MEN.

IT WORKS WITHOUT *MAGIC*, BUT USES THE BRUTAL SCIENCE OF *YOUR* WORLD. IT THEREFORE ALLOWS ONE TO SLIP AWAY *UNDETECTED*.

I've seen *technology* like this buried deep beneath **New York City**, built by--



IT WAS BUILT BY *MY GRANDFATHER*, PHINEAS RANDALL.

I HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO MAN IT SILENTLY, HERE IN THIS ENDLESS SPACE, FOR THE CRIMES OF MY FATHER.



WHAT? DID ORSON *KNOW* YOU--

MY FATHER NEVER KNEW ME. I WAS BORN AFTER THE *WAR*, AFTER *HIS* WAR...

IT DOESN'T *MATTER* NOW.



THERE WAS A MAN MY FATHER CALLED **LUCKY PIERRE**. HIS NAME WAS REALLY **ERNST ERSKINE**. REPEAT IT.

ERNST ERSKINE.

HE'S IN A VILLA IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE NOW. HE WAS MY FATHER'S **BIOGRAPHER**.



HE KNOWS THE WHOLE OF ORSON'S LIFE STORY. WHO HE WAS, WHERE HE CAME FROM... AND WHOM HE FOUGHT.



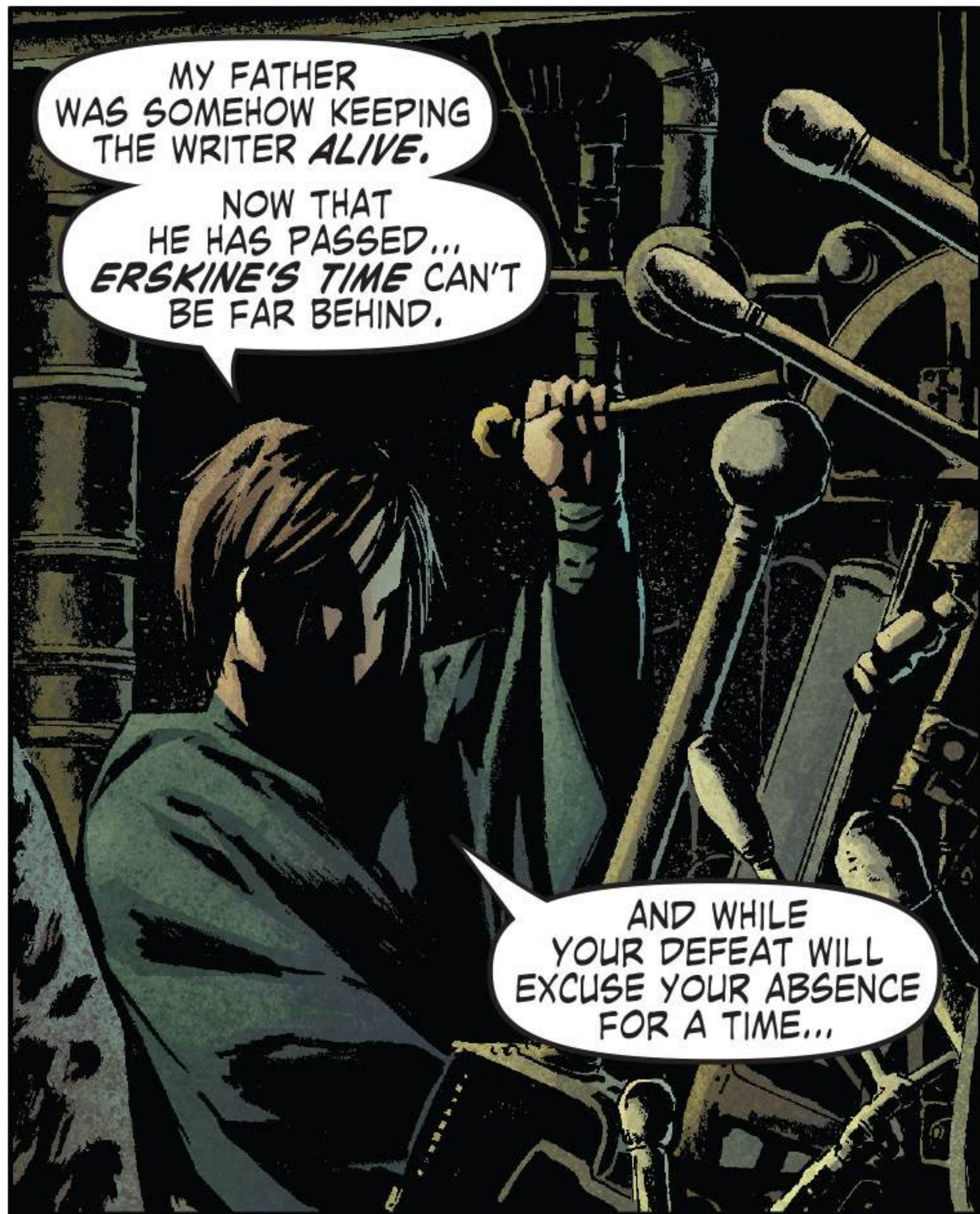
EVERYONE YOU'LL FACE IN THE TOURNAMENT--EVERY SECRET YU-TI HAS KEPT FROM YOU--THIS MAN KNOWS.



BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY--HE IS **VERY OLD**, AND IF ORSON RANDALL NO LONGER WALKS IN THE **WORLD OF MEN**, THEN ERNST ERSKINE ISN'T FAR BEHIND.



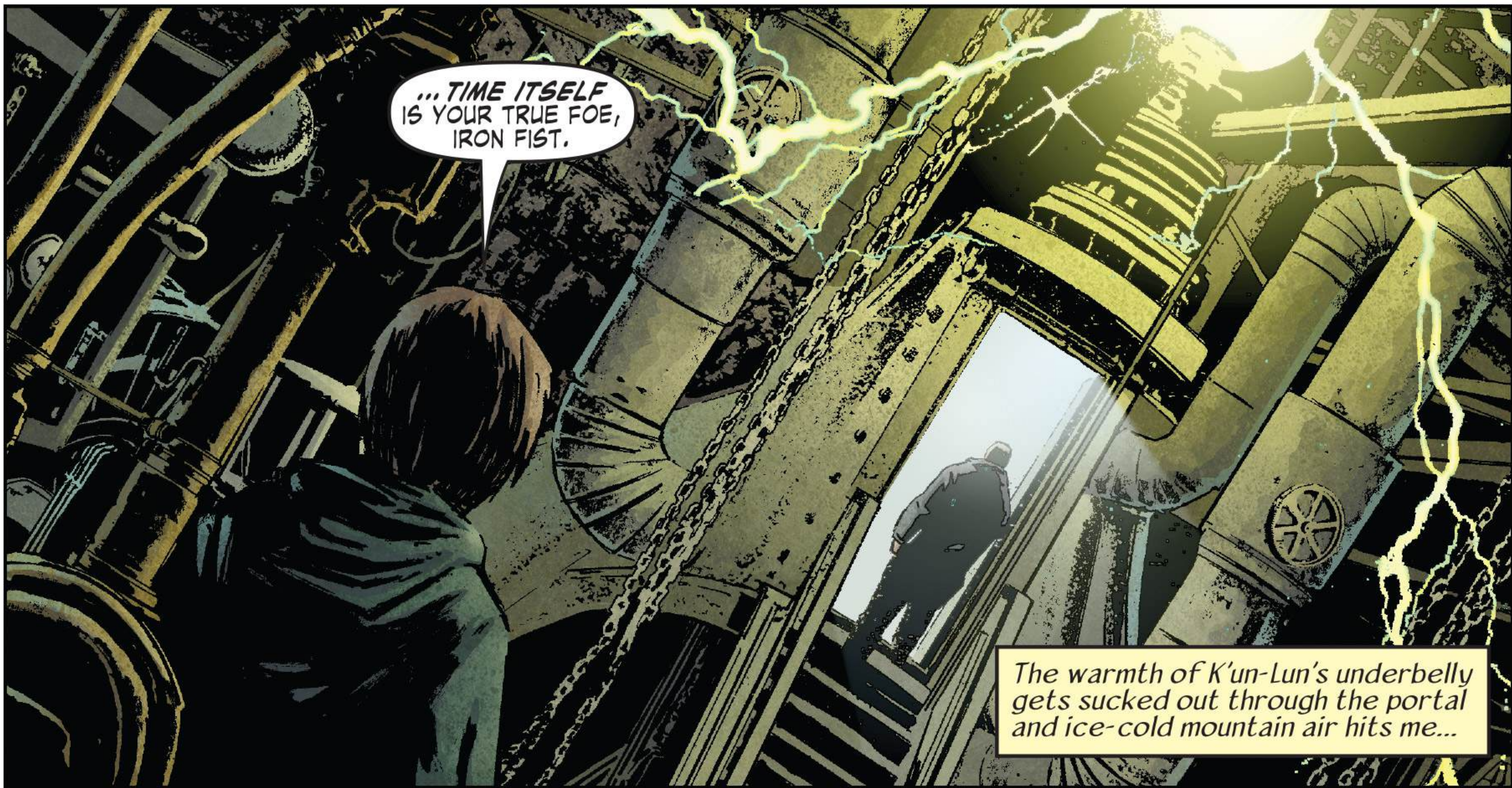
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



MY FATHER WAS SOMEHOW KEEPING THE WRITER **ALIVE**.

NOW THAT HE HAS PASSED... **ERSKINE'S TIME** CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND.

AND WHILE YOUR DEFEAT WILL EXCUSE YOUR ABSENCE FOR A TIME...



... **TIME ITSELF** IS YOUR TRUE FOE, IRON FIST.

The warmth of K'un-Lun's underbelly gets sucked out through the portal and ice-cold mountain air hits me...



...and I'm gone.

No longer in K'un-Lun, and without the aid of magic.



And just as I wonder how I'm supposed to get **back--**



--I get the feeling that I'm only a cog in a very old machine...



...one that's been in motion for a very long time...

...and one that I have no control over anyway.



So I better get **to work.**



SWEET
&@&#&\$@
CHRISTMAS,
IT'S COLD!



LUKE, FOR A
GIANT MAN WITH
TITANIUM SKIN, YOU
SURE DO BITCH
A LOT.



MISTY'S RIGHT.
YOU WHINE LIKE
A SENIOR CITIZEN
LOOKING FOR A
SWEATER.

IT'S JUST COLD,
LUKE. DIDN'T IT EVER
GET COLD UP IN
HARLEM?

COLLEEN,
WE'RE HALF A
WORLD AWAY FROM
HARLEM RIGHT
NOW...

AND
THAT'S ABOUT AS
ACCURATE AS I THINK
WE'RE GONNA
GET...



WE KNOW
JERYN WAS ABDUCTED
BY XAO AND HIS HYDRA
BUDDIES, AND THAT XAO
HAD BEEN DEALING WITH
RANDCORP TO BUILD
SOME KINDA
TRAINS...

AND
THIS WAS ONE
OF THE PROPOSED
CONSTRUCTION
SITES.

SO
TELL
ME--

ANYTHING
LOOK PARTICULARLY
REMARKABLE ABOUT
THIS ICEBERG
DUMP?



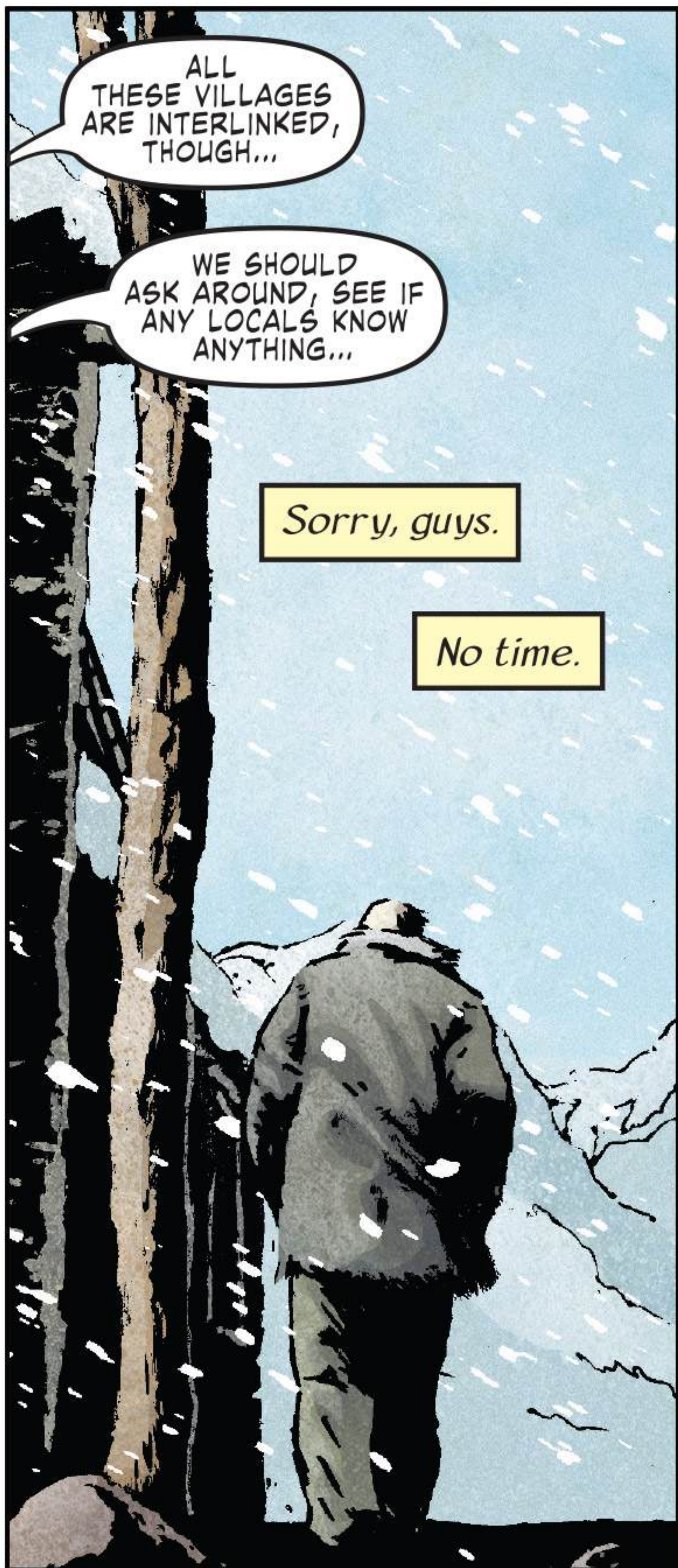
What the **hell**?

ANYBODY?



ANYBODY
SEE **ANYTHING**
AT ALL?

Sometimes I forget how **good**
we used to be at our jobs...



ALL
THESE VILLAGES
ARE INTERLINKED,
THOUGH...

WE SHOULD
ASK AROUND, SEE IF
ANY LOCALS KNOW
ANYTHING...

Sorry, guys.

No time.



...I've got **two** worlds to save...



And a dying old man to
find...If I'm not too **late**.

鐵拳
ANNUAL
1





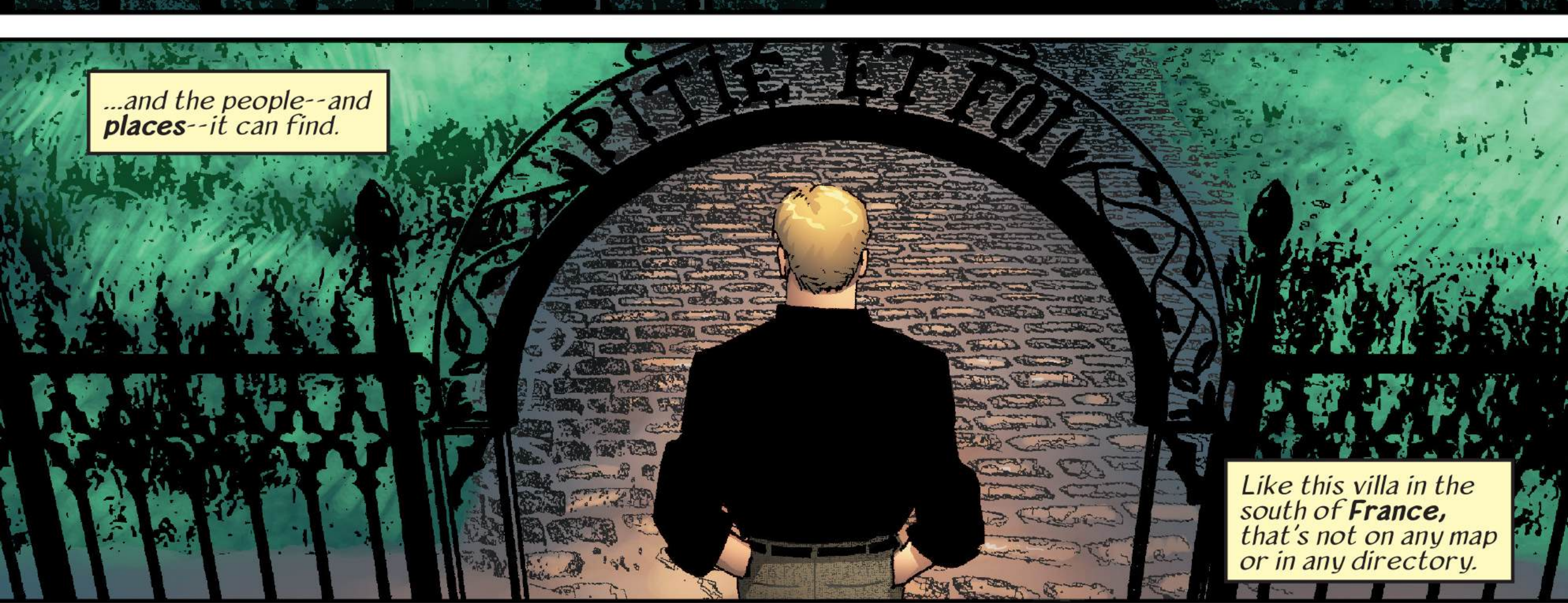
My name is
Daniel Rand.
I am...

Incredibly rich.



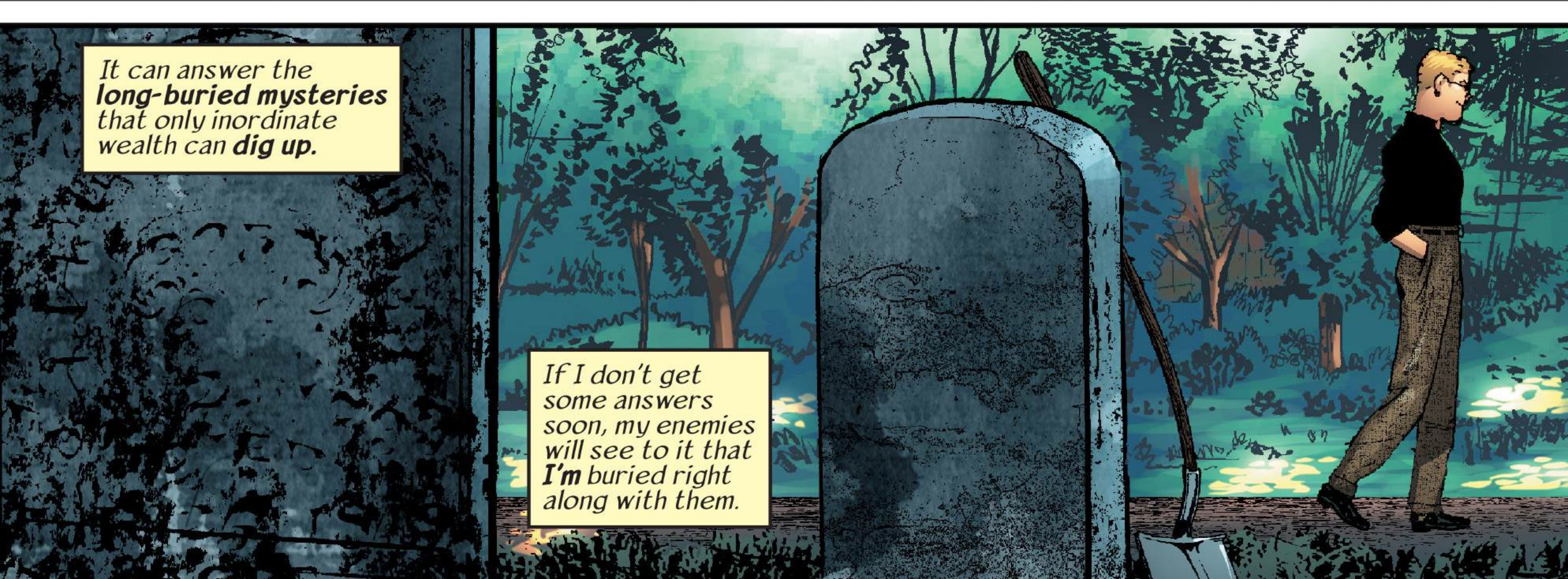
It's pretty great. The
resources absurd wealth
provides are as much a
part of what makes me **the
Iron Fist** as anything else.

The doors it
opens, the
opportunities it
can provide...



...and the people-- and
places--it can find.

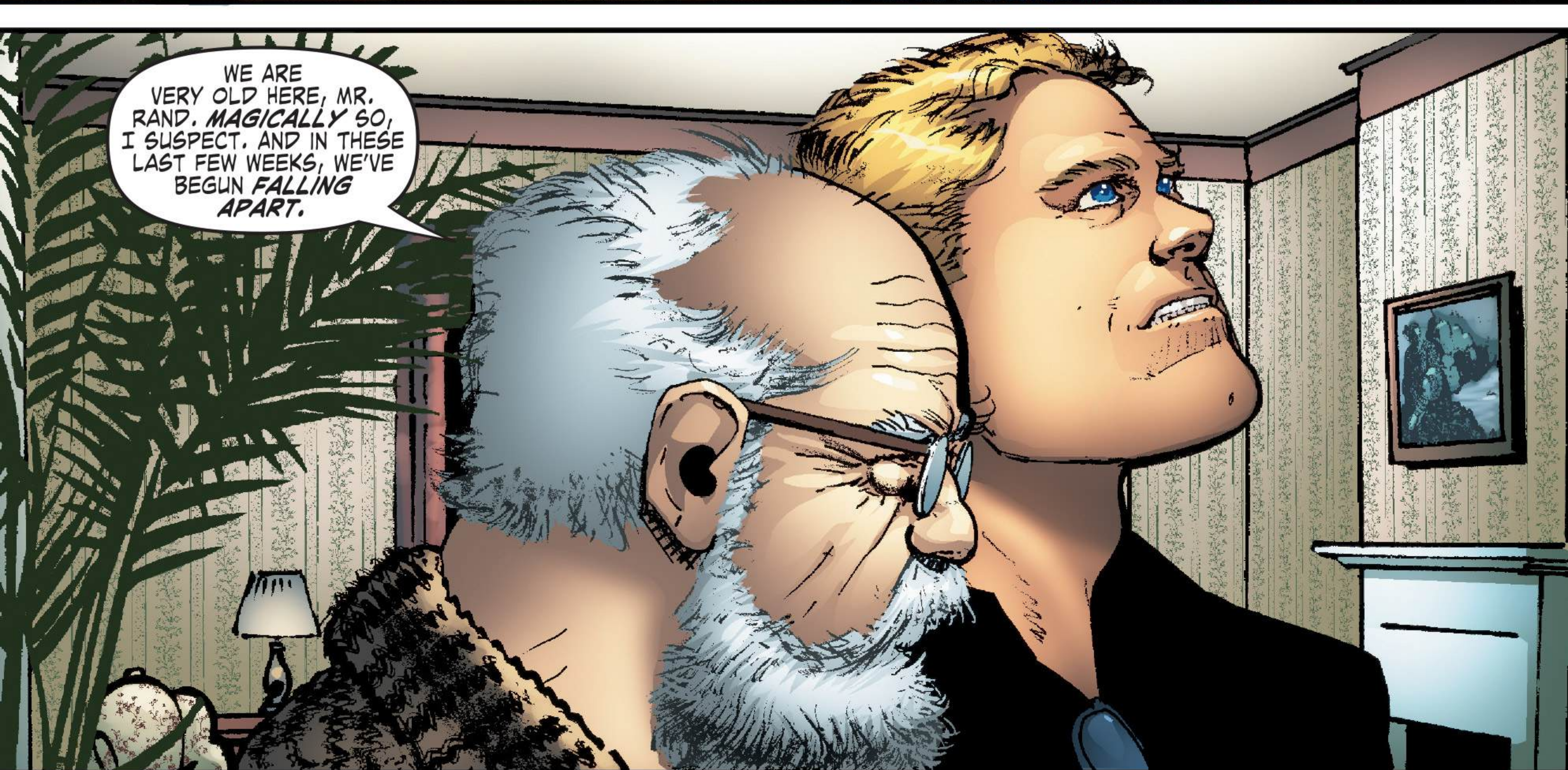
Like this villa in the
south of **France**,
that's not on any map
or in any directory.

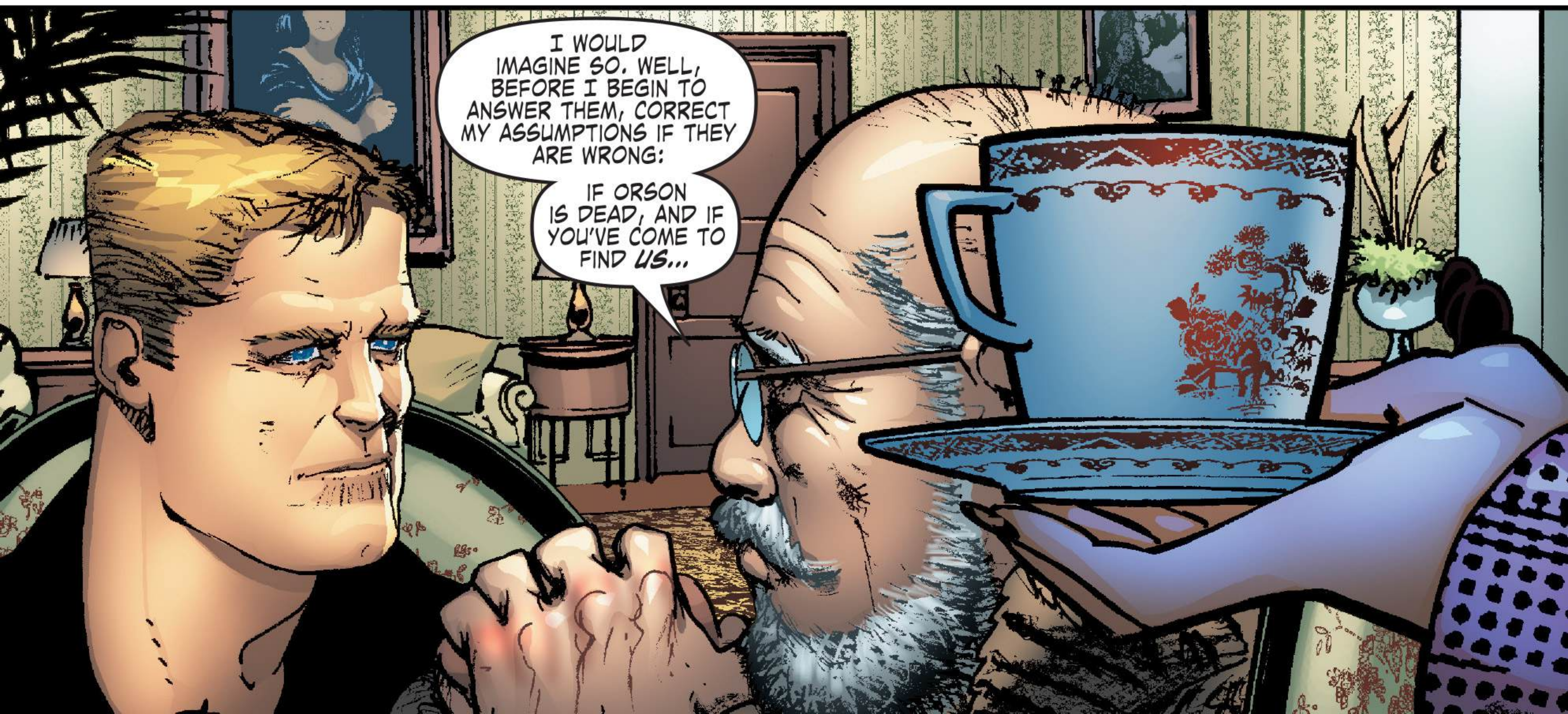
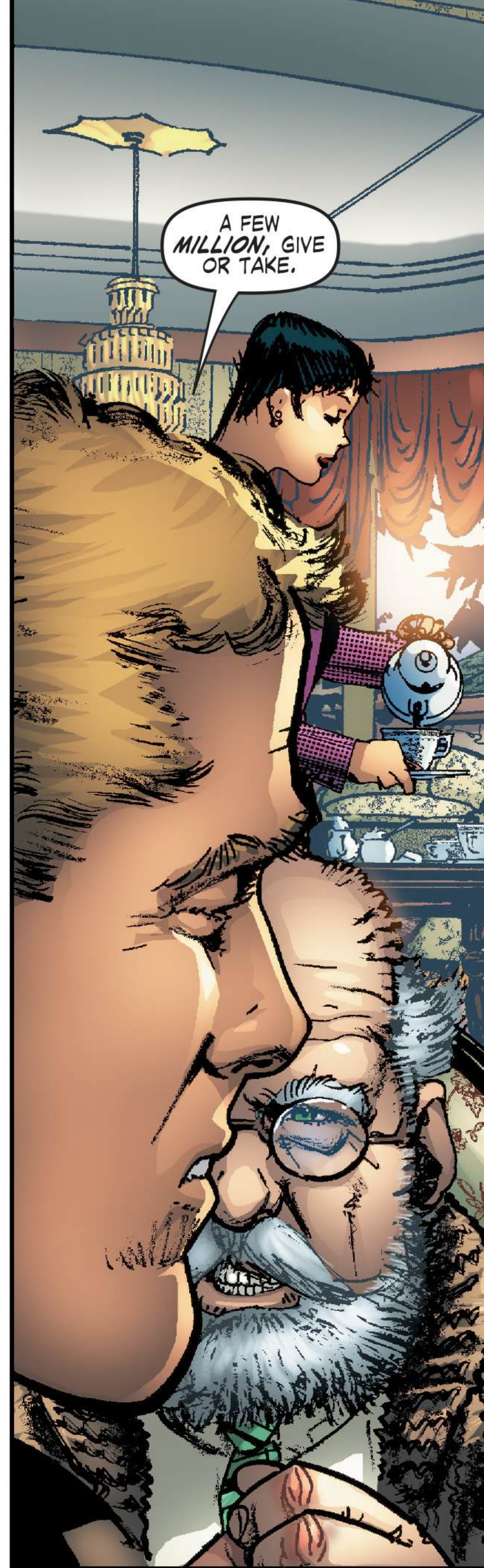
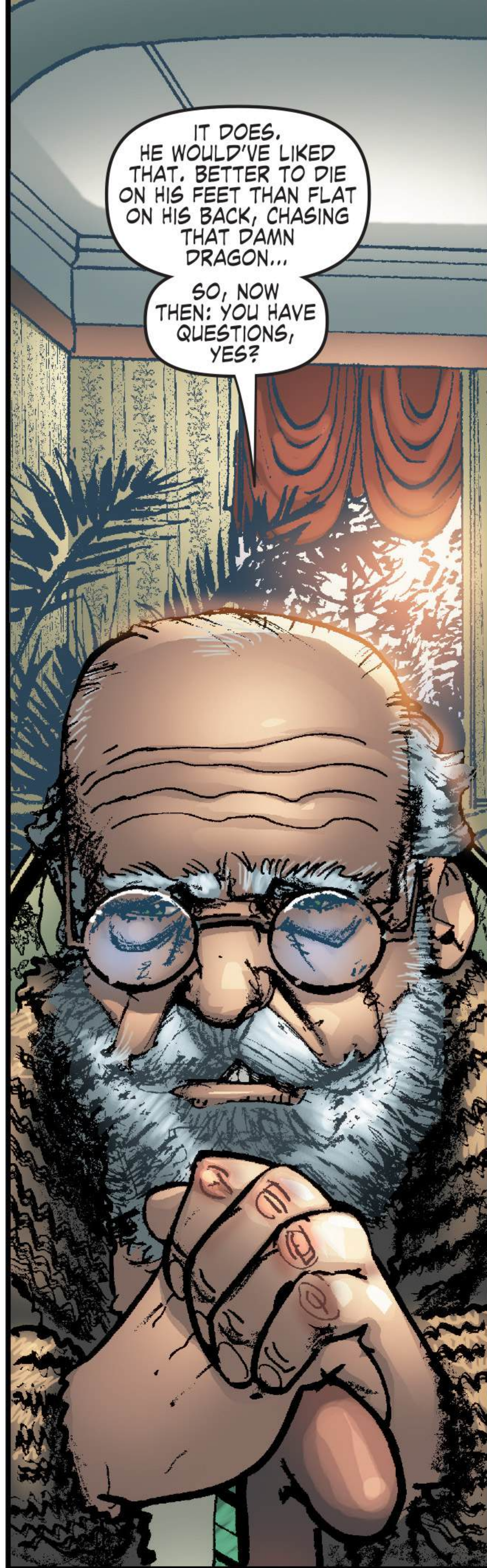
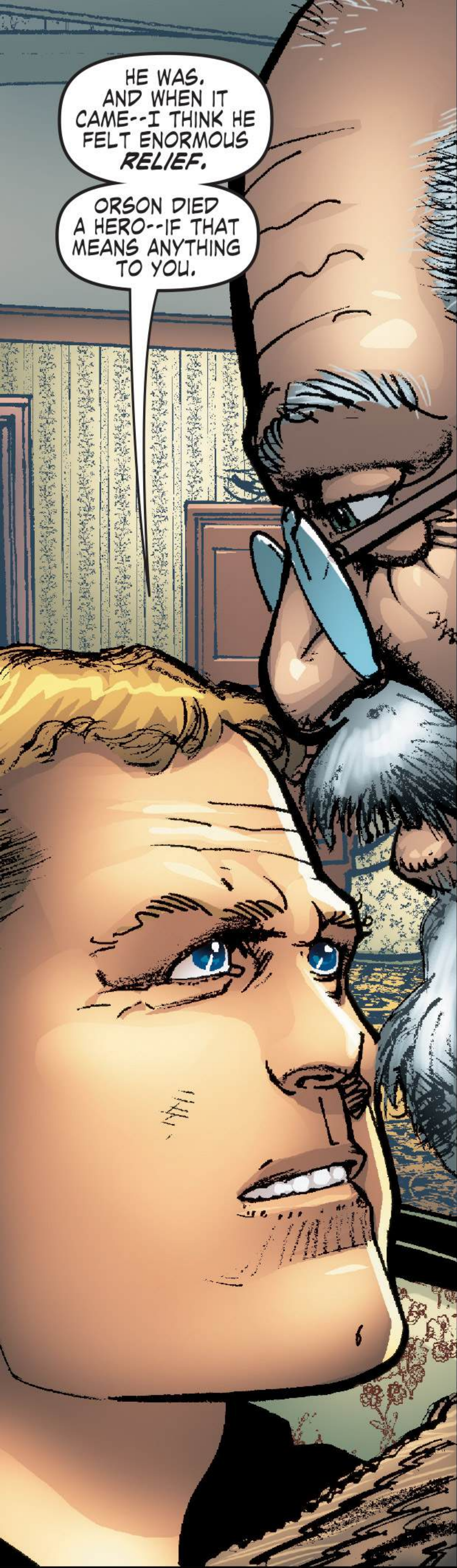


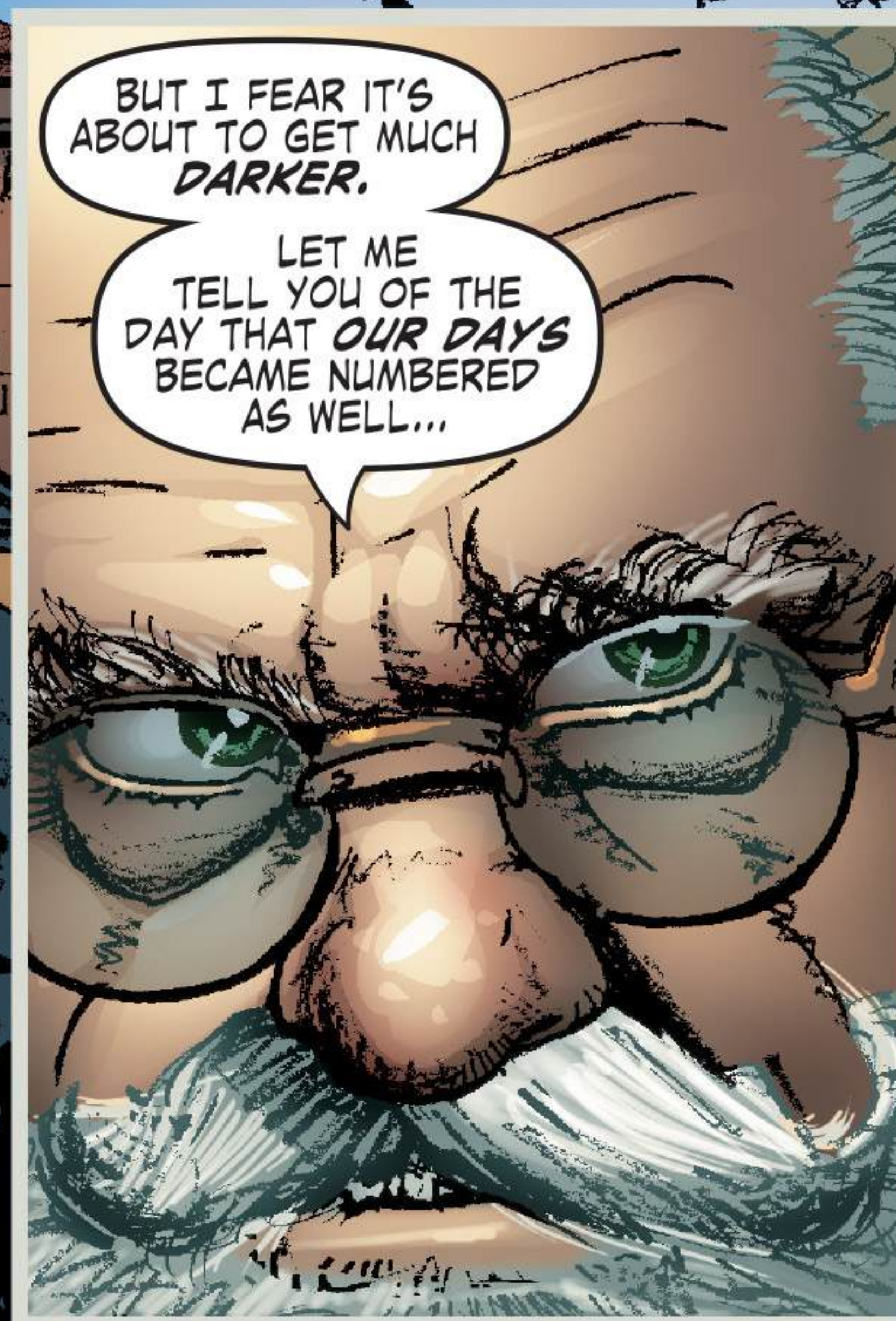
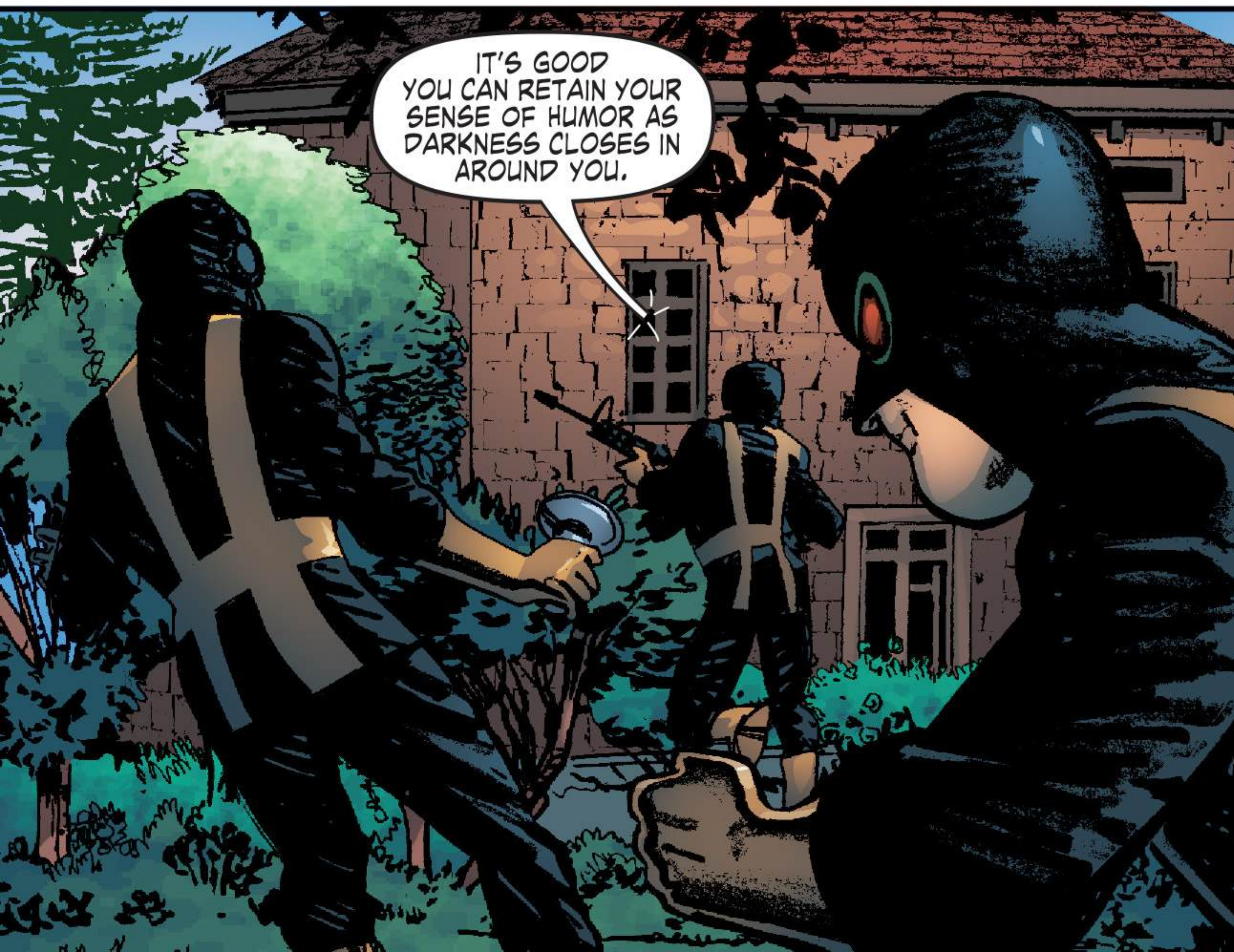
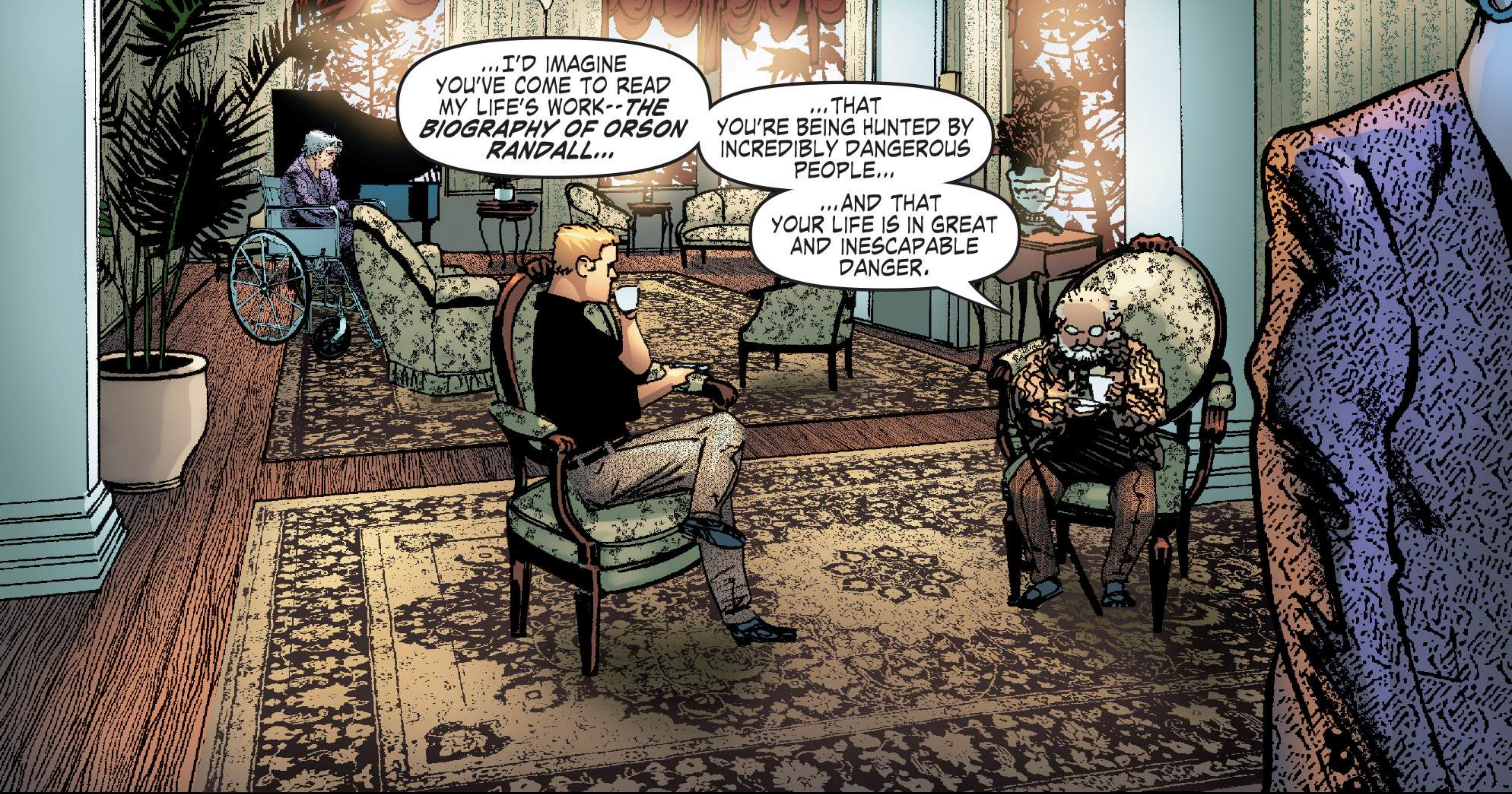
It can answer the
long-buried mysteries
that only inordinate
wealth can **dig up**.

If I don't get
some answers
soon, my enemies
will see to it that
I'm buried right
along with them.









1928: Nestled deep in the hidden crevasses of Himalaya, in some godforsaken ice-hell between the East Rongbuk Glacier and Changtse, lurks the legendary ADVENTURERS' CLUB, known only to Men of a Certain Deadly Persuasion...men like Orson Randall, and the Lightning Lords of Nepal, who tonight were destined to tangle in a way most ungentlemanly...



«IT IS *HE*,
MY BROTHERS. I
HAVE NOTIFIED *OUR*
MISTRESS.»

«EXCELLENT,
BROTHER--THAT
INDEED IS THE MAN THAT
MURDERED OUR MOST
HONORABLE FATHER AND
STOLE MY FAVORITE
HORSE.»

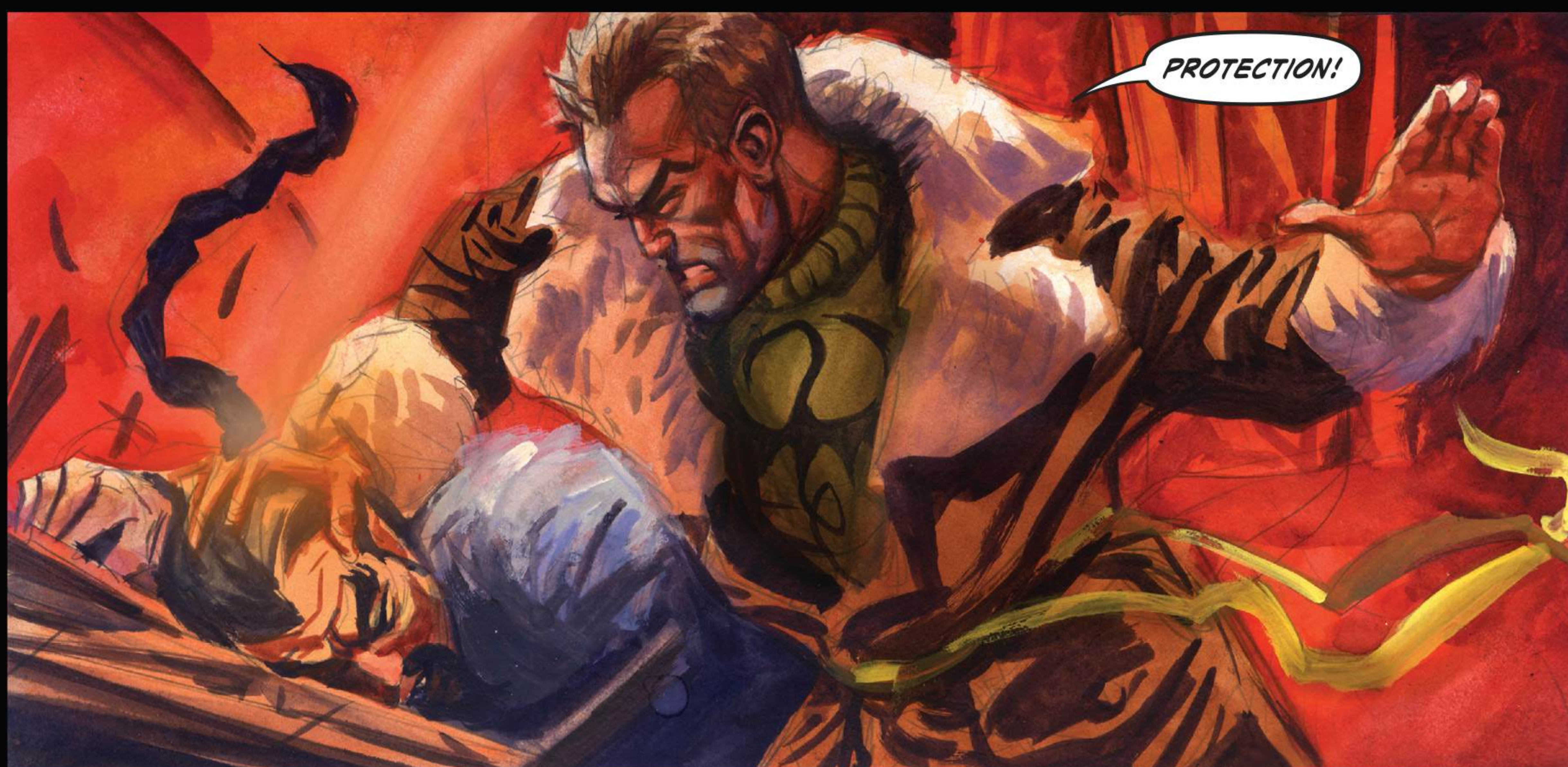
«AND I
BET *THAT HORSE* IS
TIED OUTSIDE THIS VERY
MOMENT. TO SPITE YOU,
BROTHER.»



AHH, ORSON...
THOSE *GUYS* KEEP
LOOKING OVER HERE AND
WRINGING THEIR HANDS
MANIACALLY...

QUIET,
L.P. THEY'RE *THE*
LIGHTNING LORDS OF
NEPAL. MANIACAL IS
JUST WHAT THEY *DO*...
THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' TO
WORRY ABOUT.







AND THAT'S JUST FROM *ME*, BOYS. DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO BRING K'UN-LUN INTO IT.



Y'KNOW, I ALWAYS *DID* FIGURE THERE WERE ABOUT *TWO* LIGHTNING LORDS TOO MANY...



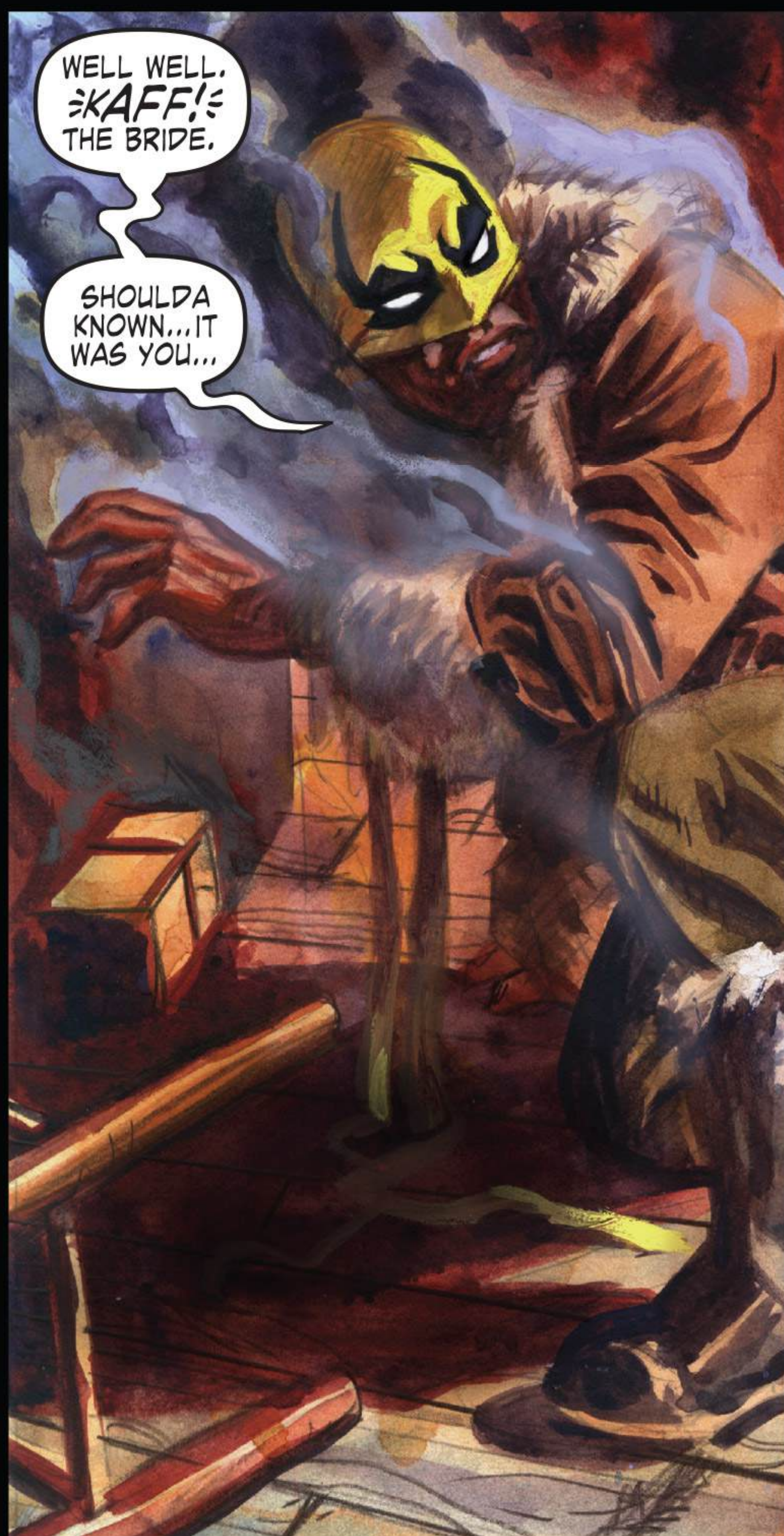
YOU ALL DO THE SAME CRAP ANYWAY...



ORSON, LOOK OUT--!

YEEARGHH!





WELL WELL.
KAFF!
THE BRIDE.

SHOULDA
KNOWN...IT
WAS YOU...



THERE'S A
BOUNTY UPON YOU,
ORSON RANDALL.

IT COULD'VE
BEEN ANY OF THE
IMMORTAL WEAPONS.
THAT I AND THE
LIGHTNING LORDS
FOUND YOU FIRST IS
JUST MY *GOOD*
FORTUNE.



DO YOU
SURRENDER,
IMMORTAL
IRON FIST?

OR WILL
THE BRIDE OF
NINE SPIDERS
FINALLY HAVE HER
COMBAT?



I DIDN'T
FIGHT YOU IN THE
HEART OF HEAVEN AND
I SURELY WON'T FIGHT
YOU HERE. I DECLINE
YOUR OFFER OF
COMBAT.

I AM NOBODY'S
IMMORTAL WEAPON.
NOT ANYMORE.



I KNEW
YOU WERE A
COWARD.

AND **COWARDS**
ARE UNWORTHY OF
MY MOST DIVINE
PUNISHMENTS.

LIGHTNING
LORDS! DESTROY
THIS COWARDLY
INSECT!



WORRY NOT,
MISTRESS.

KILLING
COWARDS
IS...

A BIT OF
A PASTIME
FOR...



**SUPER
LIGHTNING
LORD!**

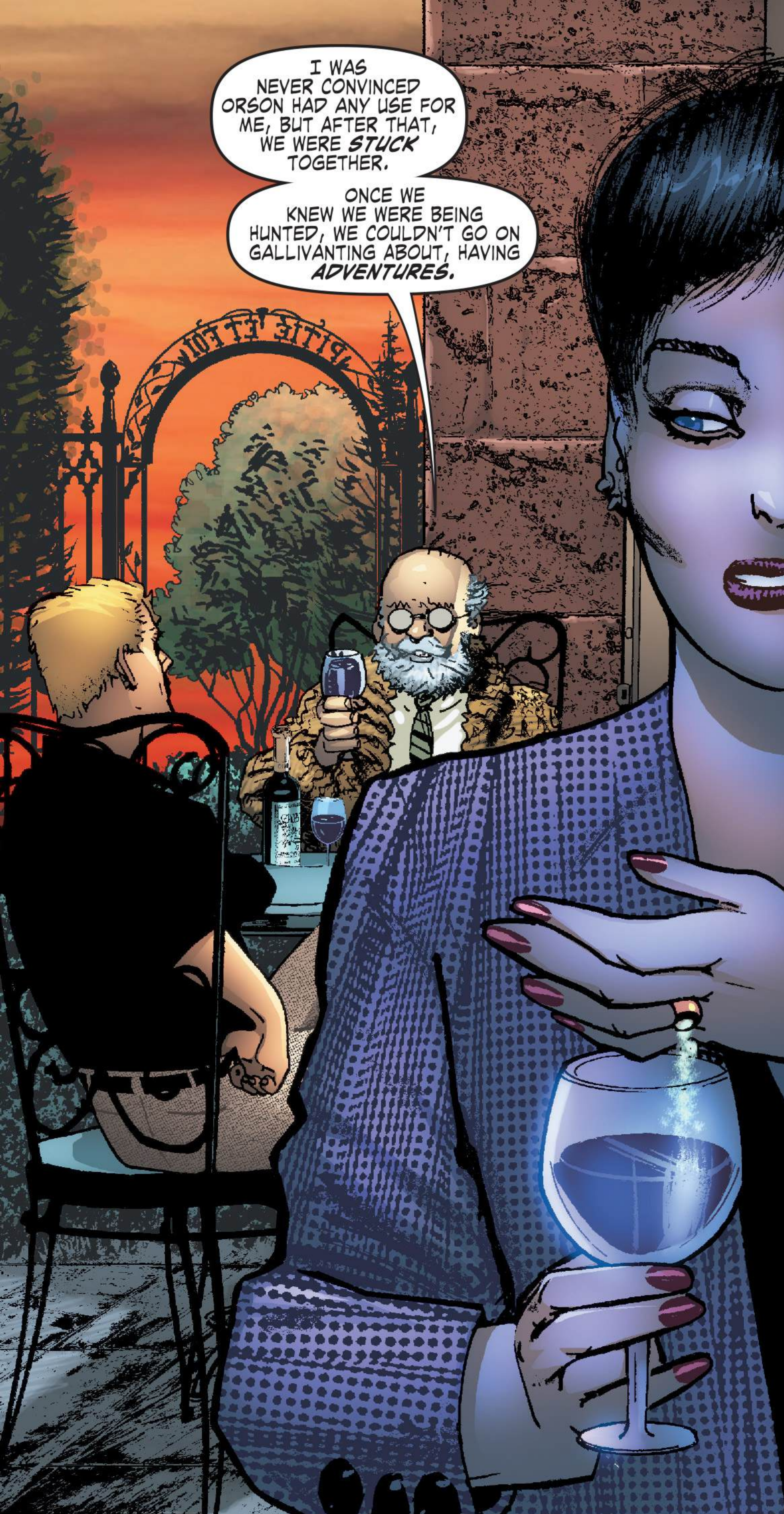
ELECTRIC
DEMON OF
MANASLU!



MY GOD...

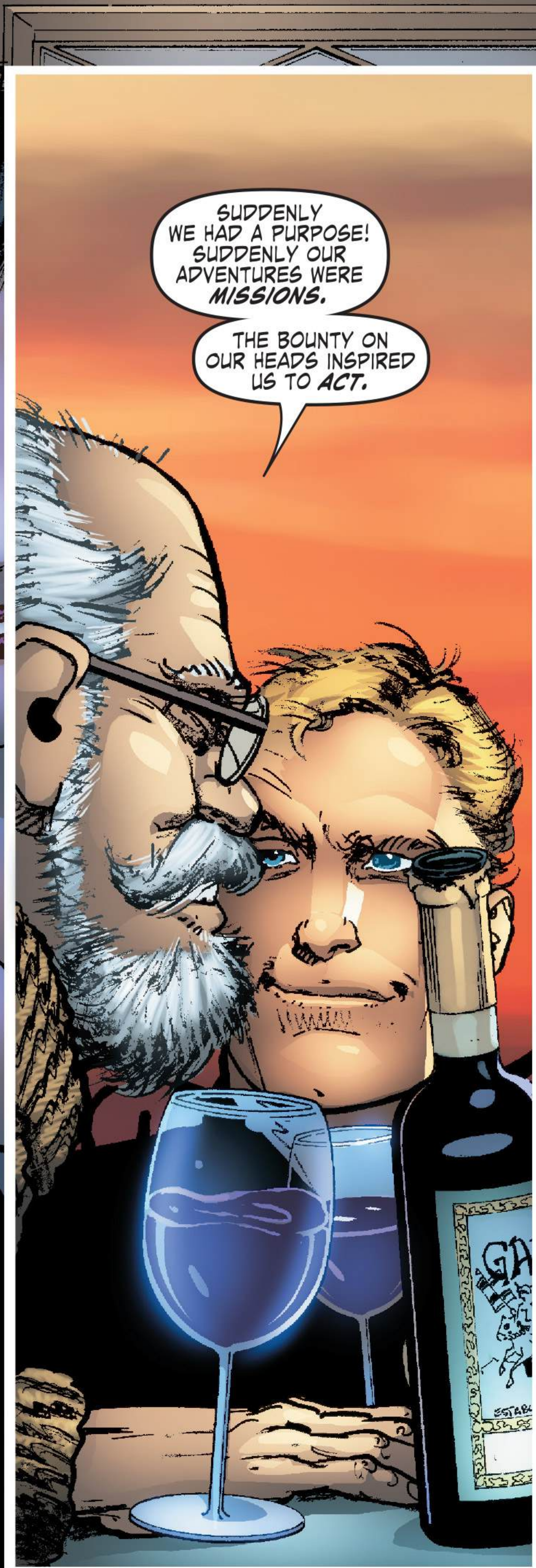


...the last time your humble narrator would take such a dramatically active role in the life and times and adventures of Orson Randall. His body, covered with burns bright like fresh strawberries and wracked with untold agonies, would repair itself by focusing his purest chi inward on the **inner wheels of healing**. Randall first learned this technique by reading of **Bei Bang-Wen**, the first Iron Fist to travel to the **Dark Continent**...



I WAS NEVER CONVINCED ORSON HAD ANY USE FOR ME, BUT AFTER THAT, WE WERE *STUCK* TOGETHER.

ONCE WE KNEW WE WERE BEING HUNTED, WE COULDN'T GO ON GALLIVANTING ABOUT, HAVING *ADVENTURES*.



SUDDENLY WE HAD A PURPOSE! SUDDENLY OUR ADVENTURES WERE *MISSIONS*.

THE BOUNTY ON OUR HEADS INSPIRED US TO *ACT*.

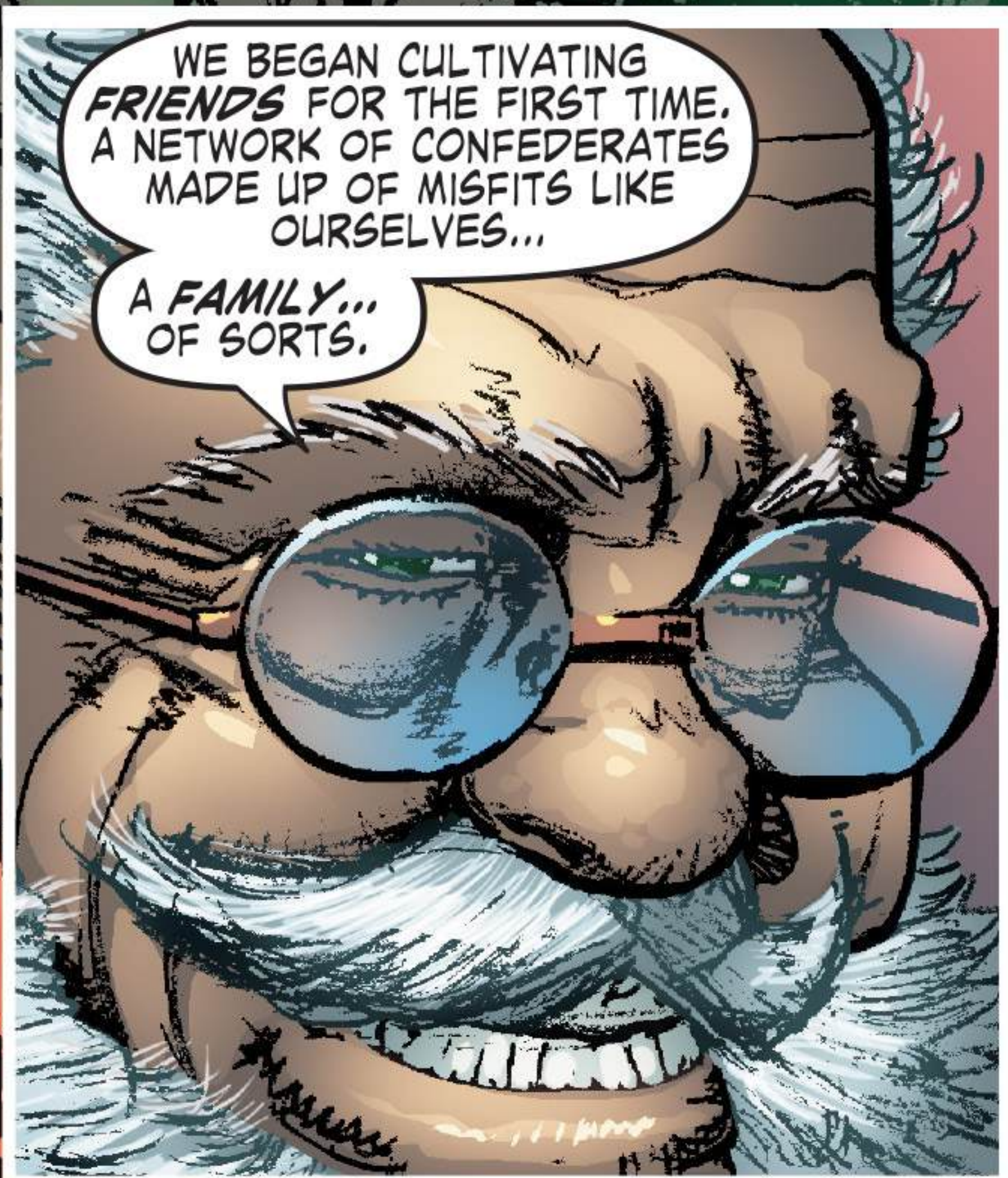


"WE WENT ON THE *OFFENSIVE* FOR THE FIRST TIME, RATHER THAN SIMPLY PLAYING *DEFENSE*."



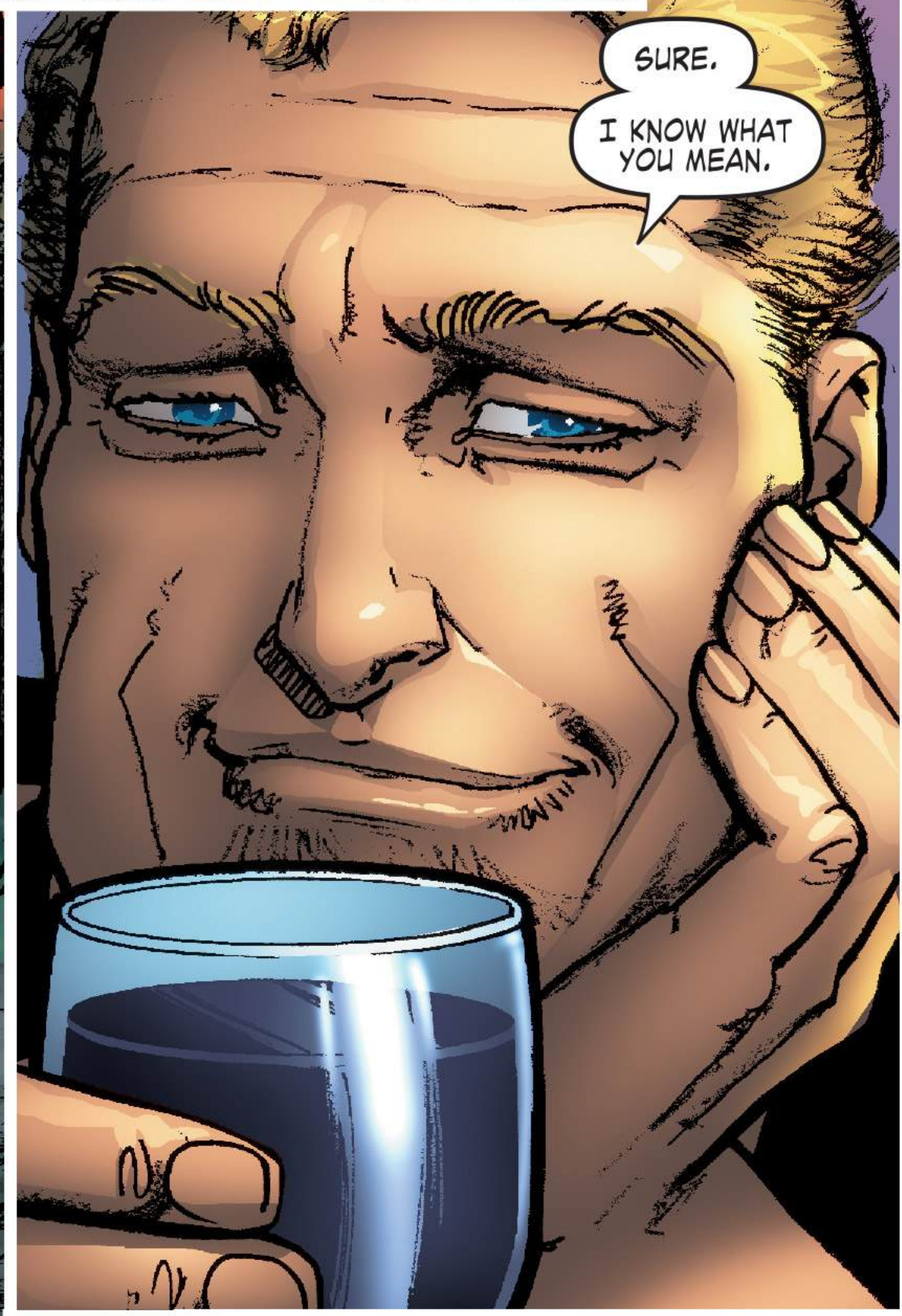
CONTRARY TO ORSON'S PREFERRED STRATEGY OF RUNNING, THAT IS.

THE HUNTED HAD DECIDED TO GO ON THE HUNT.



WE BEGAN CULTIVATING **FRIENDS** FOR THE FIRST TIME. A NETWORK OF CONFEDERATES MADE UP OF MISFITS LIKE OURSELVES...

A **FAMILY...** OF SORTS.



SURE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.



INDEED, MR. RAND. INDEED.

WELL, HERE'S TO FAMILY.



HERE'S TO SAYING, WHEN WE **DIE**, WELL, BY **GOD**, WE WILL NOT DIE ALONE...

New York City! A gilded city for a gilded age, and one replete with many a honey-trap for a man, let alone a man of such...exotic appetites... as Orson Randall. Pursued around the world by an ever-increasing array of wicked foes with an ever-increasing array of wicked abilities, Randall and the **Confederates of the Curious** found themselves in Harlem, where the music was hot and the women were hotter...

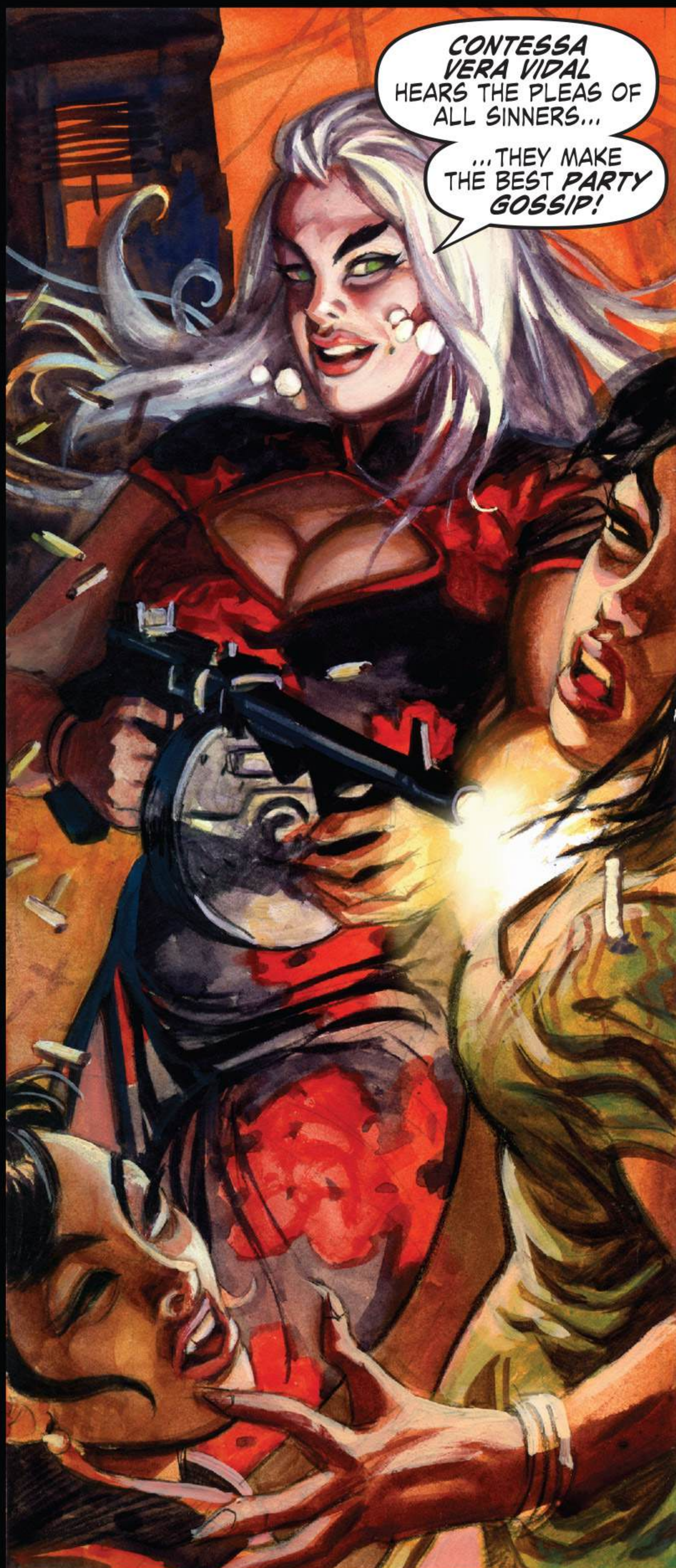






WHAT IS THIS
MAGIC "CONTESSA"
YOU PRAY TO? SHE
CANNOT HELP
YOU NOW.

ON
THE CONTRARY,
DARLING...



CONTESSA
VERA VIDAL
HEARS THE PLEAS OF
ALL SINNERS...

...THEY MAKE
THE BEST PARTY
GOSSIP!



DRINKS AT
JACK AND CHARLIE'S 21
ARE ON ME, GANG--

IF WE
SURVIVE!





--BASTARDS!



NICE WORK!

THANKS!



NO WORRIES,
BOSS!

WE GOTCHA
COVERED!



ORSON!
I'VE GOT
THE WILL!



FALL BACK,
GANG!
BACK
TO THE AIRSHIP
BEFORE THEY CAN
RELOAD!

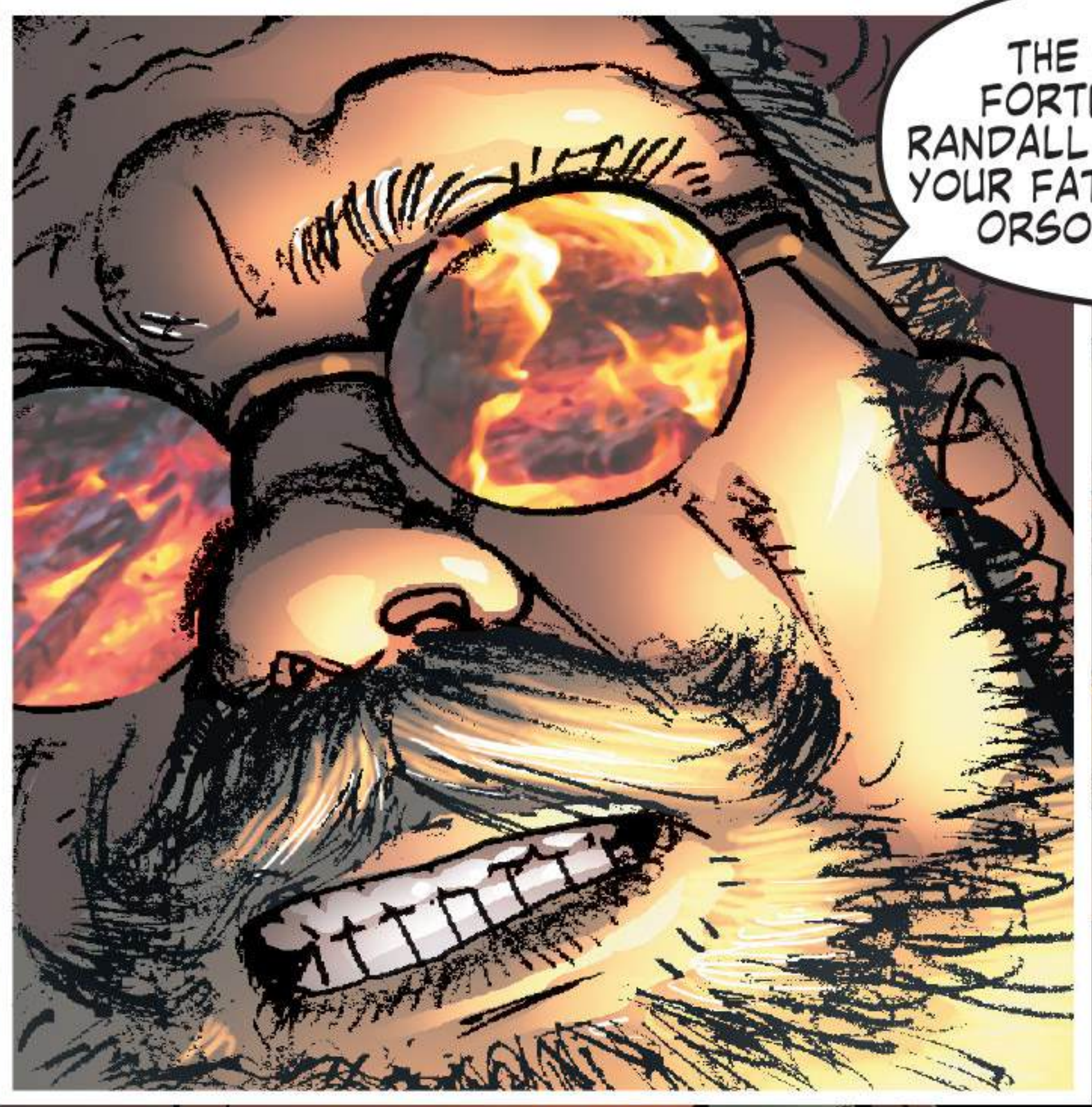


I DON'T
GET IT, BOSS--ALL
THIS RUCKUS WAS FOR
A PIECE OF CRUMMY
PAPER?

IT'S MY
LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT,
BOY...

IT GUARANTEES
THAT IF ANYTHING EVER
HAPPENS TO ME,
YOU'LL ALL BE TAKEN
CARE OF.

...while the significance of legal documents eluded Orson's fifteen-year-old ward, the rest of us knew--as much as he pretended, that boy meant the world to him and, indeed, after Randall's final disappearance, young Wendell would find himself one of the world's richest men...

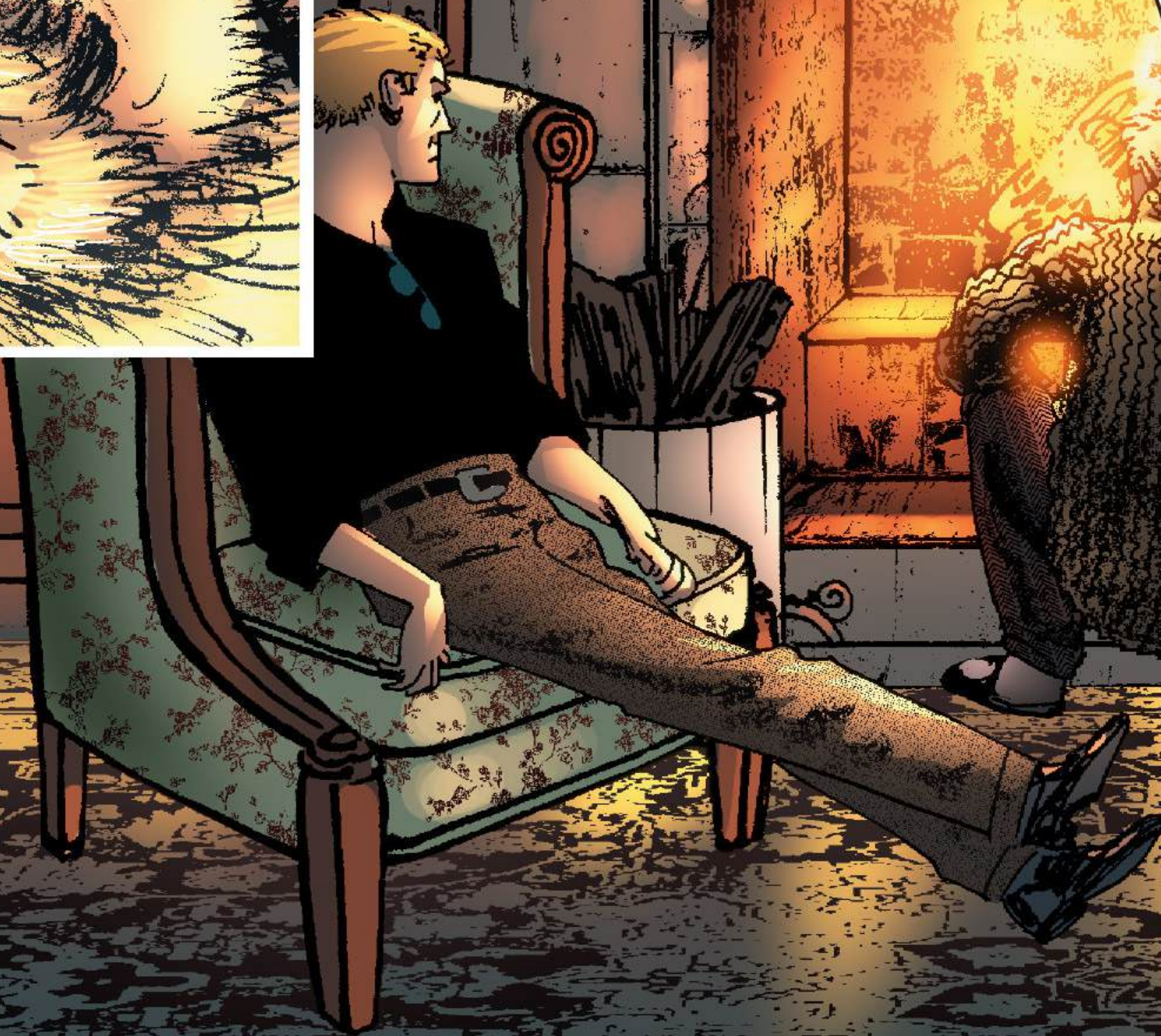


AND THAT WAS THE ROOT OF YOUR FAMILY'S FORTUNE--IT WAS, IN FACT, THE RANDALL FAMILY FORTUNE, WILLED TO YOUR FATHER--WENDELL RAND--AFTER ORSON'S FINAL DISAPPEARANCE FROM THIS LIFE...

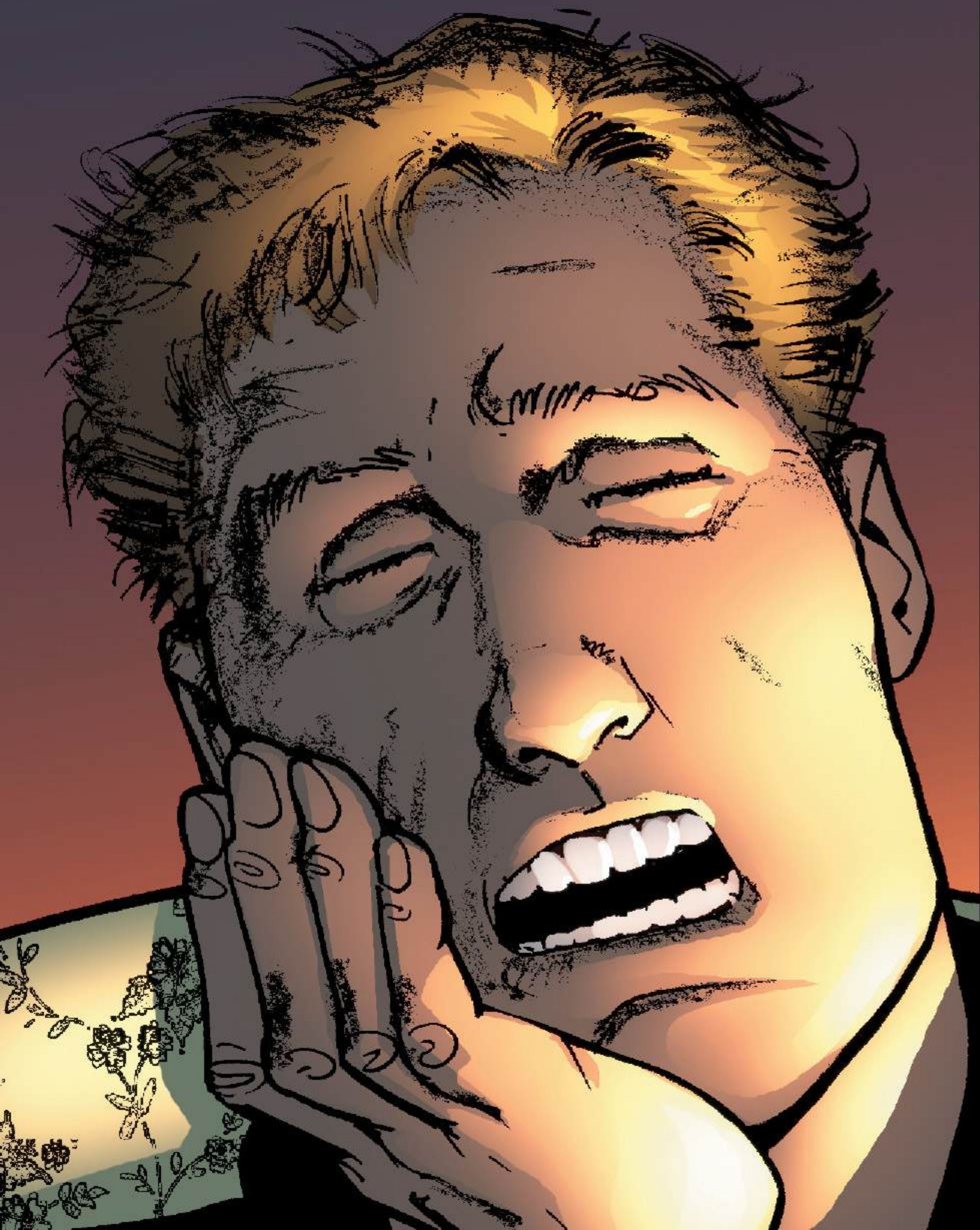
A LIFE THAT REMAINED VERY MUCH A **MYSTERY** TO ME.

IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING WE HAD SEEN AND SURVIVED TOGETHER, I COULDN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT ORSON WAS AN INVETERATE **LIAR**.

HIS...HUNGERS AND APPETITES DIDN'T HELP HIS TRUSTWORTHINESS. AND AS I WAS WRITING THE MAN'S LIFE STORY...WELL, IT WAS HIS LIFE THAT I FOUND MOST INEXPLICABLE.



ZZZRK.

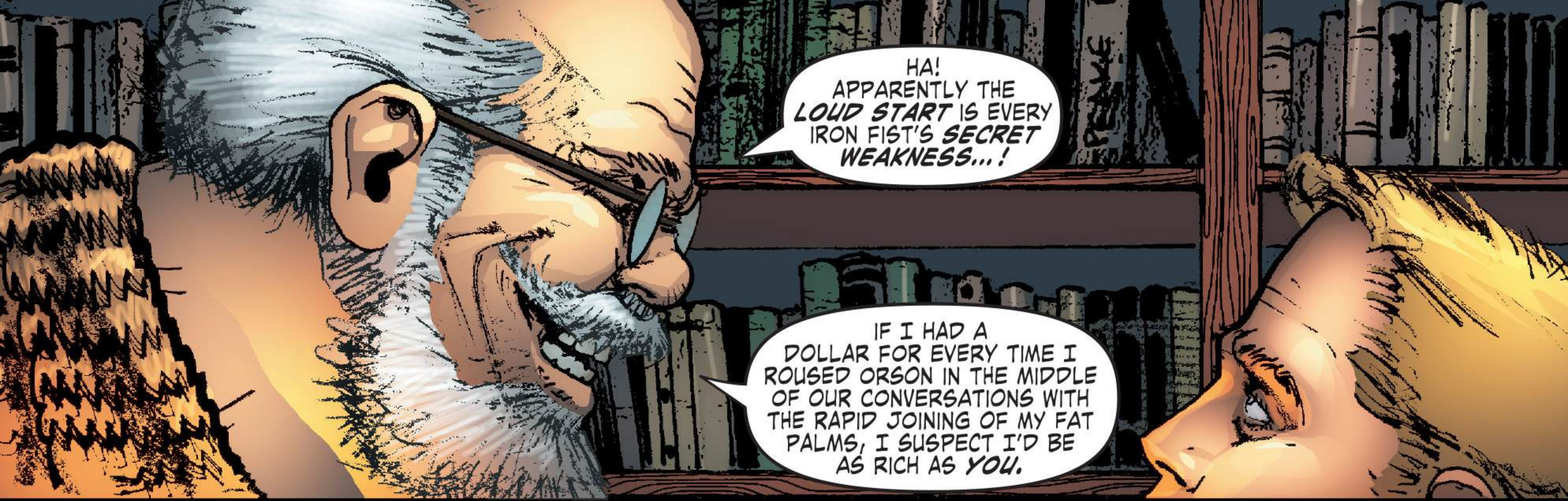


DANIEL!

CLAP!

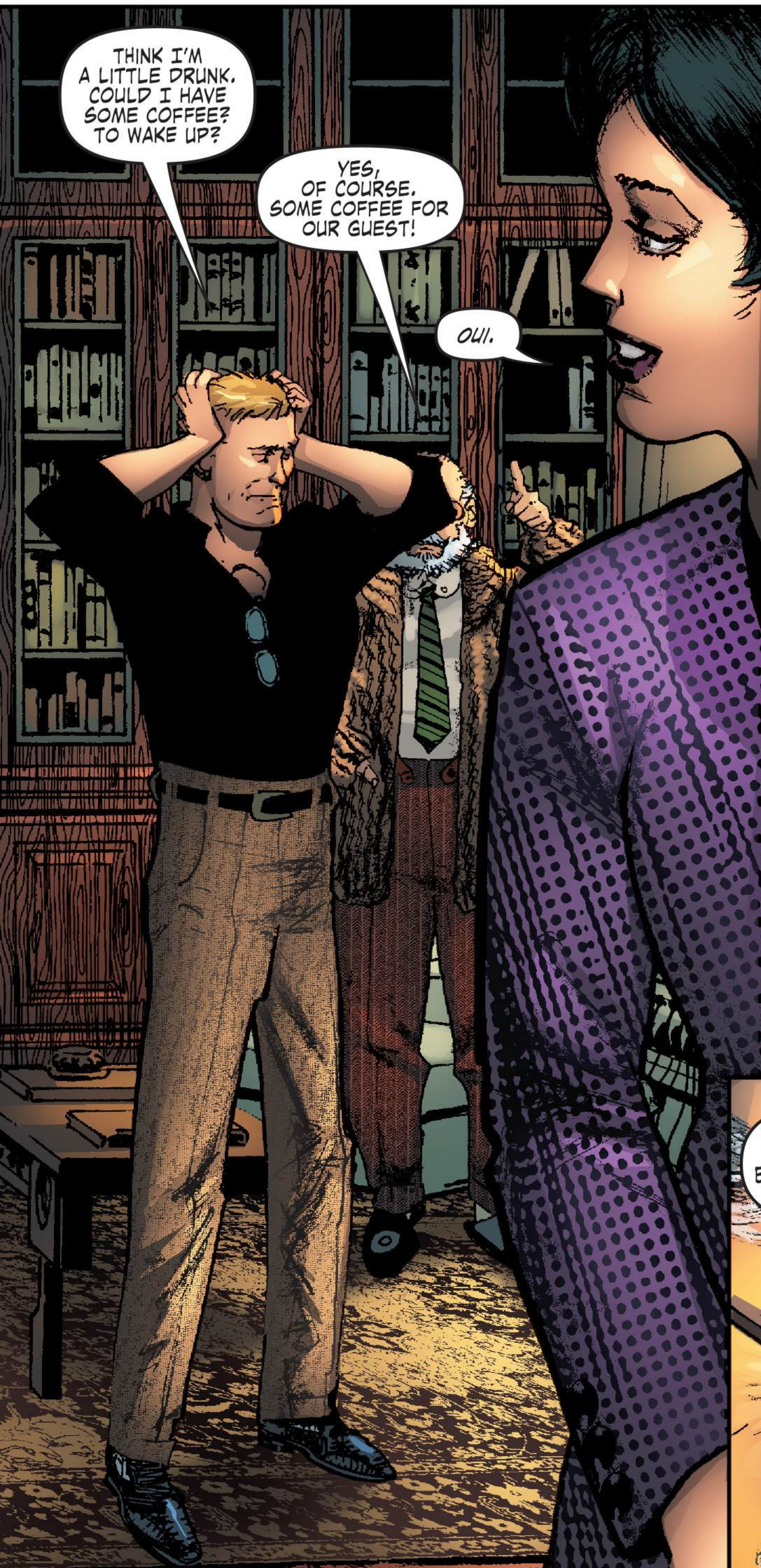
BWAH--!





HA!
APPARENTLY THE
LOUD START IS EVERY
IRON FIST'S **SECRET**
WEAKNESS...!

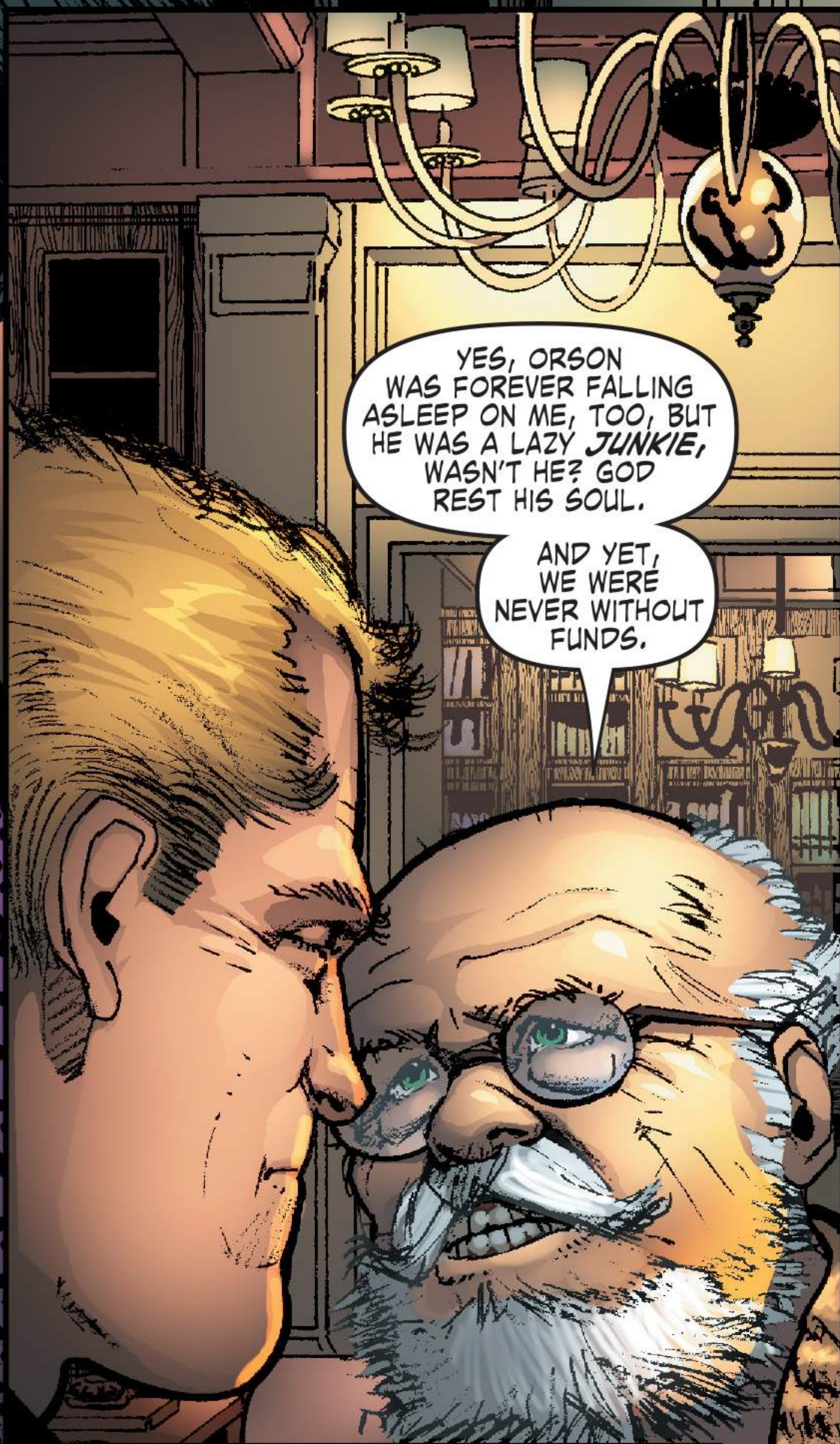
IF I HAD A
DOLLAR FOR EVERY TIME I
ROUSED ORSON IN THE MIDDLE
OF OUR CONVERSATIONS WITH
THE RAPID JOINING OF MY FAT
PALMS, I SUSPECT I'D BE
AS RICH AS **YOU**.



THINK I'M
A LITTLE DRUNK.
COULD I HAVE
SOME COFFEE?
TO WAKE UP?

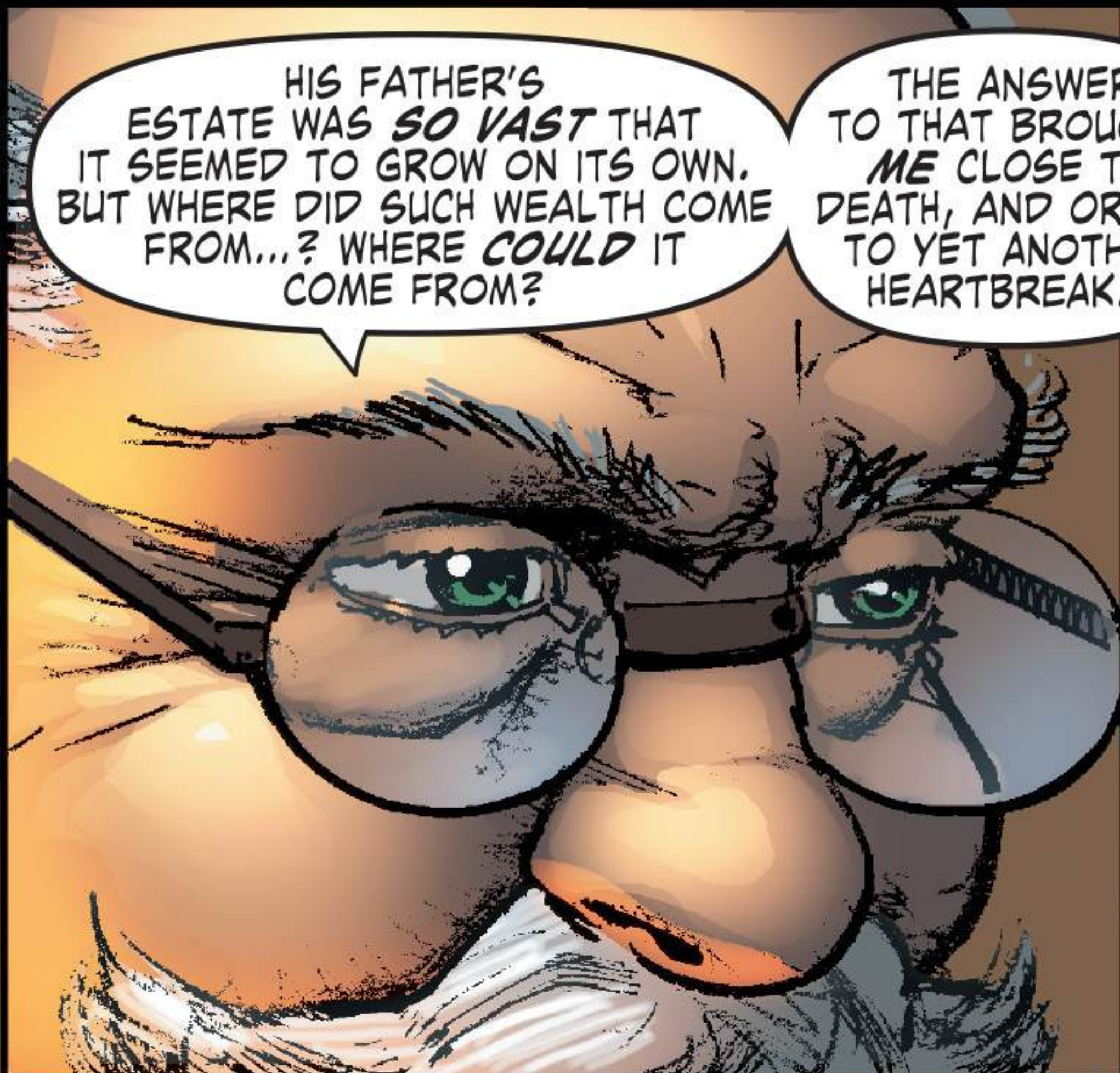
YES,
OF COURSE.
SOME COFFEE FOR
OUR GUEST!

OUI.



YES, ORSON
WAS FOREVER FALLING
ASLEEP ON ME, TOO, BUT
HE WAS A LAZY **JUNKIE**,
WASN'T HE? GOD
REST HIS SOUL.

AND YET,
WE WERE
NEVER WITHOUT
FUNDS.



HIS FATHER'S
ESTATE WAS **SO VAST** THAT
IT SEEMED TO GROW ON ITS OWN.
BUT WHERE DID SUCH WEALTH COME
FROM...? WHERE **COULD** IT
COME FROM?

THE ANSWER
TO THAT BROUGHT
ME CLOSE TO
DEATH, AND ORSON
TO YET ANOTHER
HEARTBREAK...

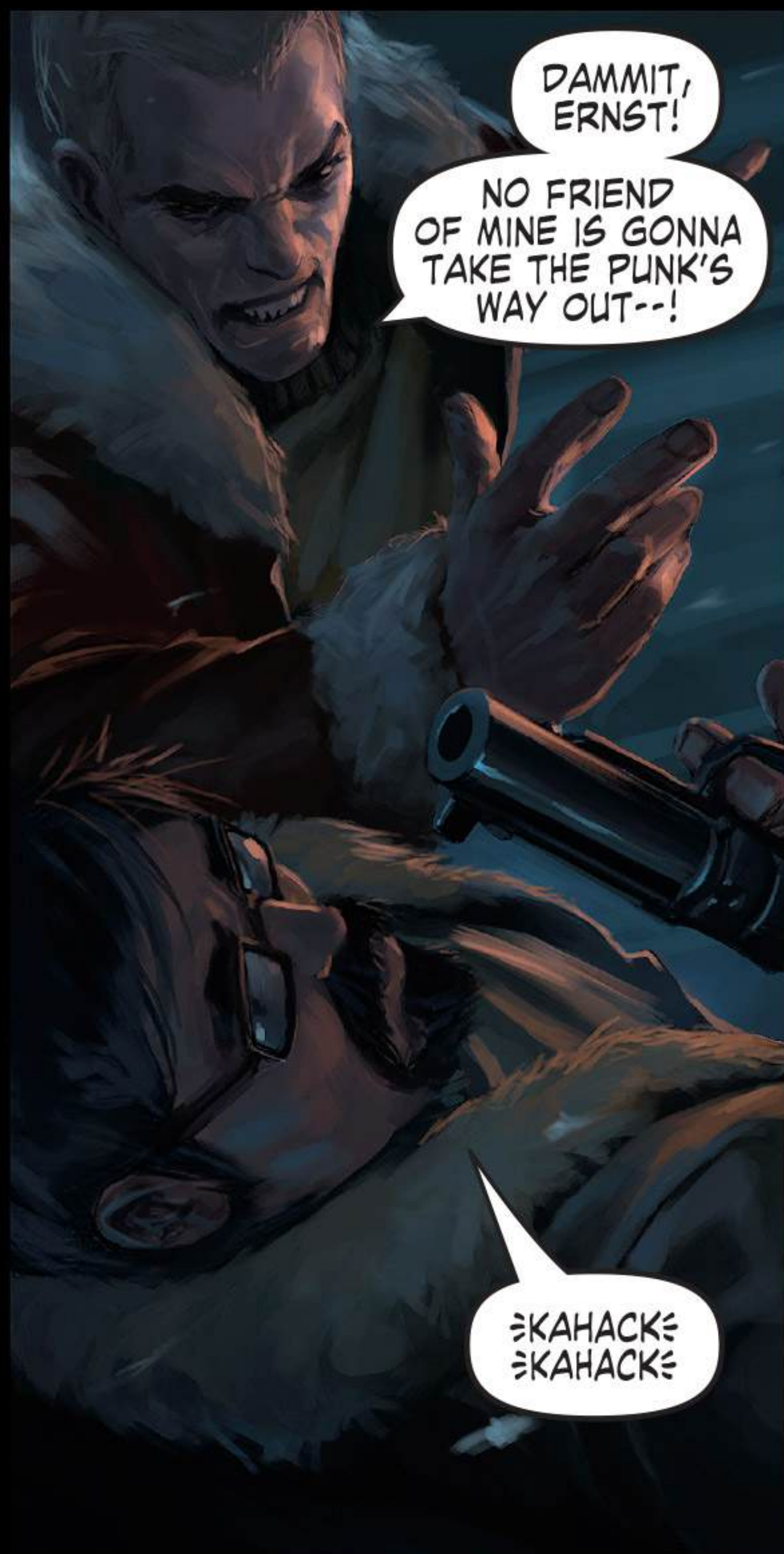


It is 1963, and I am dying. The tuberculosis refuses to remit. I am going to die on top of a train racing through **Manchuria**. It's Orson's idea, of course; he insists we can **freeze** the damn disease out of my lungs. I refuse to allow the only mark of my time on this world to be a corpse frozen solid and an incomplete biography of either a hero or a madman. As such, I have taken control of the only part of my situation I **can** control...



HAIL MARY,
FULL OF GRACE,
THE LORD IS
WITH THEE--

LUCKY
PIERRE!



DAMMIT,
ERNST!

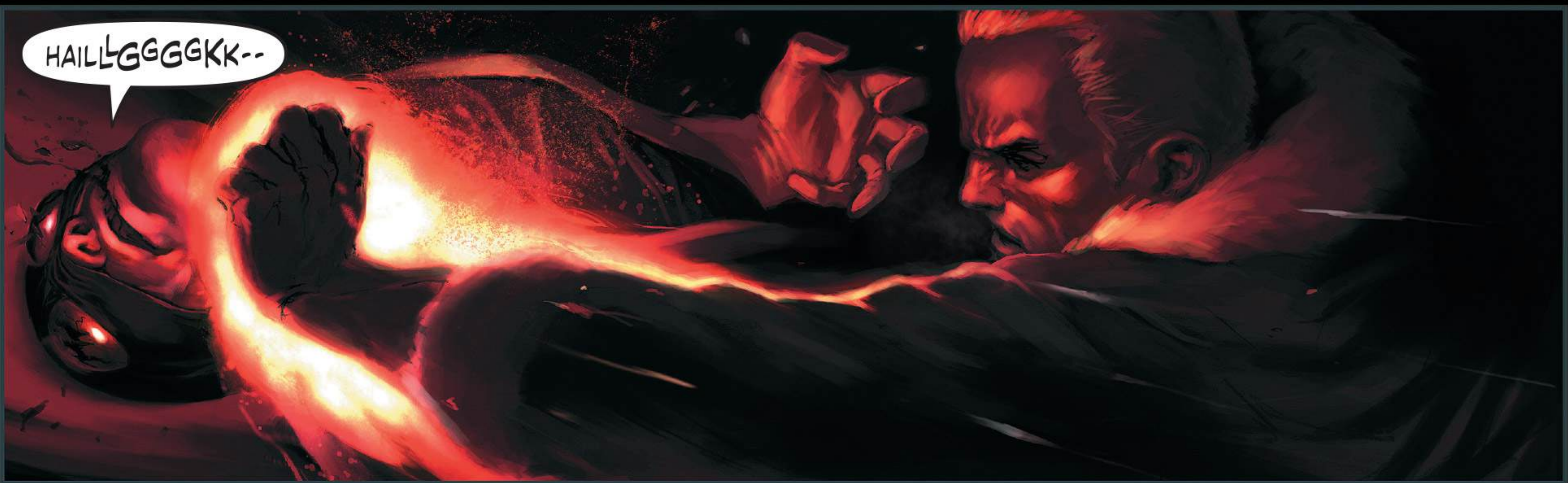
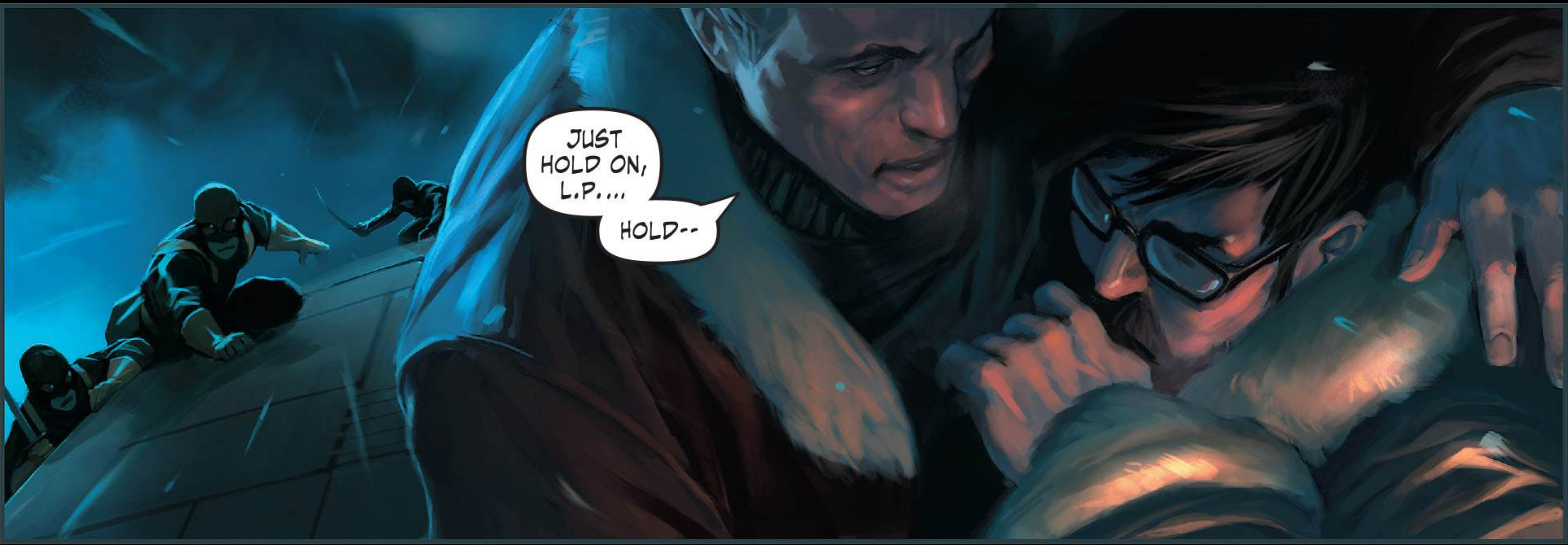
NO FRIEND
OF MINE IS GONNA
TAKE THE PUNK'S
WAY OUT--!

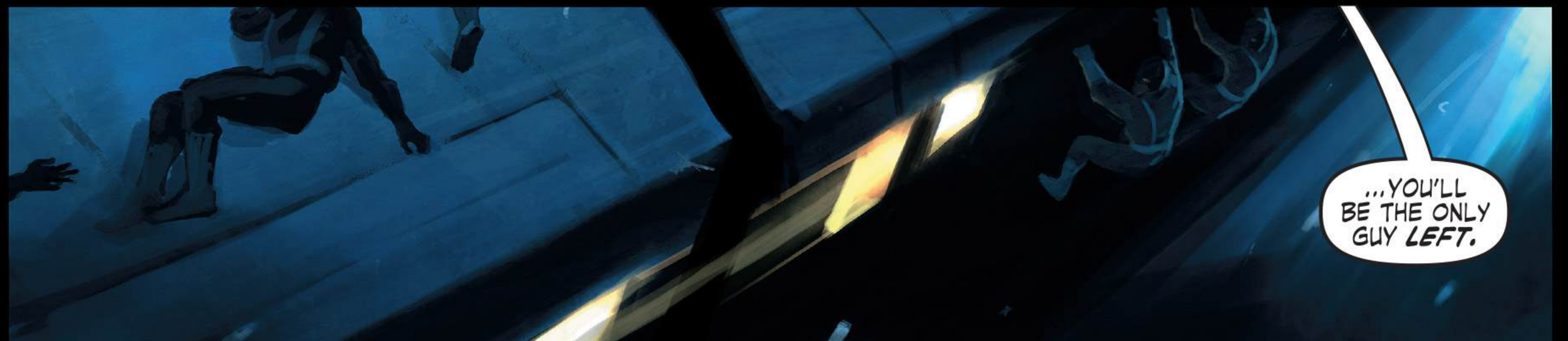
≡KAHACK≡
≡KAHACK≡



YOU HAVE TO
FINISH THE TREATMENT!
THIS **FREEZE** CAN CURE YOU...
AND IF IT CAN'T, THEN--

WELL, DAMMIT,
I KNOW A PLACE.
I'M TAKING YOU
THERE.







BEST AND THE WORST YEARS OF MY LIFE, FOLLOWING YOU AROUND LIKE A DAMN *PUPPY*.

AND FOR WHAT? A HORRIBLE COLLECTION OF *NOTEBOOKS*. MY LIFE'S WORK!

YEAH, YEAH.



WHAT ARE WE *DOING* HERE? WHAT *IS* THIS VILLAGE?

ONE OF THOSE LOONS FROM THE TRAIN HAD A COIN I RECOGNIZED... ONE YOU COULD ONLY FIND IN A *FEW PLACES* IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.

THIS BEING ONE OF THEM.



COIN? WHAT COIN?

THIS ONE--

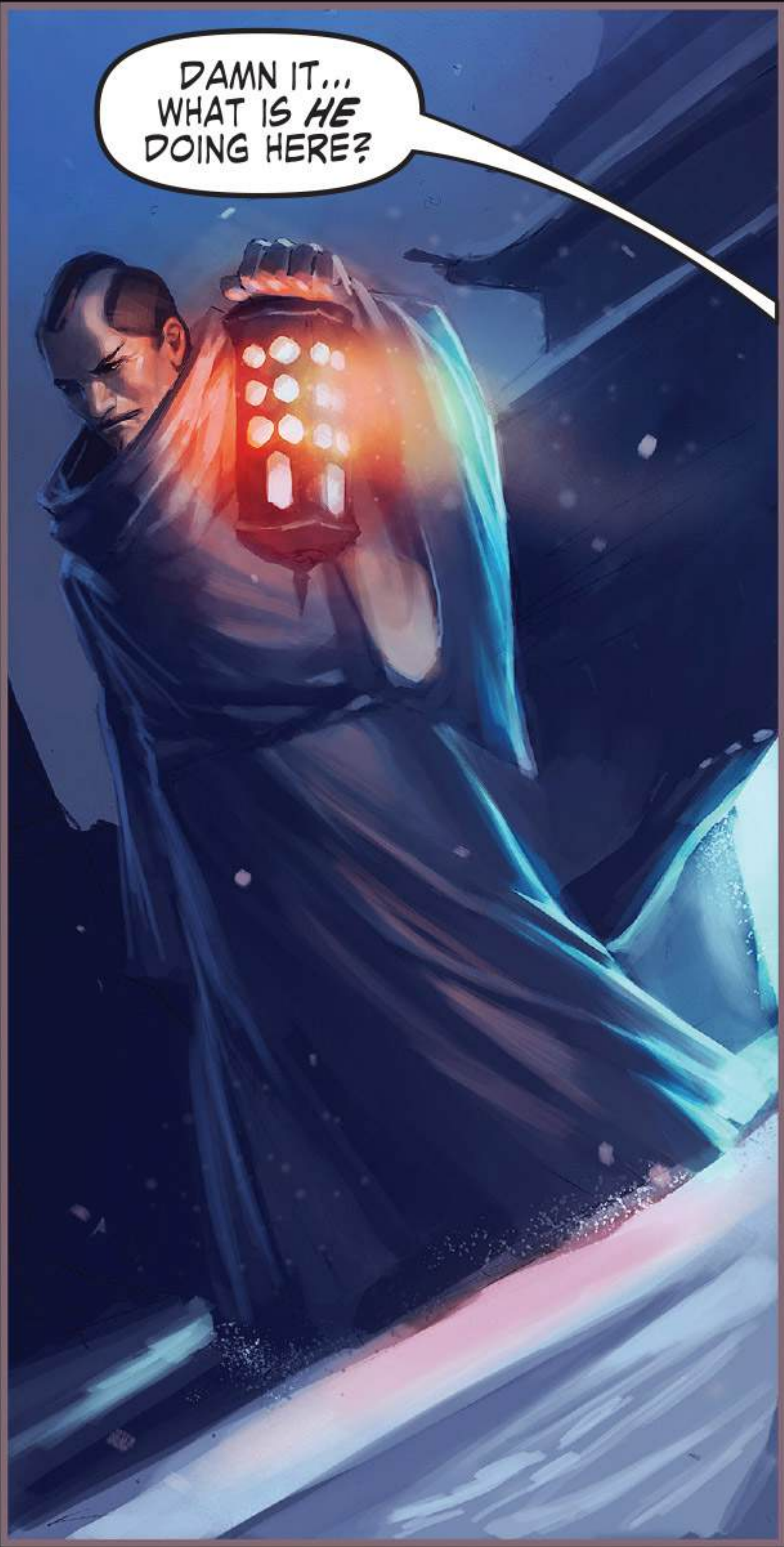


--MINTED IN K'UN-LUN A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



THIS VILLAGE HAS ELDERS WHO DO SOME *TRADE* WITH K'UN-LUN EVERY FEW DECADES.

IF XAO'S *NEW* COSTUMED FREAKS ARE AROUND HERE, I WANT TO KNOW WHY.

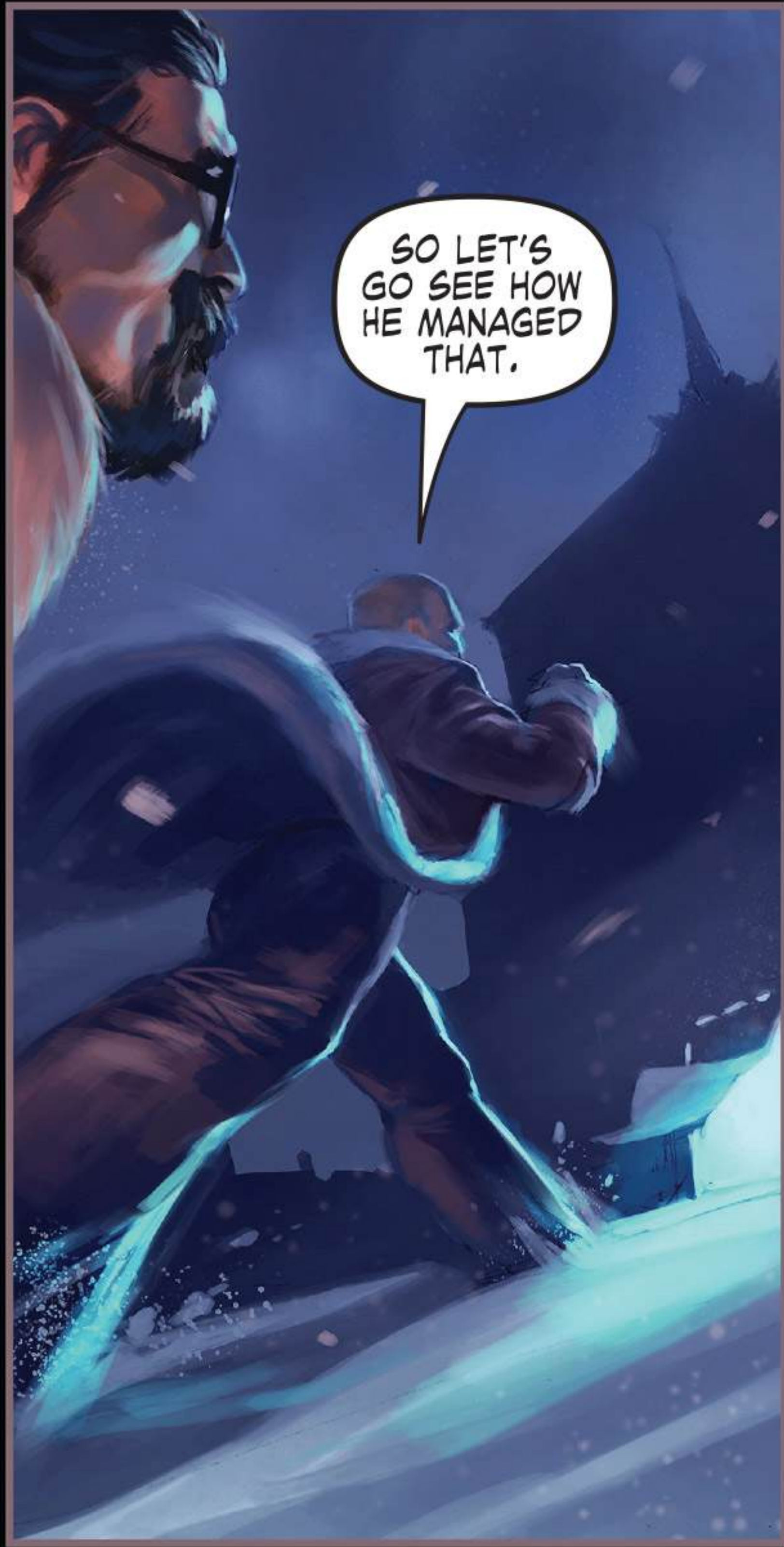


DAMN IT...
WHAT IS *HE*
DOING HERE?



WHO?

THAT'S *WU-AN*.
HEIR APPARENT TO THE
THRONE OF K'UN-LUN...AND
IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE* THAT HE'S
HERE NOW, WALKING AMONG
MORTALS.



SO LET'S
GO SEE HOW
HE MANAGED
THAT.



GOOD GOD...
WHAT *IS* IT?

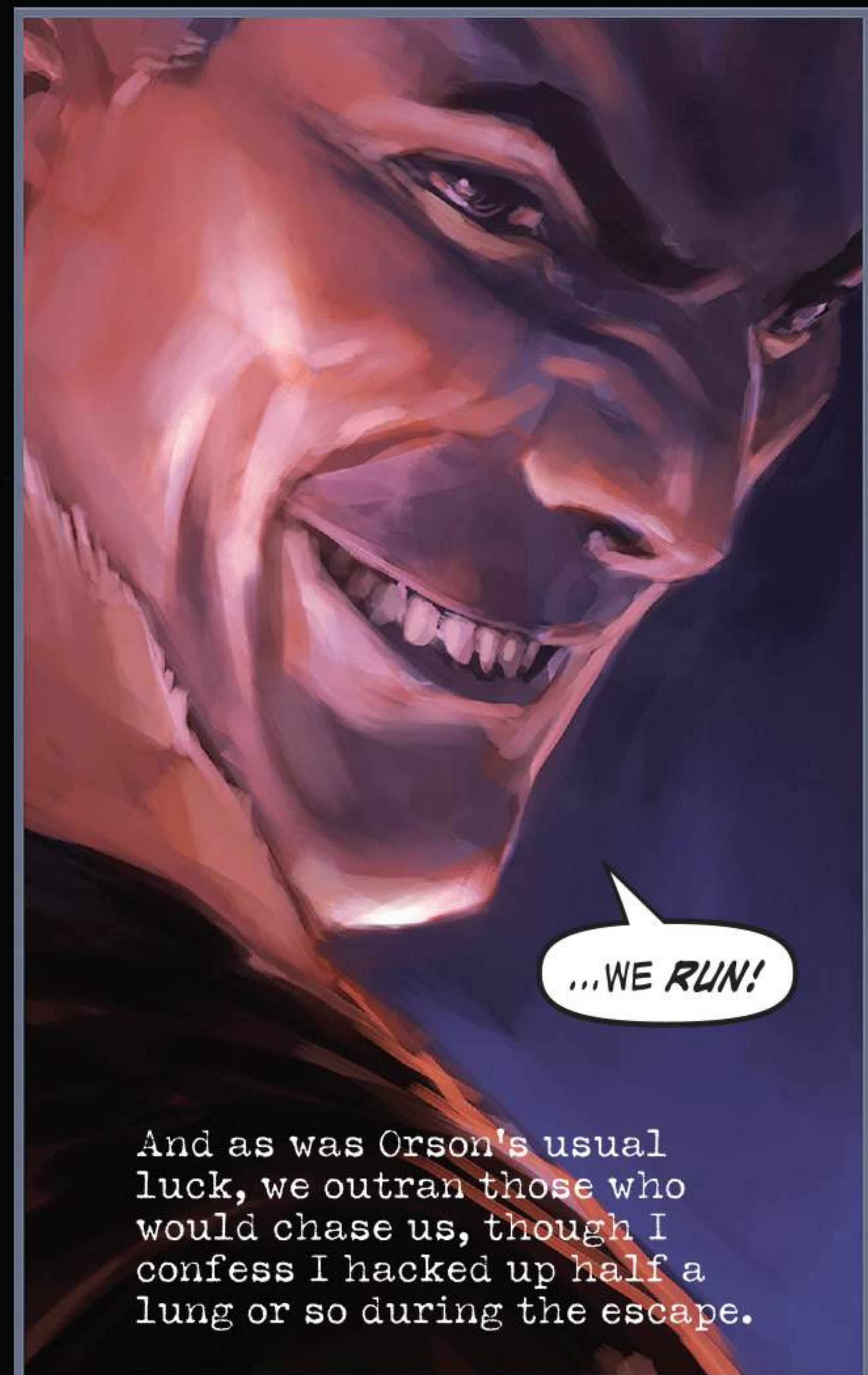
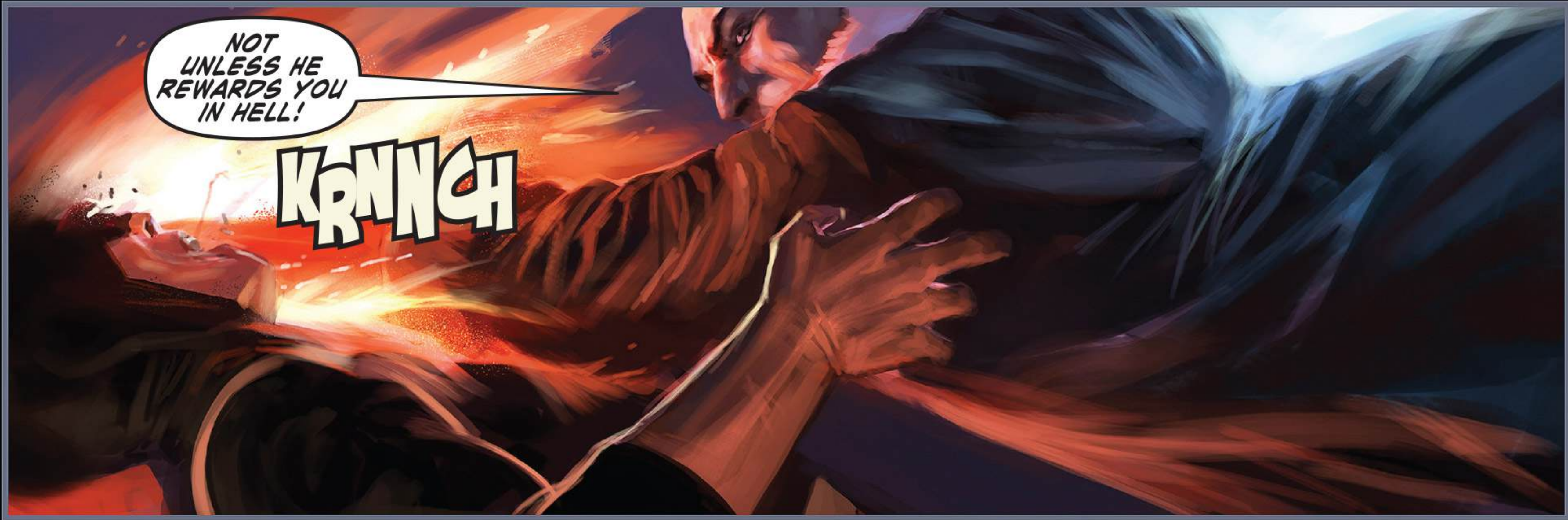
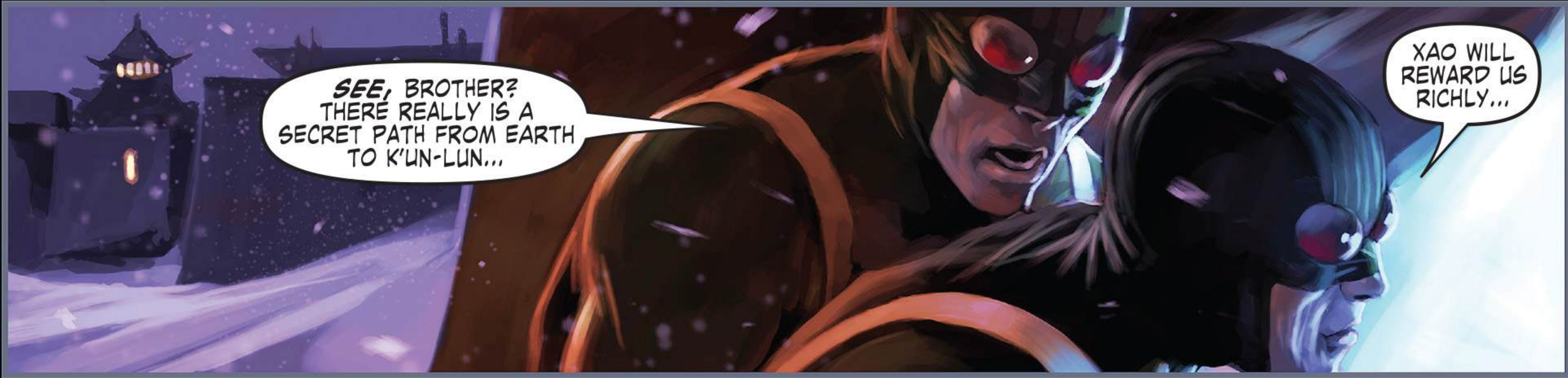
A *PORTAL* OF
SOME SORT...BUT DON'T
YOU RECOGNIZE THE
DESIGN, L.P.?

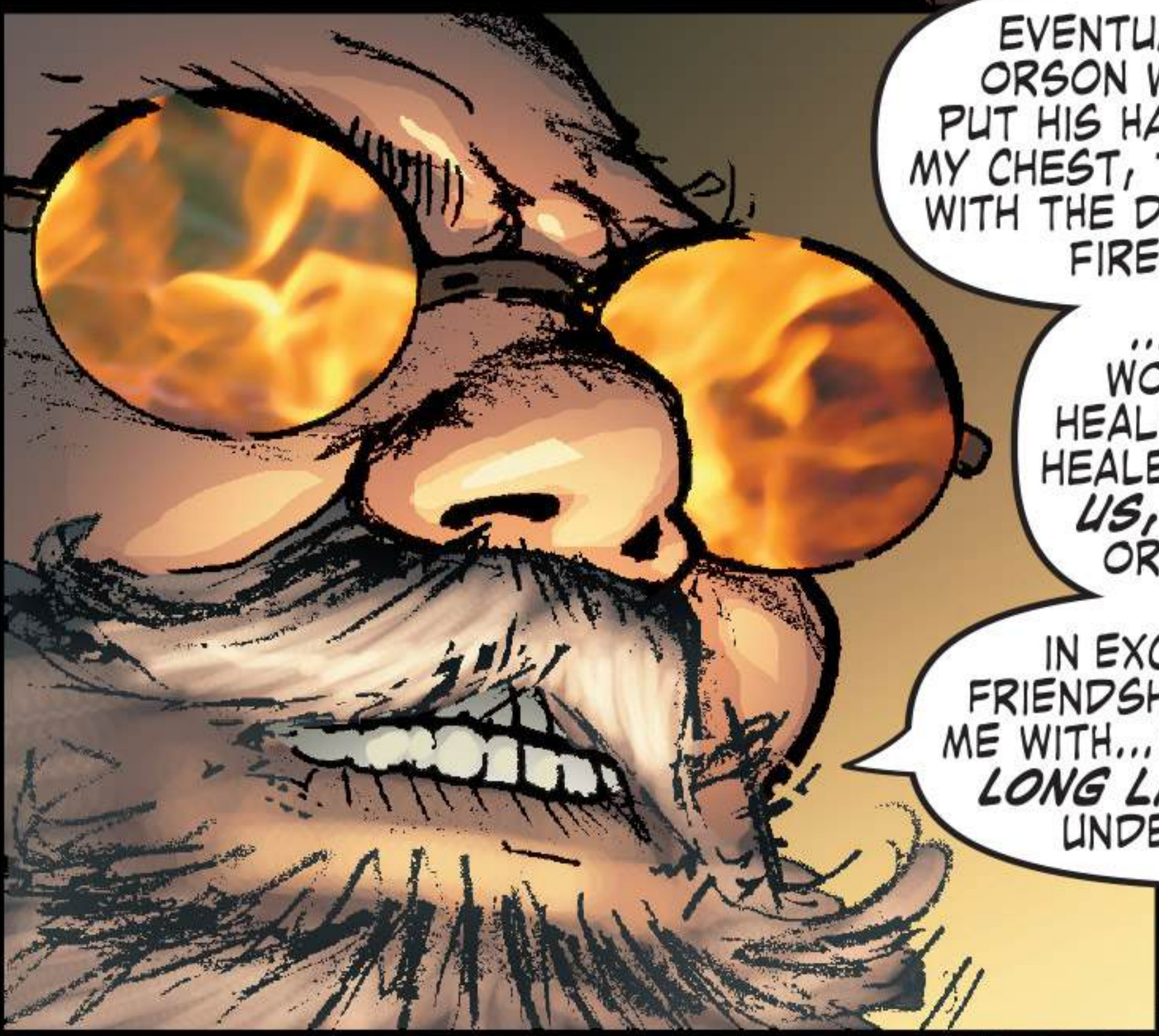
THIS WAS
BUILT BY *MY*
FATHER.

ALL THOSE
YEARS, HE HAD A
WAY BACK... AND HE
LEFT ME THERE.

WU-AN MUST
HAVE *SHOWERED*
HIM WITH TREASURE
TO KEEP THIS THING
A SECRET.







EVENTUALLY, ORSON WOULD PUT HIS HANDS ON MY CHEST, TOUCH ME WITH THE DRAGON'S FIRE...

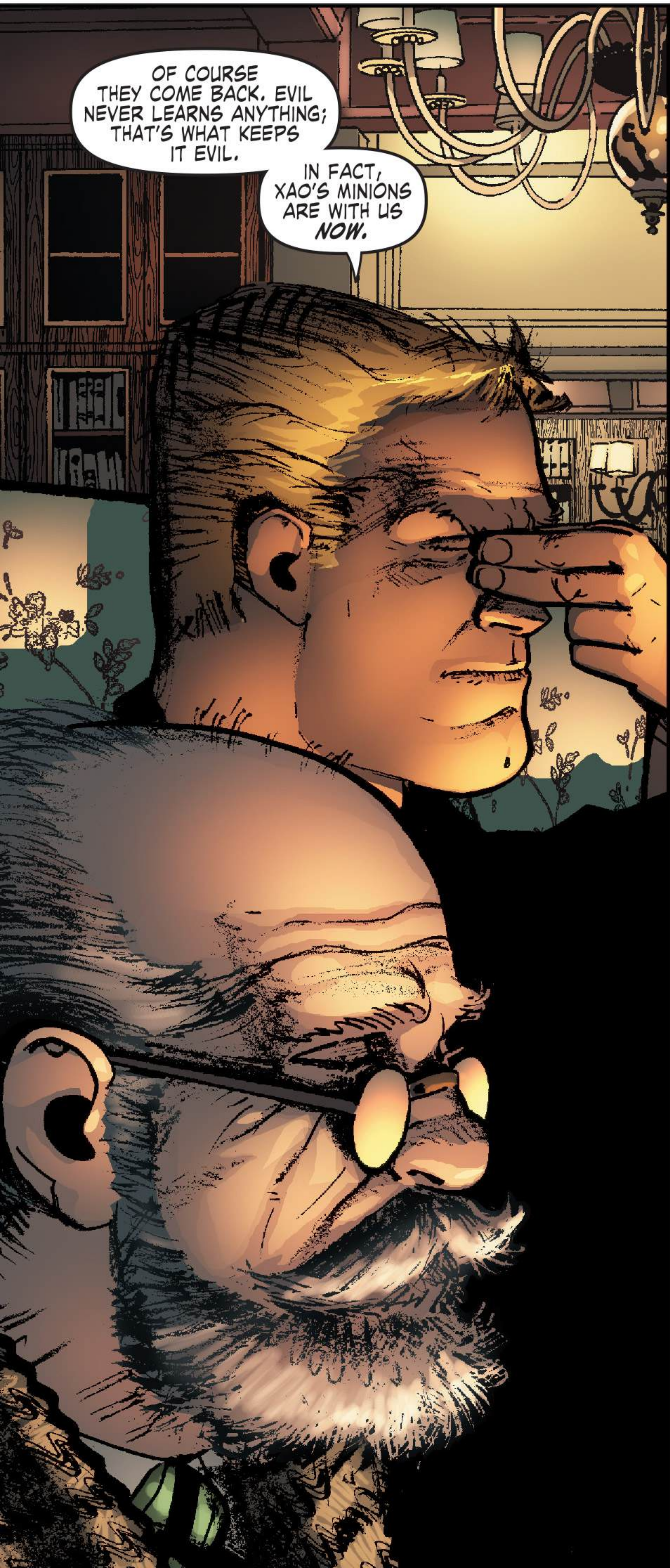
...AND I WOULD BE HEALED. AS HE HEALED *ALL OF US*, SOONER OR LATER.

IN EXCHANGE FOR MY FRIENDSHIP, ORSON REPAID ME WITH...WELL, TO CALL IT A *LONG LIFE* WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT.



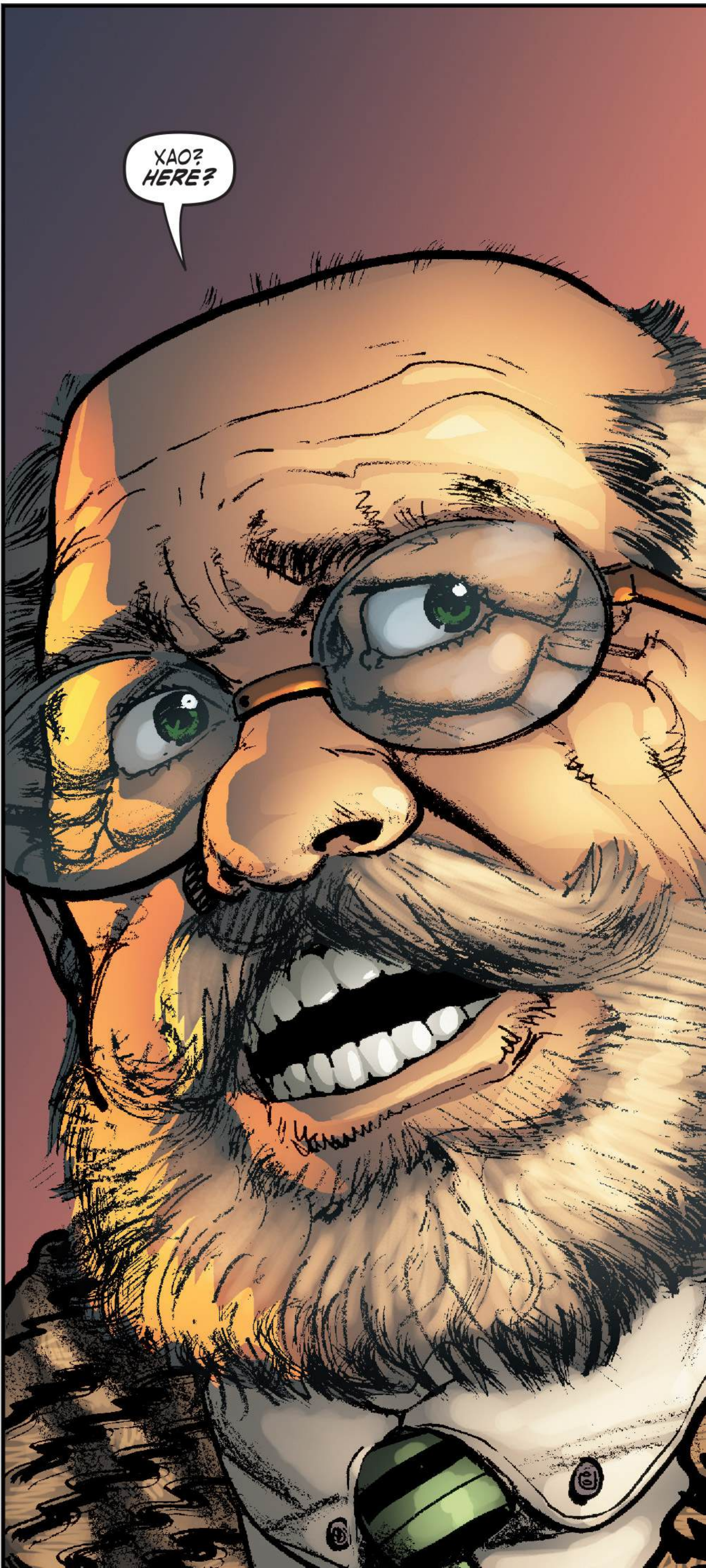
AND THOUGH WE'D STOPPED XAO FINDING OUT ABOUT THE PORTAL, HE WOULD BE BACK AGAIN. OR A NIECE OR GRANDSON...OR GOD ONLY KNOWS.

SOONER OR LATER, THEY ALWAYS COME *BACK*, DON'T YOU FIND?

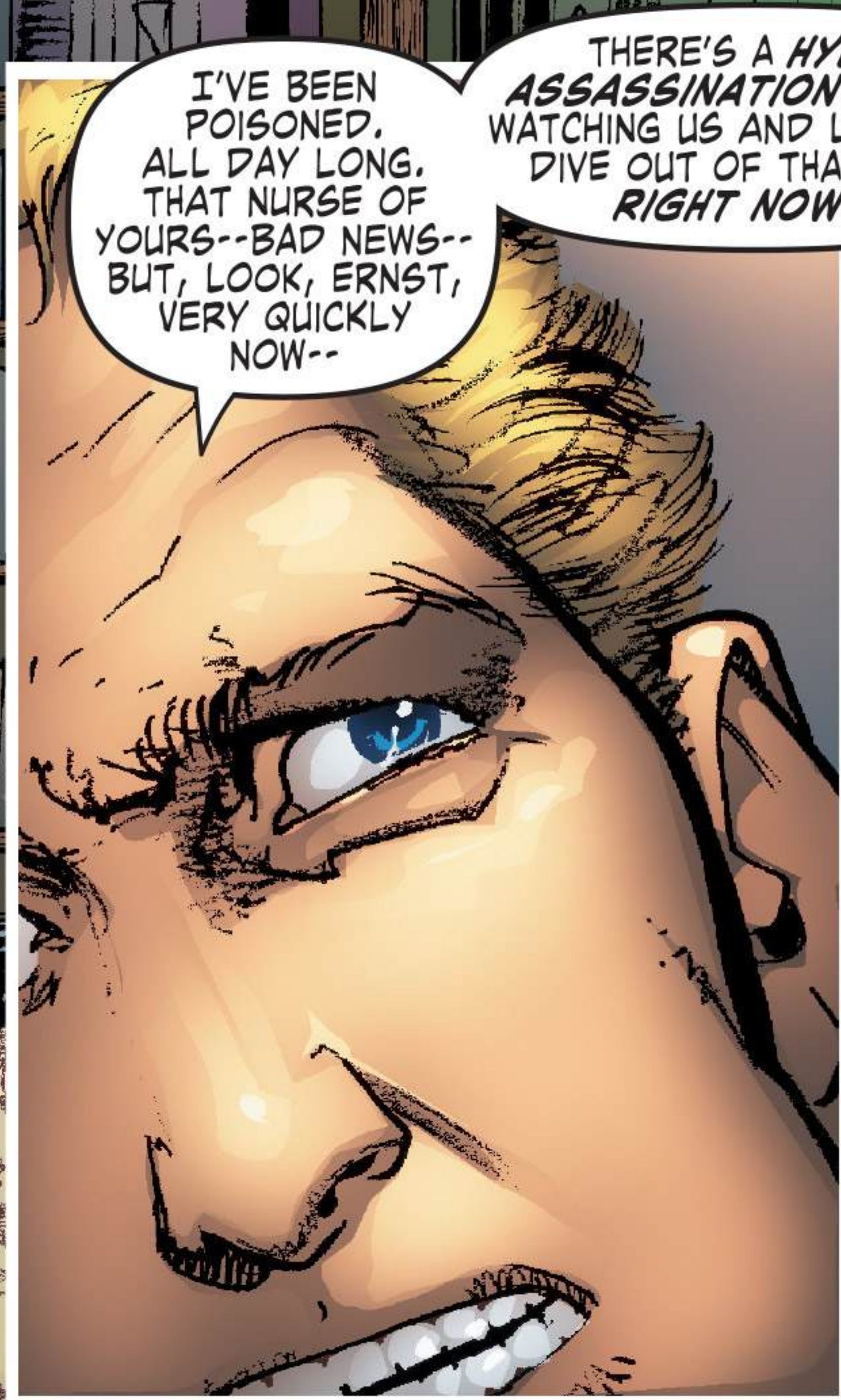


OF COURSE THEY COME BACK. EVIL NEVER LEARNS ANYTHING; THAT'S WHAT KEEPS IT EVIL.

IN FACT, XAO'S MINIONS ARE WITH US *NOW*.



XAO?
HERE?



I'VE BEEN POISONED. ALL DAY LONG. THAT NURSE OF YOURS--BAD NEWS-- BUT, LOOK, ERNST, VERY QUICKLY NOW--

THERE'S A *HYDRA ASSASSINATION SQUAD* WATCHING US AND LISTENING. DIVE OUT OF THAT CHAIR *RIGHT NOW!!!*



KREEESH

FAP

KIII-YAH!

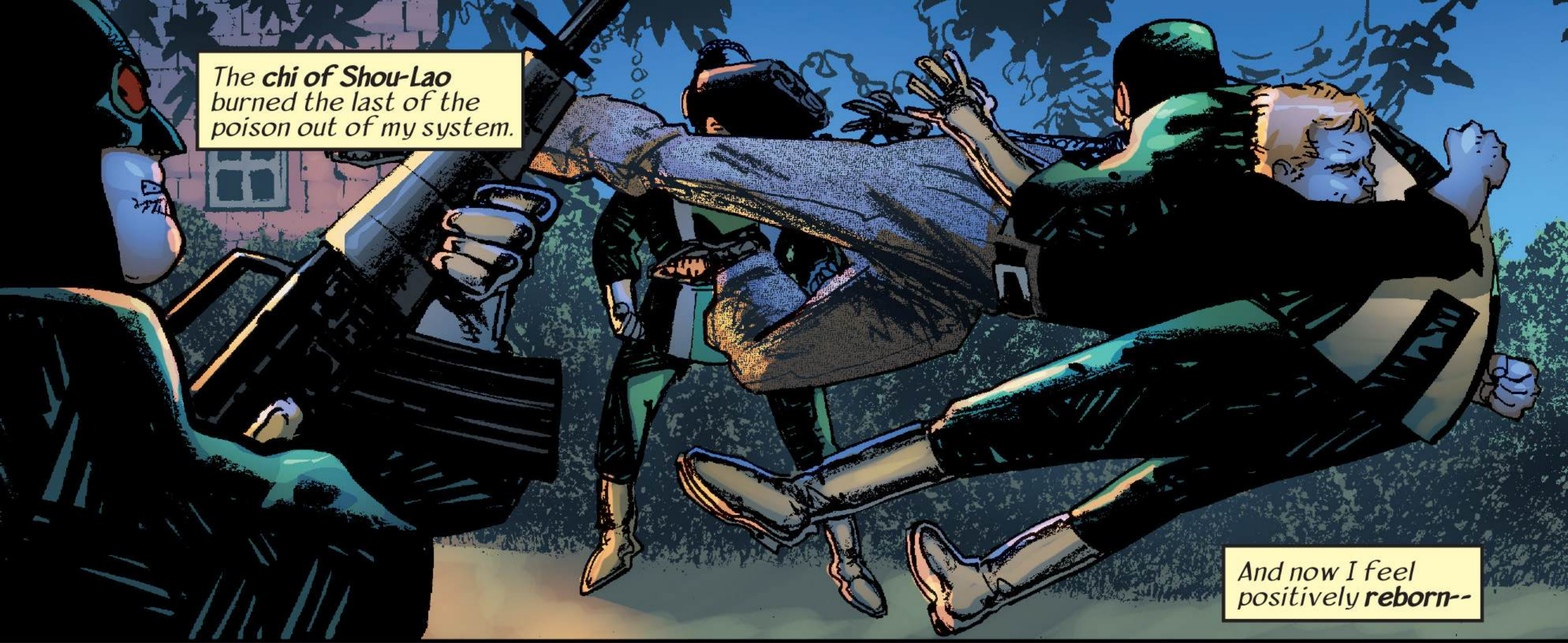


NICE TRY. MY TURN.



YAH!!

HAIL HYDRA!

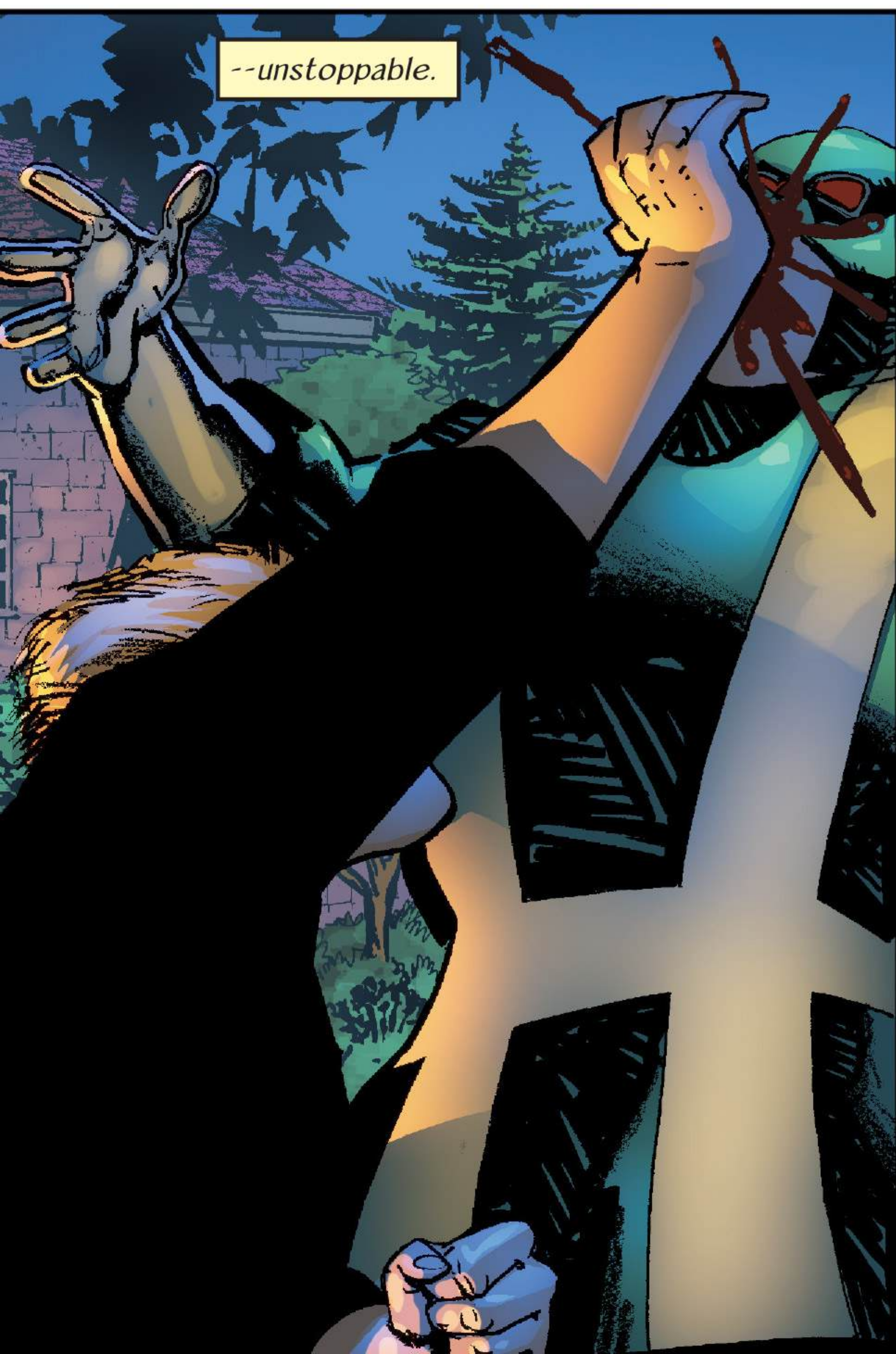


The *chi* of Shou-Lao
burned the last of the
poison out of my system.

And now I feel
positively **reborn--**



--energized--



--unstoppable.



Sgt. *Genius* manages to
throw the switch to
full auto and unloads--

**THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-**



And while he's so amazed the gun works--

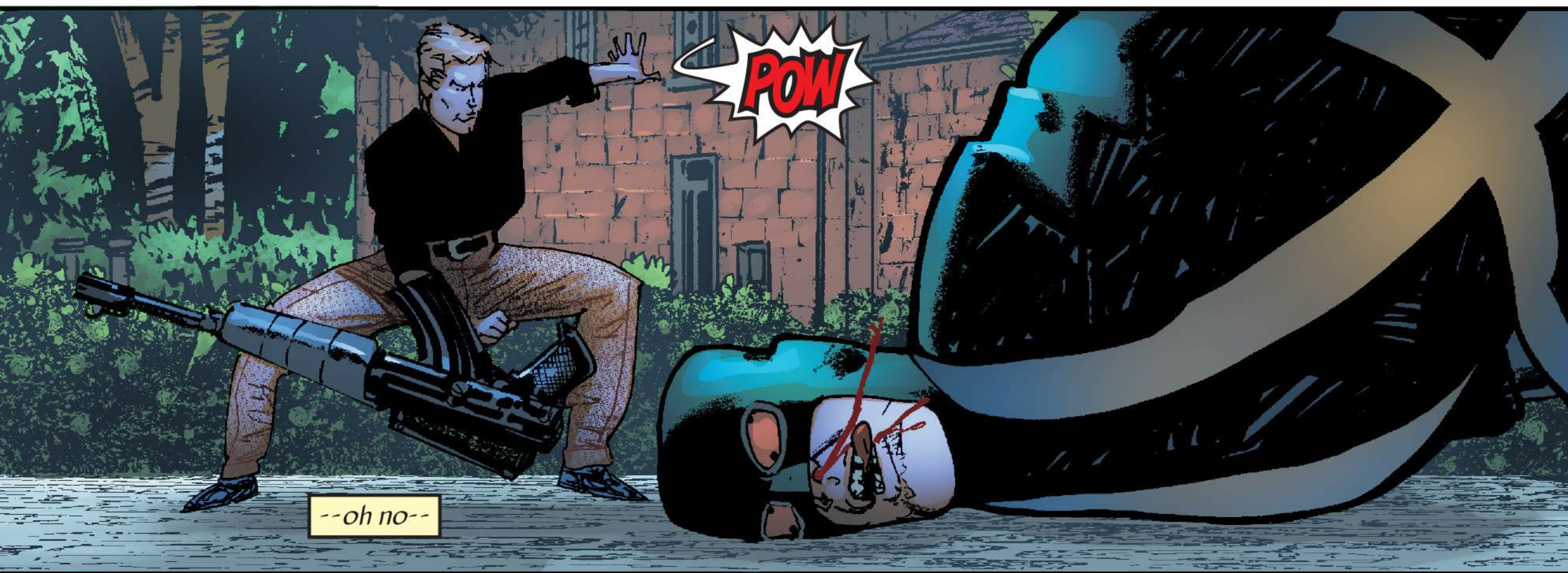
**THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-**

I get closer and closer
and closer until--



**THWICKA-
THWICKA-**

WHAM



POW

--oh no--

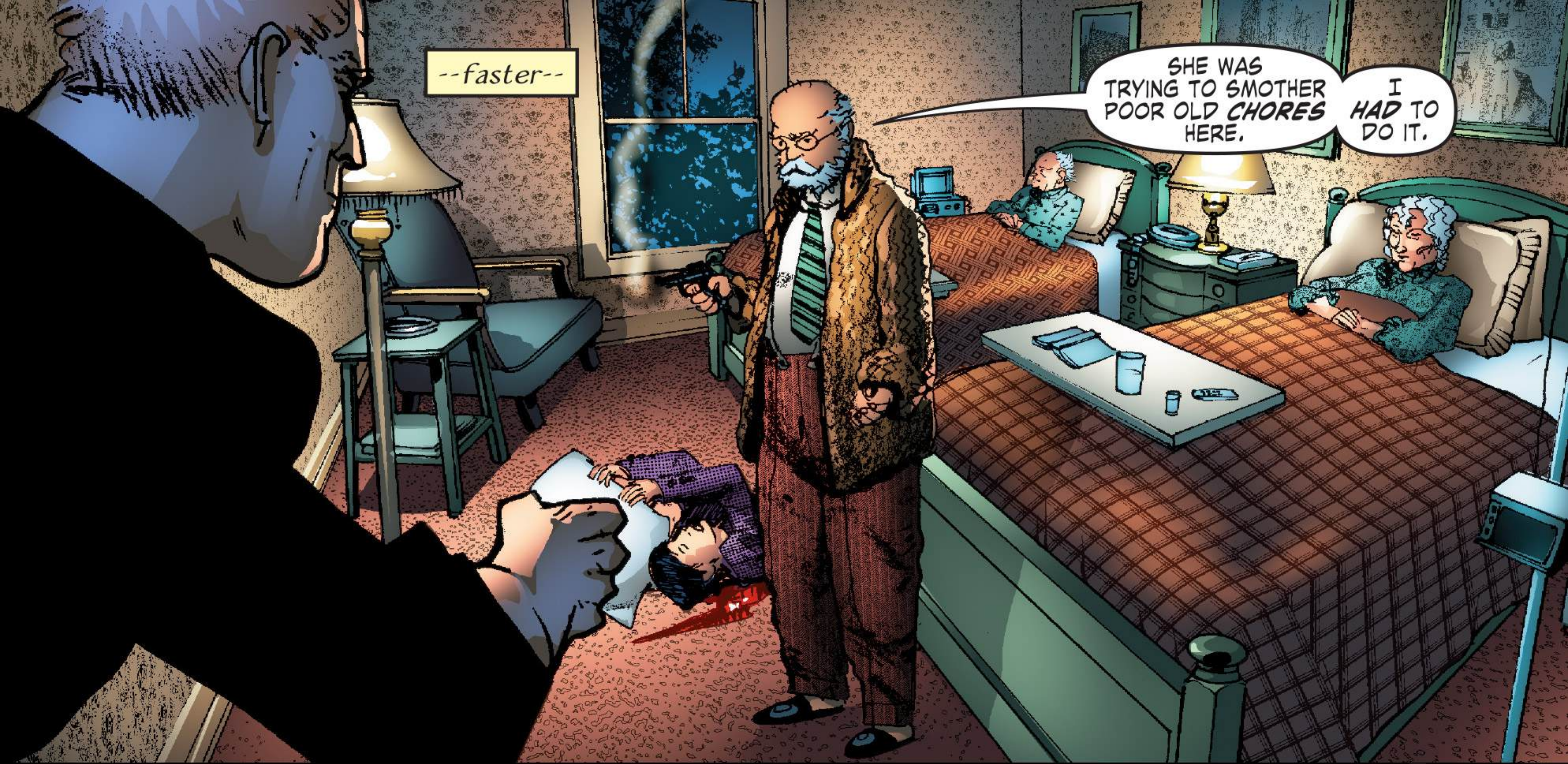


Ernst--

--the nurse--

--had to
be the--

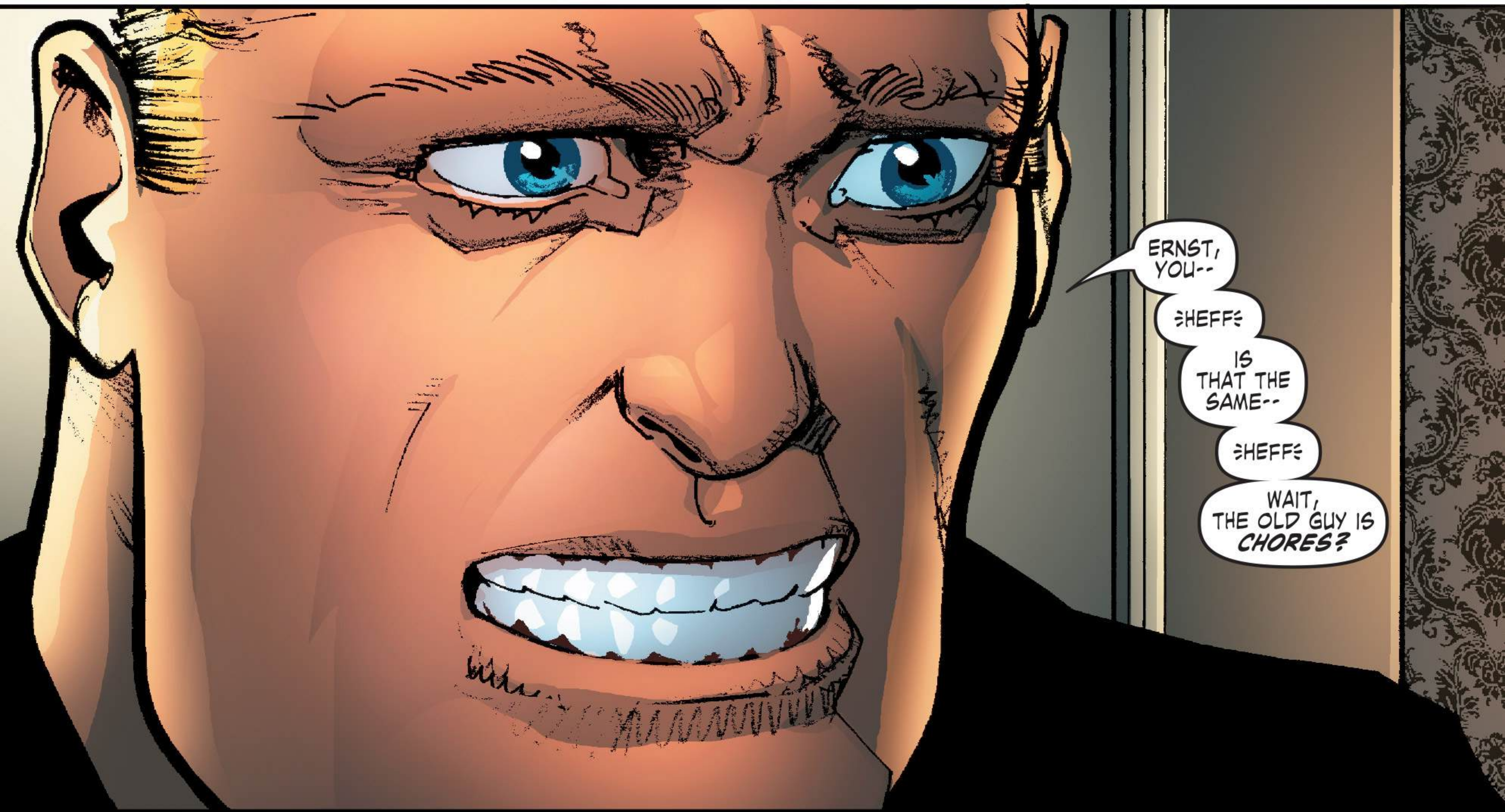
--faster,
Danny,
c'mon--



--faster--

SHE WAS TRYING TO SMOTHER POOR OLD **CHORES** HERE.

I HAD TO DO IT.



ERNST, YOU--

≡HEFF≡

IS THAT THE SAME--

≡HEFF≡

WAIT, THE OLD GUY IS **CHORES**?



I TOLD YOU, CALLING IT A **LONG LIFE** WOULD BE AN UNDER-STATEMENT. THE TIME WE SPENT WITH ORSON-- THE WOUNDS HE HEALED US OF--

WELL, ALLOW ME TO FORMALLY INTRODUCE MR. SEAMUS "CHORES" MACGILLICUDDY AND THE CONTESSA VERA VIDAL.

IS THAT **WENDELL**?

NO, SIR. I'M **DANNY**... HIS SON.



MR. ERSKINE,
MY TIME HERE
IS RUNNING
SHORT--

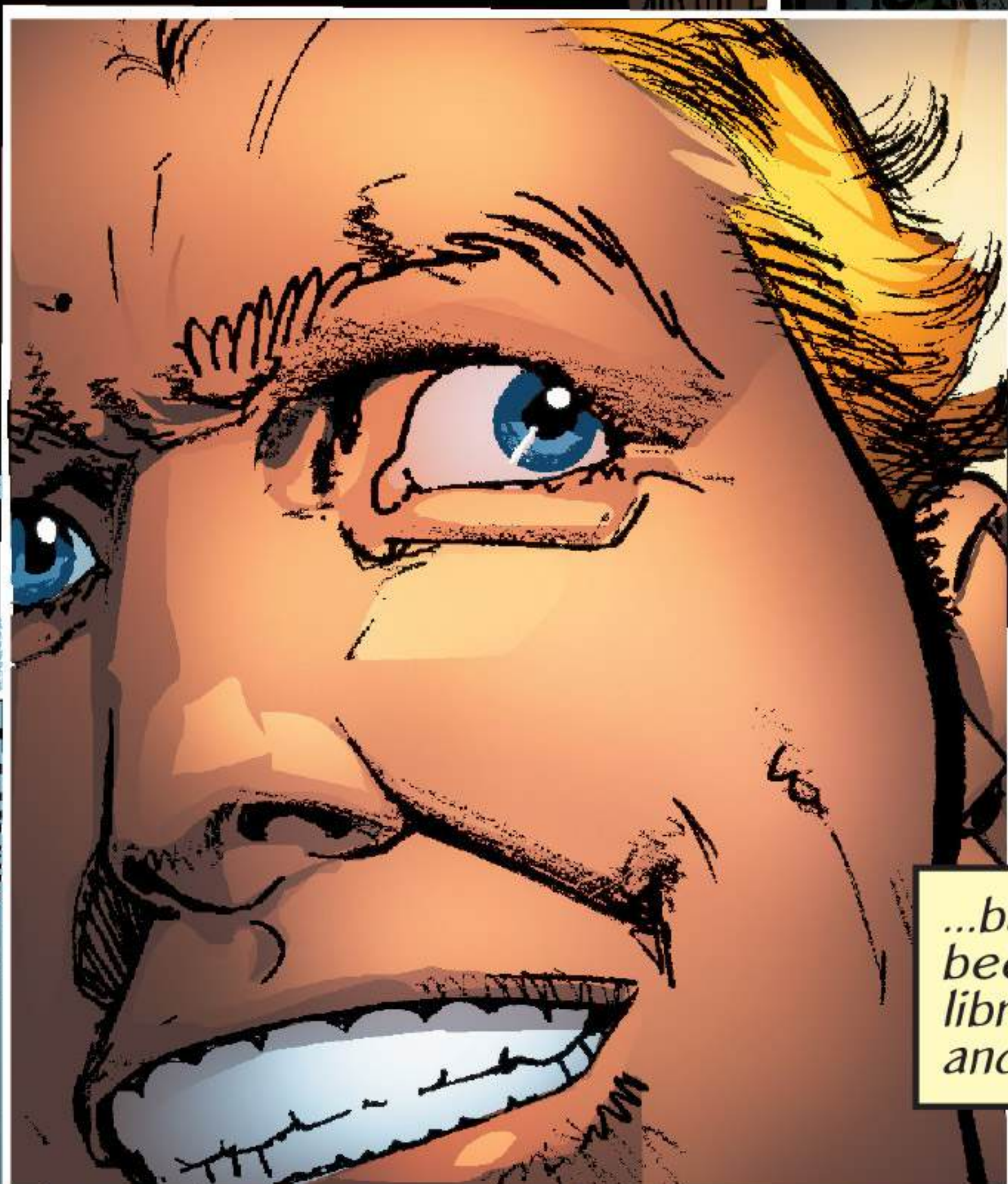
OF COURSE,
MR. RAND.

FOLLOW
ME TO THE
LIBRARY...

"MUCH OF IT IS
HANDWRITTEN AND
VERY LITTLE HAS
BEEN **EDITED...**"

Ernst wasn't kidding.

There are bound books of raw
manuscript pages...whole long-hand
journals...and hand-written **notes**
organized by some arcane system
I bet *Ernst* doesn't even recall...



...but it doesn't matter. I've
been left alone in an entire
library dedicated to the life
and times of Orson Randall.

I'm due back in K'un-Lun, I know, but--

--just for a moment--

I let the details of Orson Randall's--
and Ernst Erskine's--lives wash over
me. Because as rich as I am...

...these are
treasures even
beyond **my**
imagination.

WELL,
L.P.? WHICH
ONE WILL IT BE
TONIGHT?

AND
WHAT WAS ALL
THAT RACKET, L.P.?
WE WERE GETTING
WORRIED.

A LITTLE
MESS TO CLEAN
UP. DON'T FRET,
MY FRIENDS.

DO YOU
REMEMBER, CHORES, THE
STORY OF **ORSON RANDALL**
AND THE **AXIS AUTOMATONS**?
CONTESSA? DOES THIS RING
A BELL?

IT
STARTS LIKE
THIS: "ONCE UPON
A TIME..."

"MEN OF A CERTAIN DEADLY PERSUASION"

A STORY OF THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST

WRITERS ED BRUBAKER & MATT FRACTION	ARTISTS HOWARD CHAYKIN (PAGES 1-5, 14-15, 22-23, 30-36) DAN BRERETON (PAGES 6-13, 16-21) JELENA KEVIC DJURDJEVIC (PAGES 24-29)
COLORIST EDGAR DELGADO (PAGES 1-5, 14-15, 22-23, 30-36)	LETTERERS ARTMONKEYS STUDIOS NATALIE & DAVE LANPHEAR
ASSISTANT EDITOR ALEJANDRO ARBONA	EDITOR WARREN SIMONS
EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA	PUBLISHER DAN BUCKLEY

鐵
10
ZOMBIE
VARIANT



kaareandrews.com



鐵拳
10

The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

三
Round 3



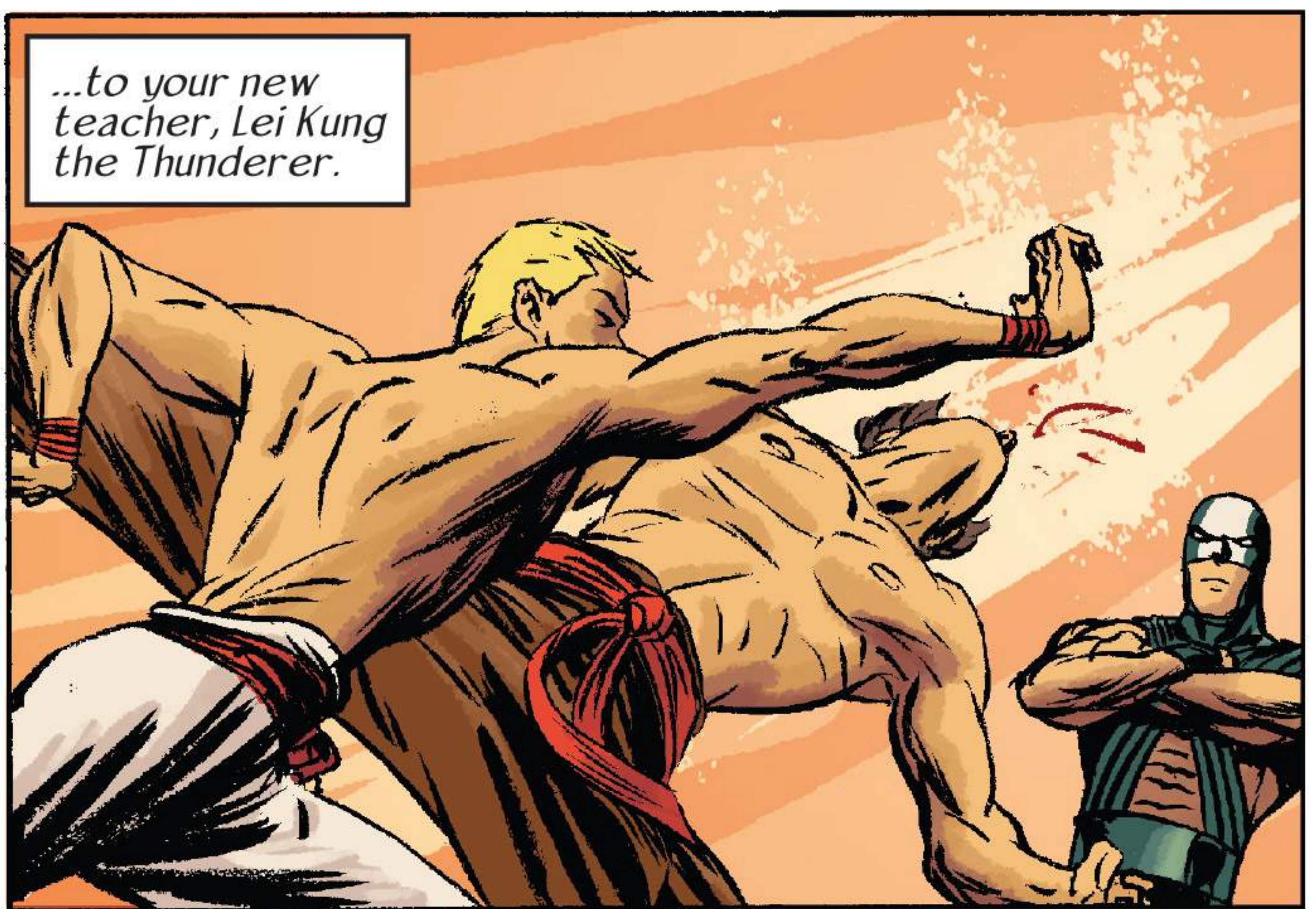
Many years ago.

Your name is Wendell Rand and today you fight for your destiny...

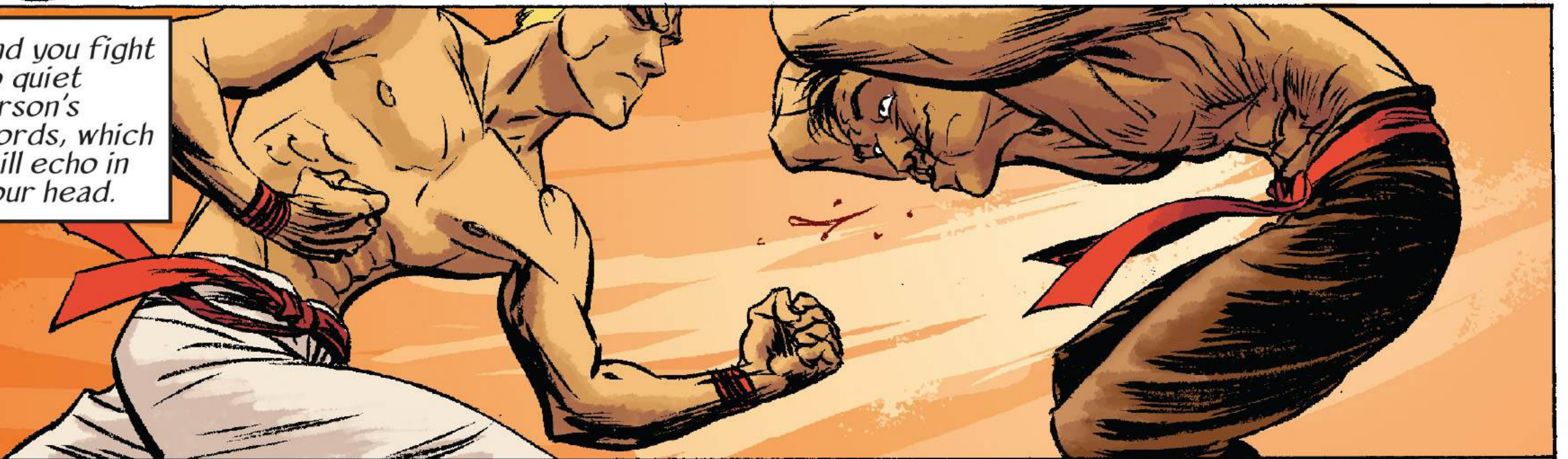
You fight to prove your worth...to yourself...



...to your new teacher, Lei Kung the Thunderer.



And you fight to quiet Orson's words, which still echo in your head.



But more than anything...you fight for the right to face the dragon...

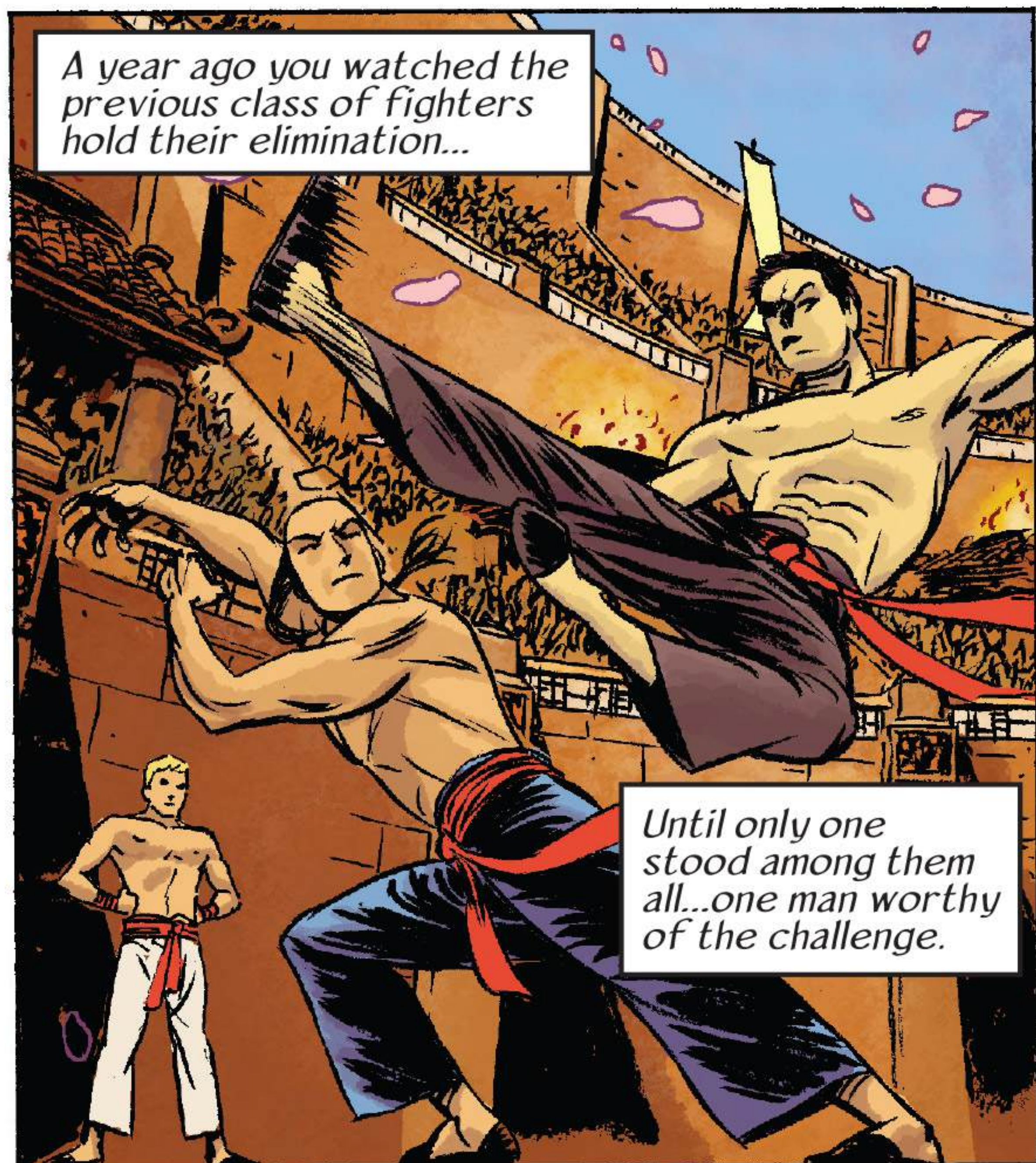
...to become the Immortal Iron Fist.





Unfortunately, so
does your best--
your only--friend...

...Davos, the son
of the Thunderer.



A year ago you watched the
previous class of fighters
hold their elimination...

Until only one
stood among them
all...one man worthy
of the challenge.



The dragon tore
him to pieces.



That was the first
time you felt **fear**
about what lay
ahead of you.

And when you
realized it was
possible you **both**
could lose.

That even if either
of you won victory
over your opponents
this day...

...The final words in this
elimination would be spoken
by **Shou-Lao the Undying**.



So it's an unpleasant mixture of feelings you struggle with this day.



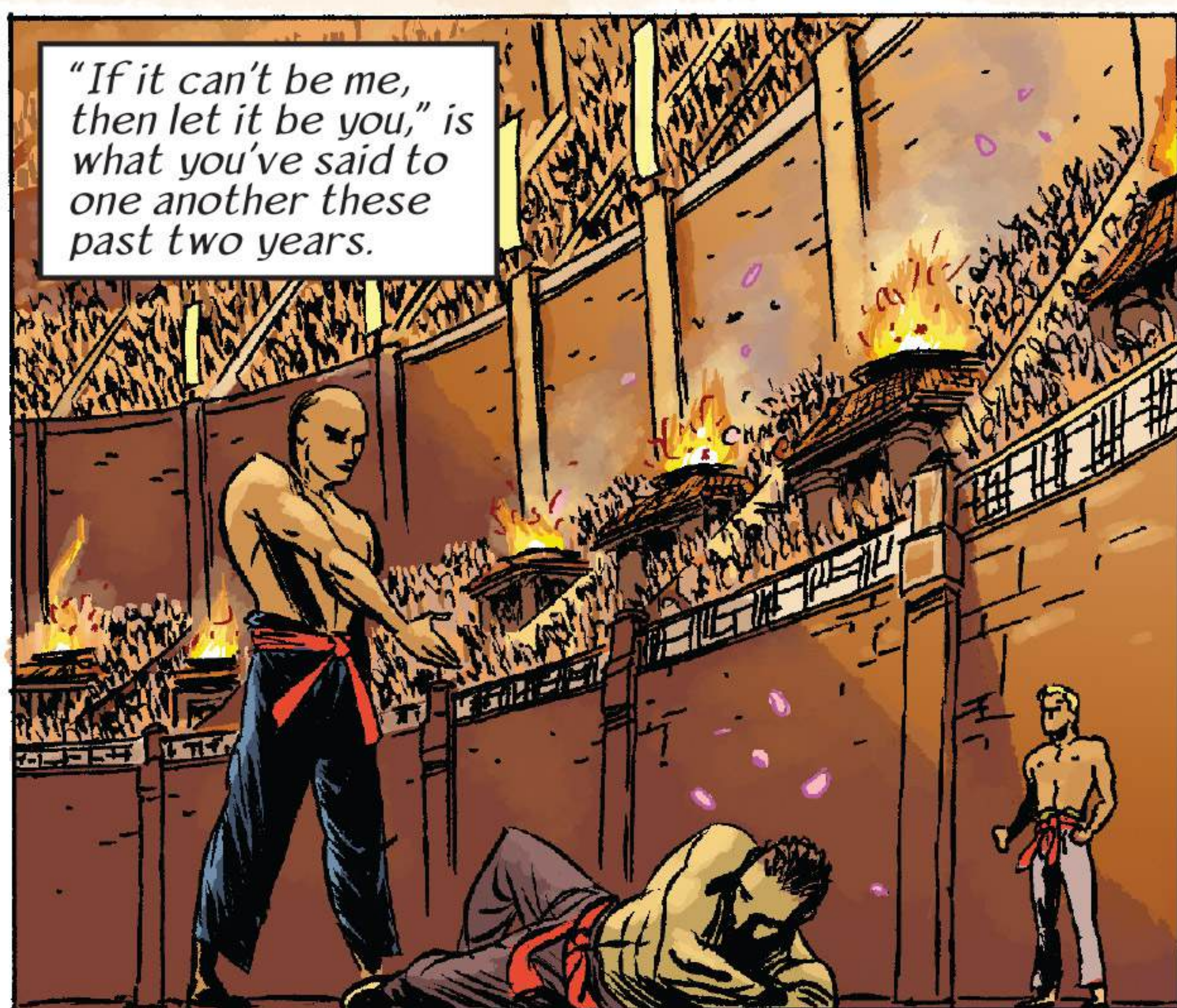
You cheer on Davos in his bouts, as he does you in yours.

You pray you won't face him.



But you study his moves. You look for flaws.

"If it can't be me, then let it be you," is what you've said to one another these past two years.



But do you truly mean that...?

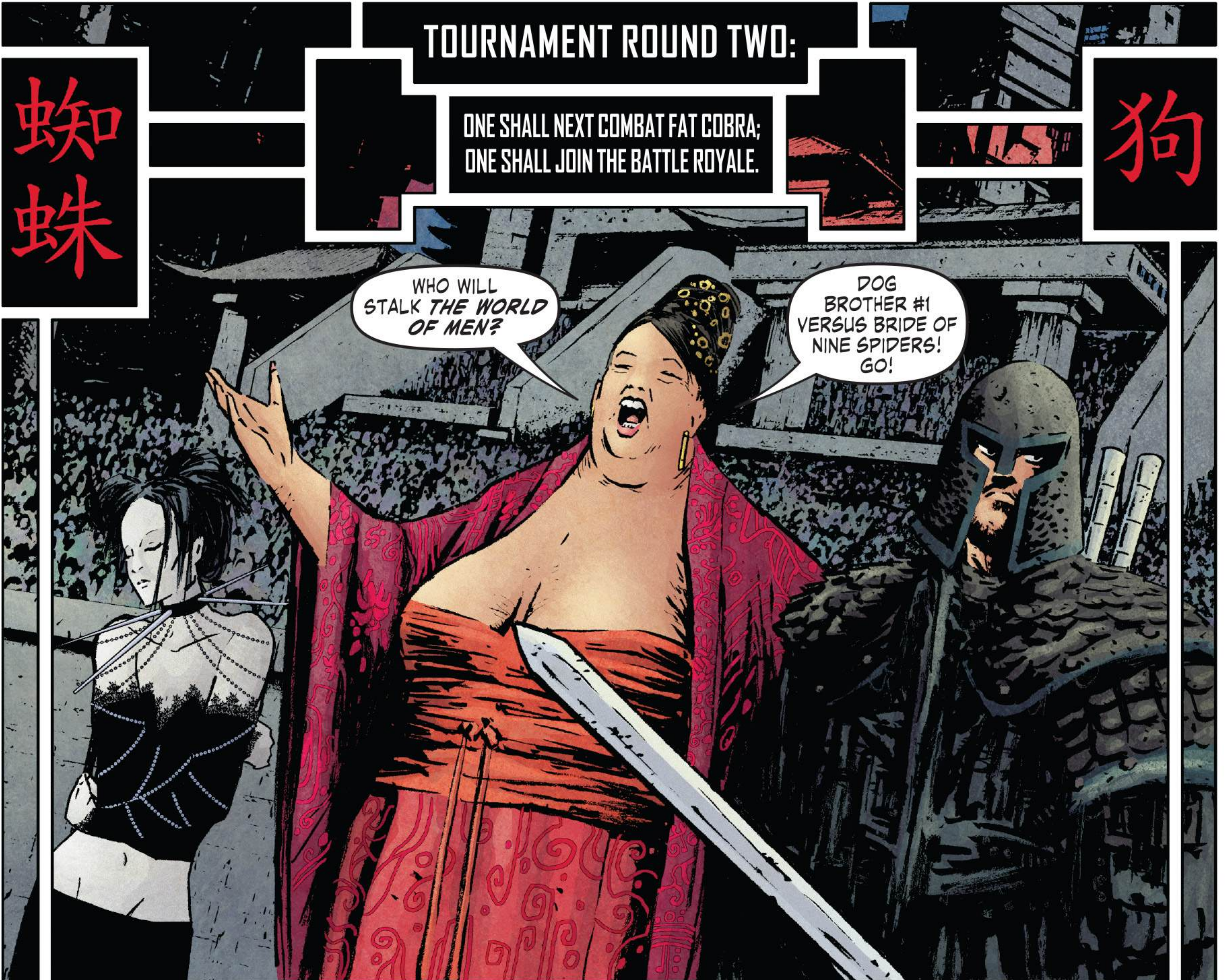


THE FINAL BOUT WILL BE FOUGHT AT SUNRISE TOMORROW.

DAVOS VERSUS WENDELL... UNTIL ONE YIELDS.



Are you truly ready...?





Yu-Ti is right. He **should** be here, studying **Dog Brother #1**...

Learning the mysteries of his terrible blades, and seeing the orphans and strays that fall unto his shelter...

Or seeing the doom that masquerades as this delicate porcelain flower.



But Daniel had somewhere else to be this day.



THE BLACK MILK OF HELL



So I must study for my student...



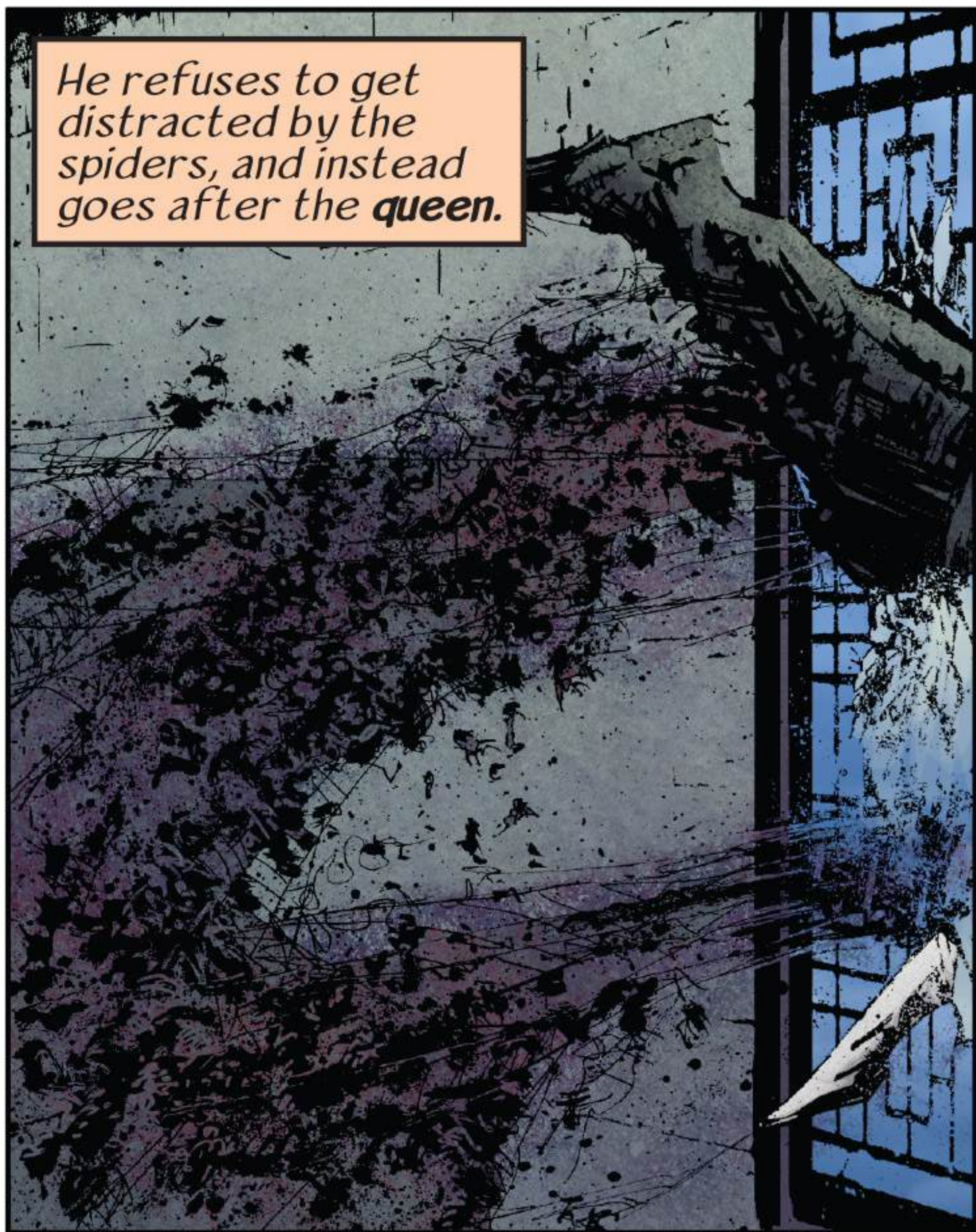
DEVIL WOMAN!

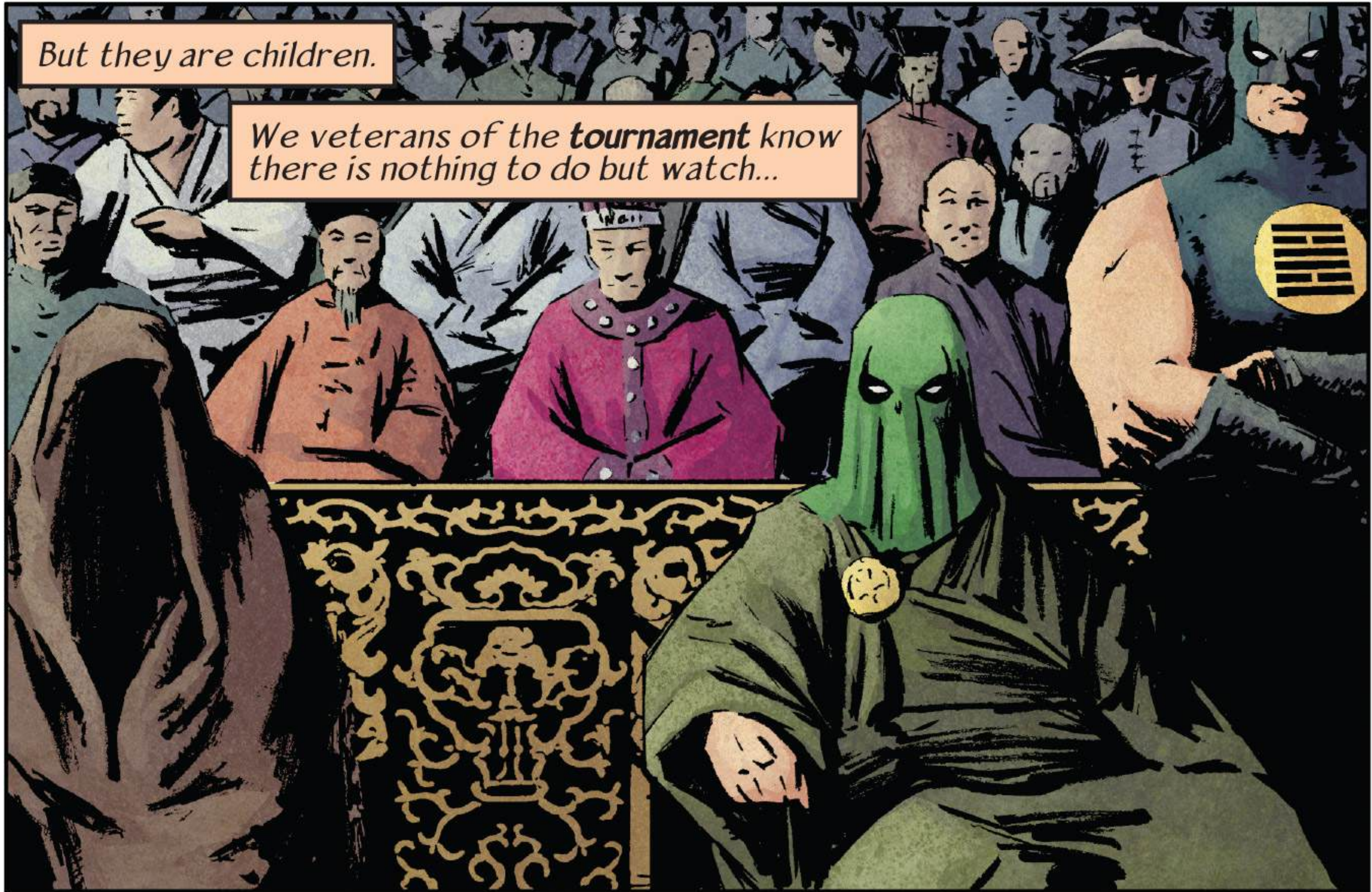
DEMON BRIDE!

...and hope he's a **fast learner**.



RAZOR DERVISH ATTACK - ULTIMATE





But they are children.

We veterans of the **tournament** know there is nothing to do but watch...



...and wait for a sign.

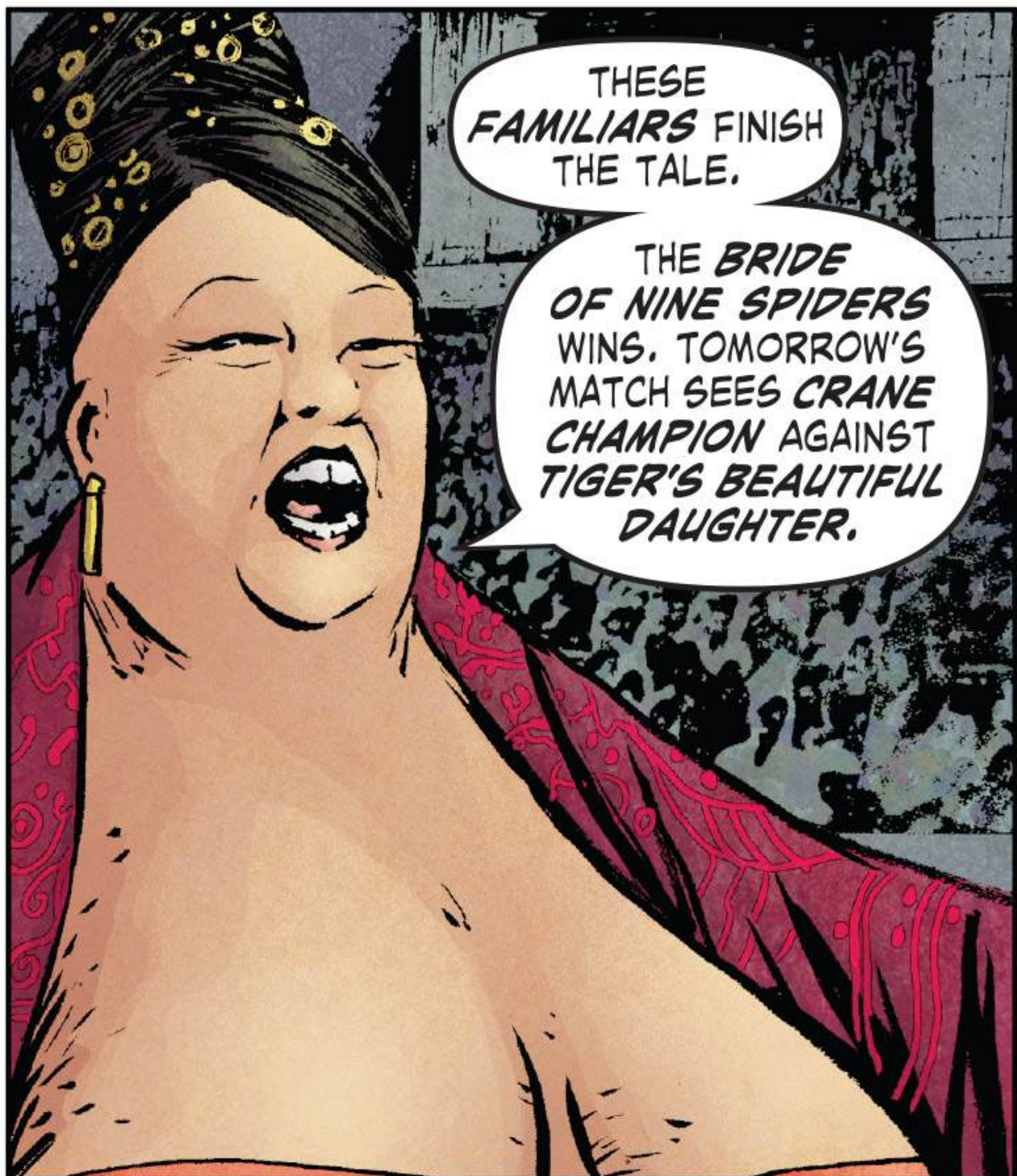
ARRRRROOOOOO
OOOOOONN
NN



AARRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOO
ONNNNN AARRRRRROOOO
OOOOOOOONNNNN AAR
RRRRROOOOOOONN
NN AARRRRRROOOOOO
ONN AARRRRRROOOOOO
ONN



The **dogs** tell us all we need to know.



THESE **FAMILIARS** FINISH THE TALE.

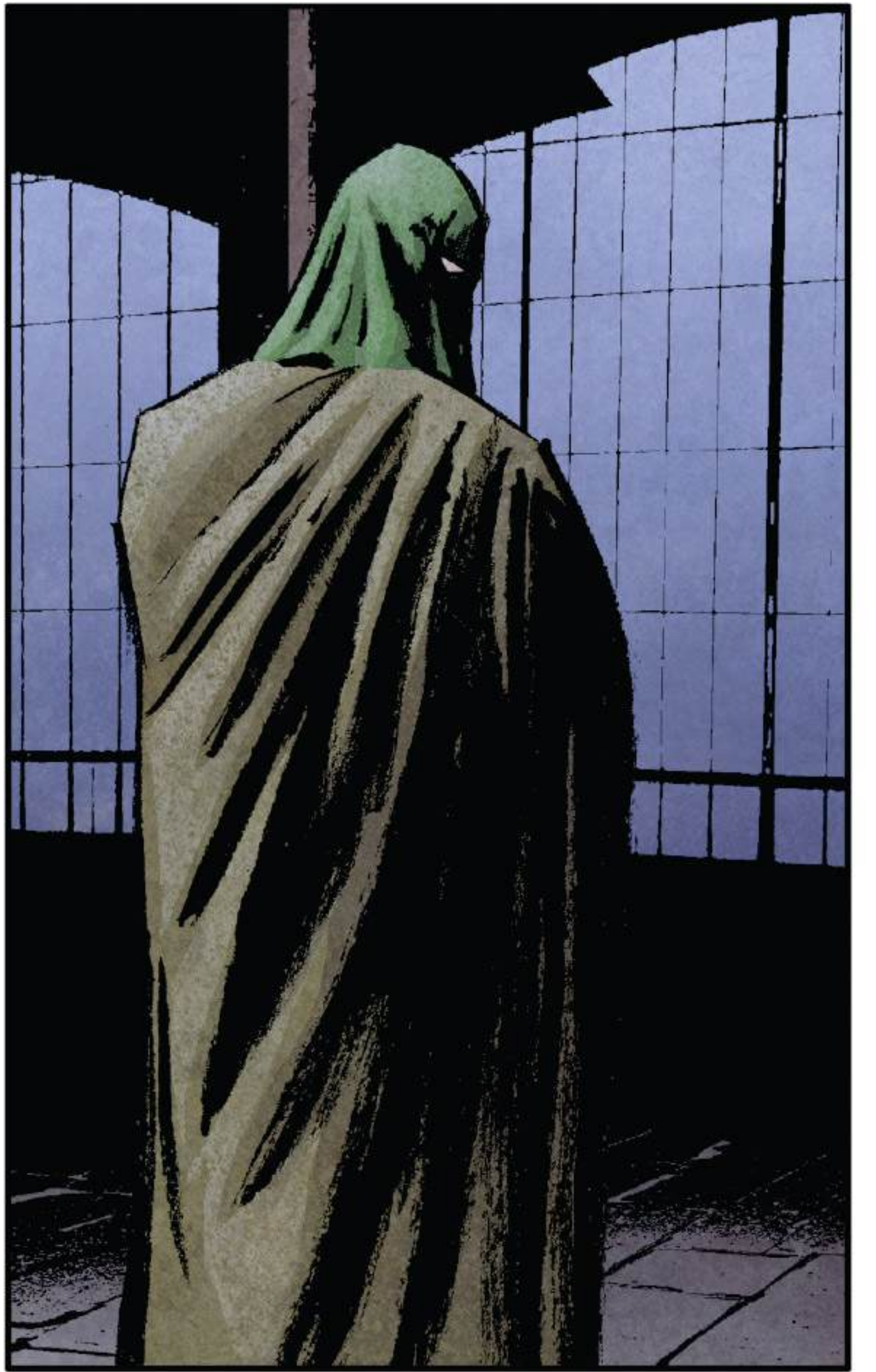
THE **BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS** WINS. TOMORROW'S MATCH SEES **CRANE CHAMPION** AGAINST **TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER**.



MASTER?

LEAVE ME.

I'M GOING TO FIND OUR **CHAMPION**.





MASTER!

DO YOU
WISH TO TRAVEL DOWN
TO THE *WORLD OF
MEN*? SHALL I OPEN
THE GATE--?

SILENCE.



HAVE YOU
REMAINED AT YOUR
POST?



MASTER!
OF COURSE!
I'VE--



AND
YOU HAVE NOT
BEEN JOINED BY
ANYONE DOWN
HERE?



NO! NO.
MY SHAME
AND DUTY ARE
MY OWN.



AND NO
ONE HAS *USED*
THE MACHINE. THE
IRON FIST HAS
NOT USED THIS
MACHINE.



NO.
OF COURSE
NOT.



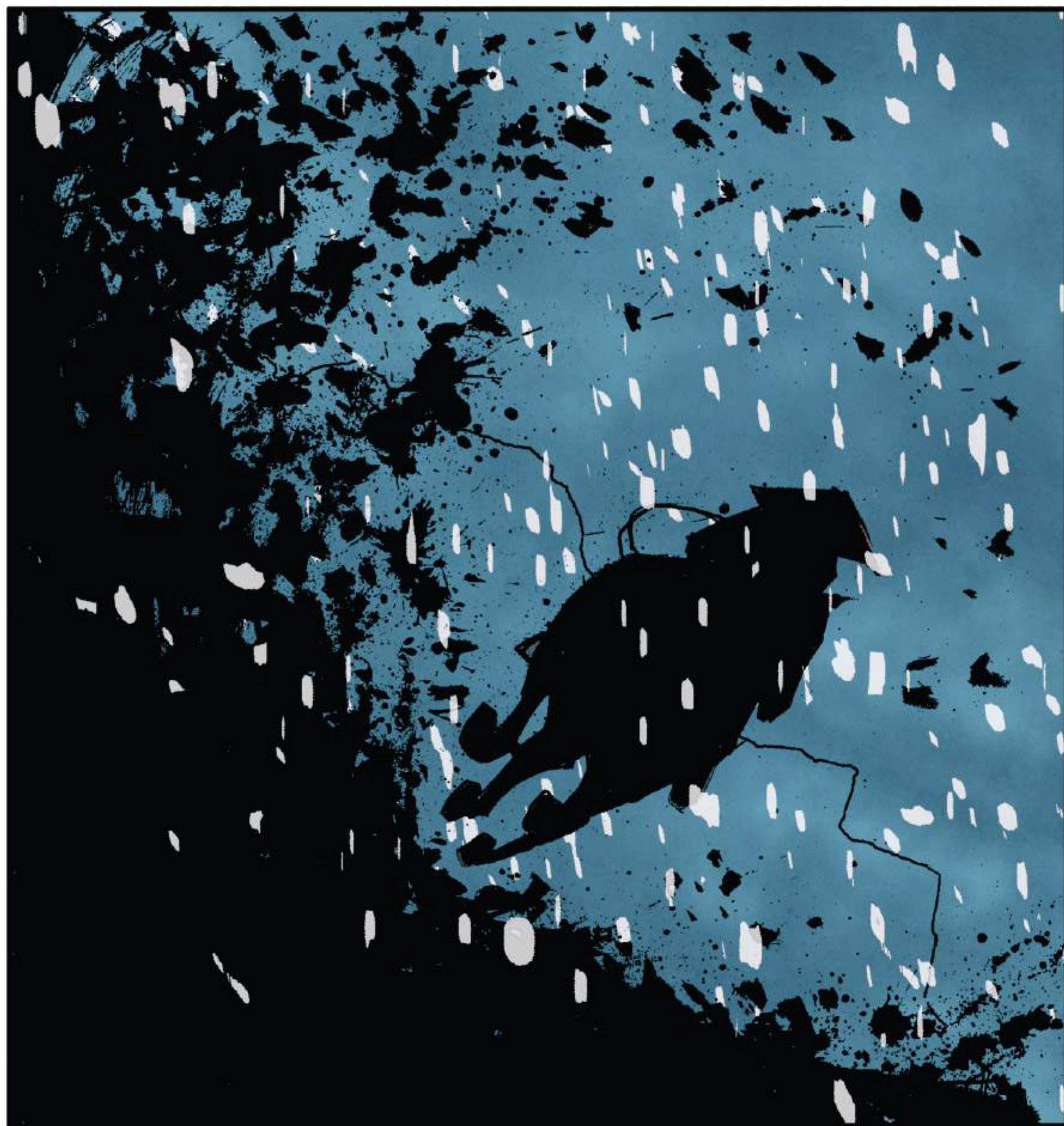
HM.

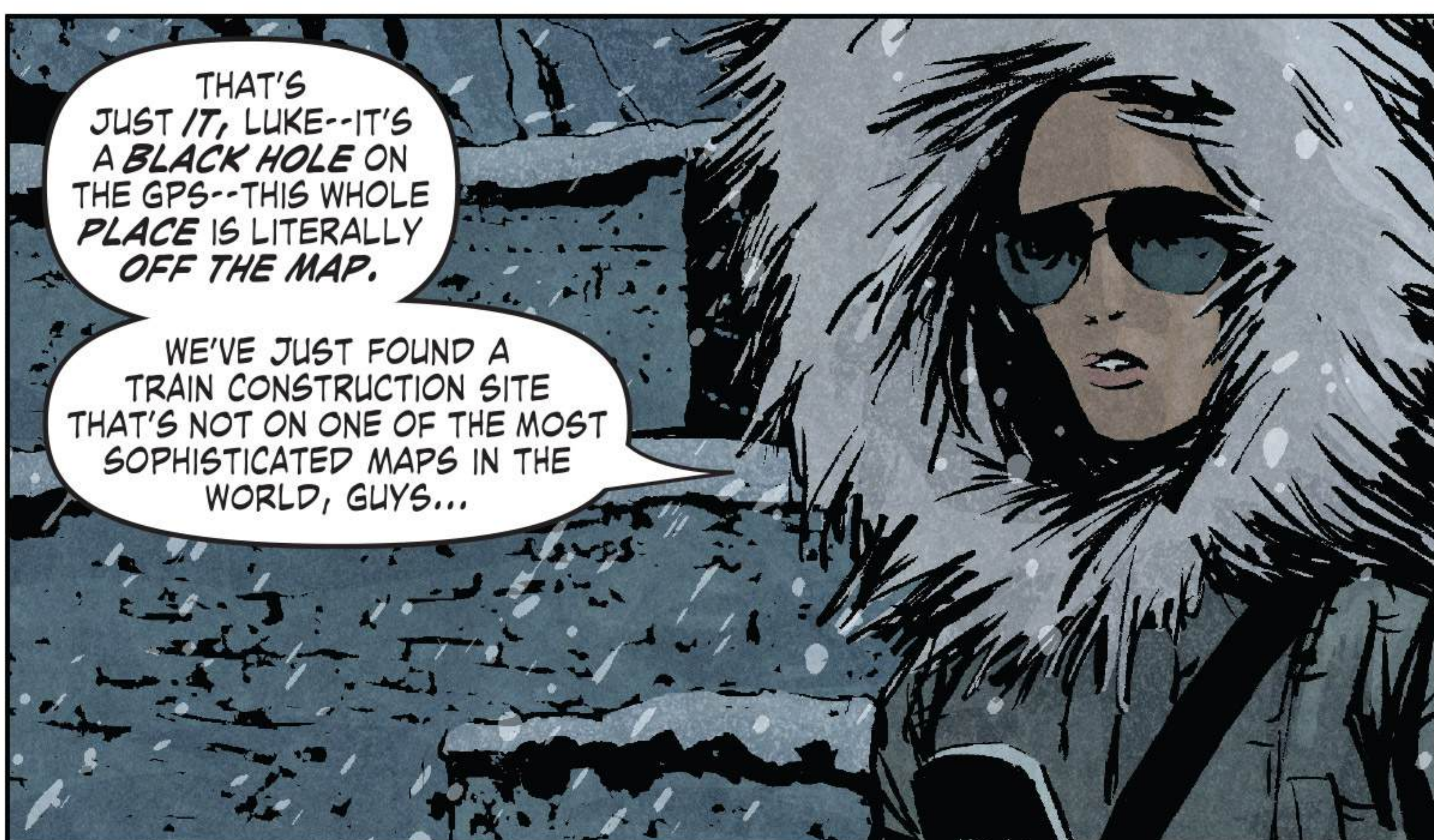
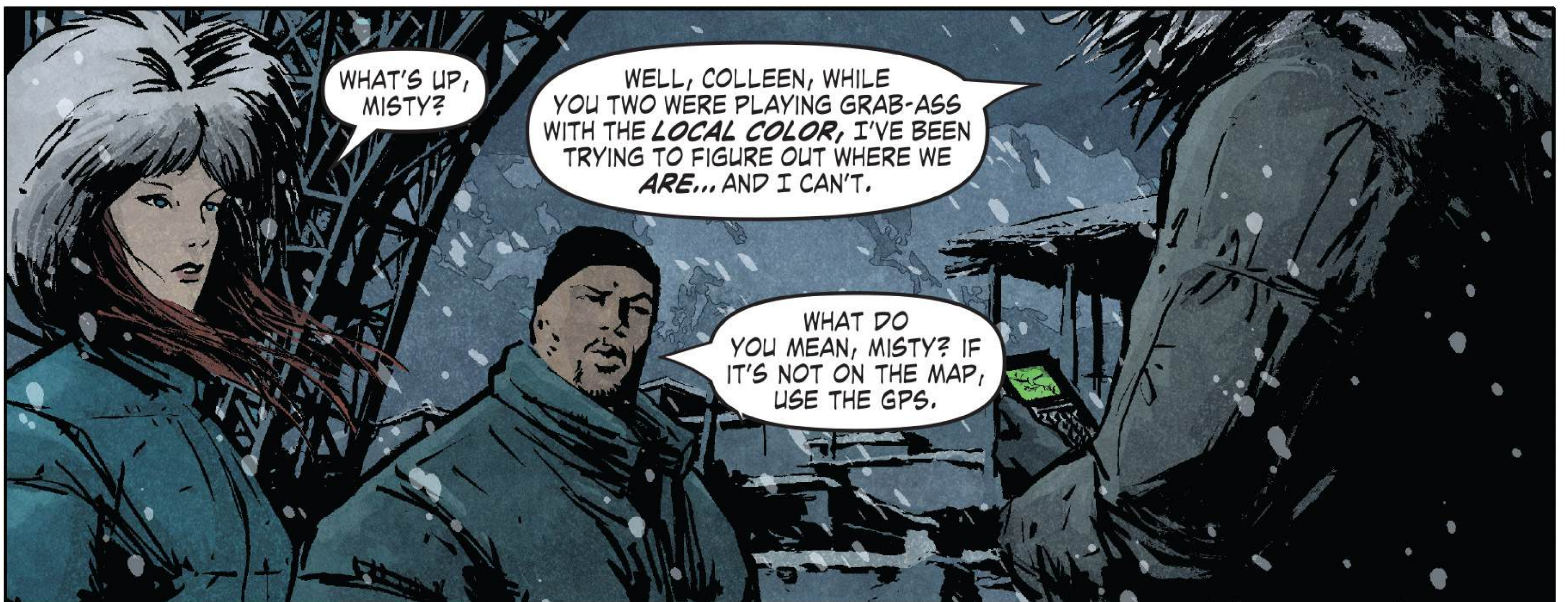
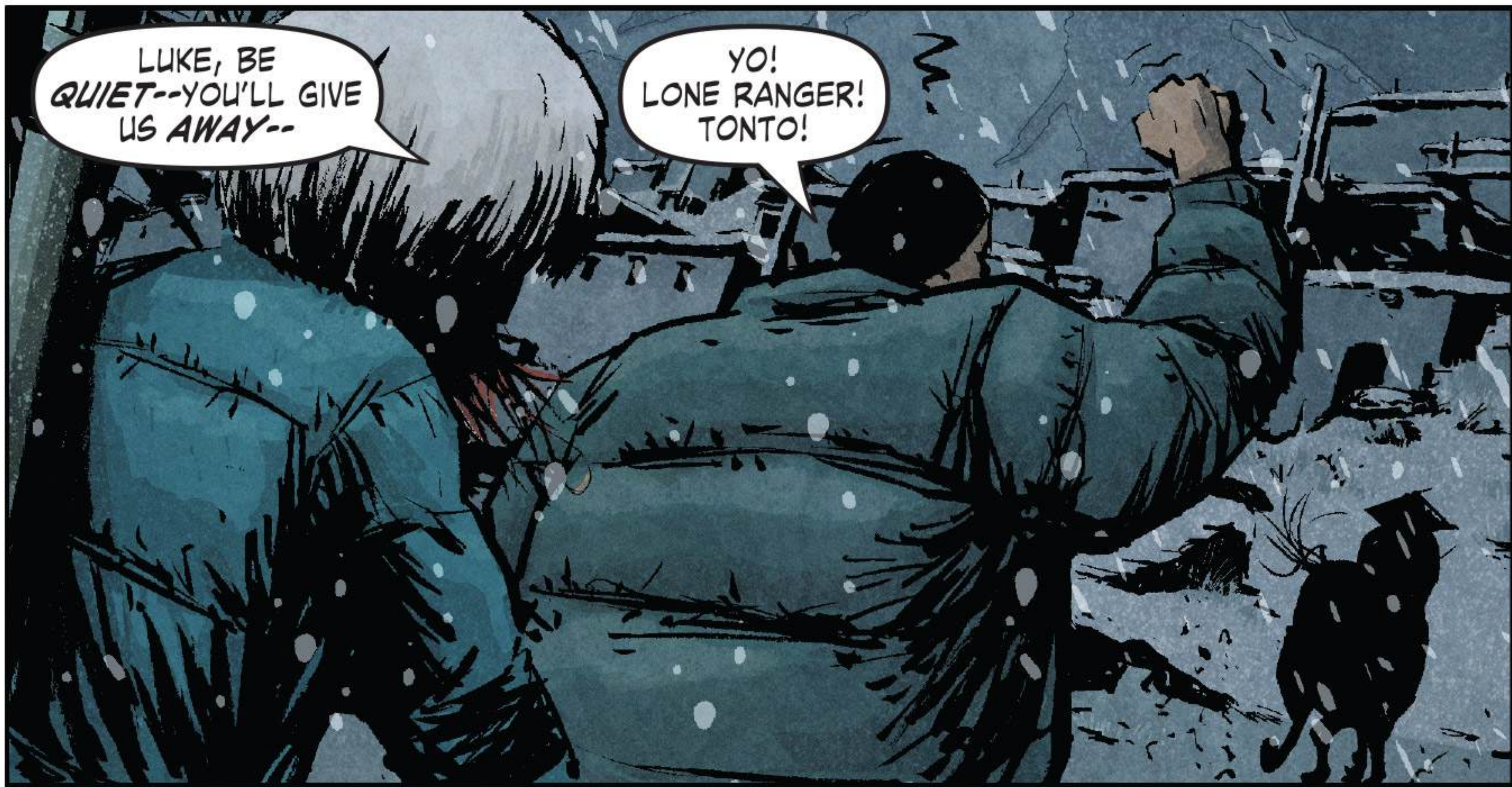


THERE
ARE MANY KUNG FU
TECHNIQUES A WARRIOR MAY
USE TO SUPPRESS THE
TELLTALE SIGNS THE BODY
PRODUCES WHILE
LYING.

YOURS HAS
PRODUCED *NONE*
OF THEM.







A Celebration in the Heart of Heaven

I SAY
BRING ME *TEN* OF YOUR
CRANE WOMEN, SERPENT.
NO--*TWENTY*--!

AND I SHALL
BED THEM ALL AS I
DRINK YOU *UNDER*
THE TABLE!

LET US
KEEP WOMEN *OUT*
OF OUR WAGERS,
COBRA...

FOR NOW.

--THE TECHNIQUE, THE
LEVEL OF CONFIDENCE--
EXCELLENT.

I HAVE
SELDOM SEEN SUCH
ART ON DISPLAY, AND
I HAVE SEEN MANY
TOURNAMENTS...

DO YOU
SEEK TO MOCK ME,
THUNDERER?

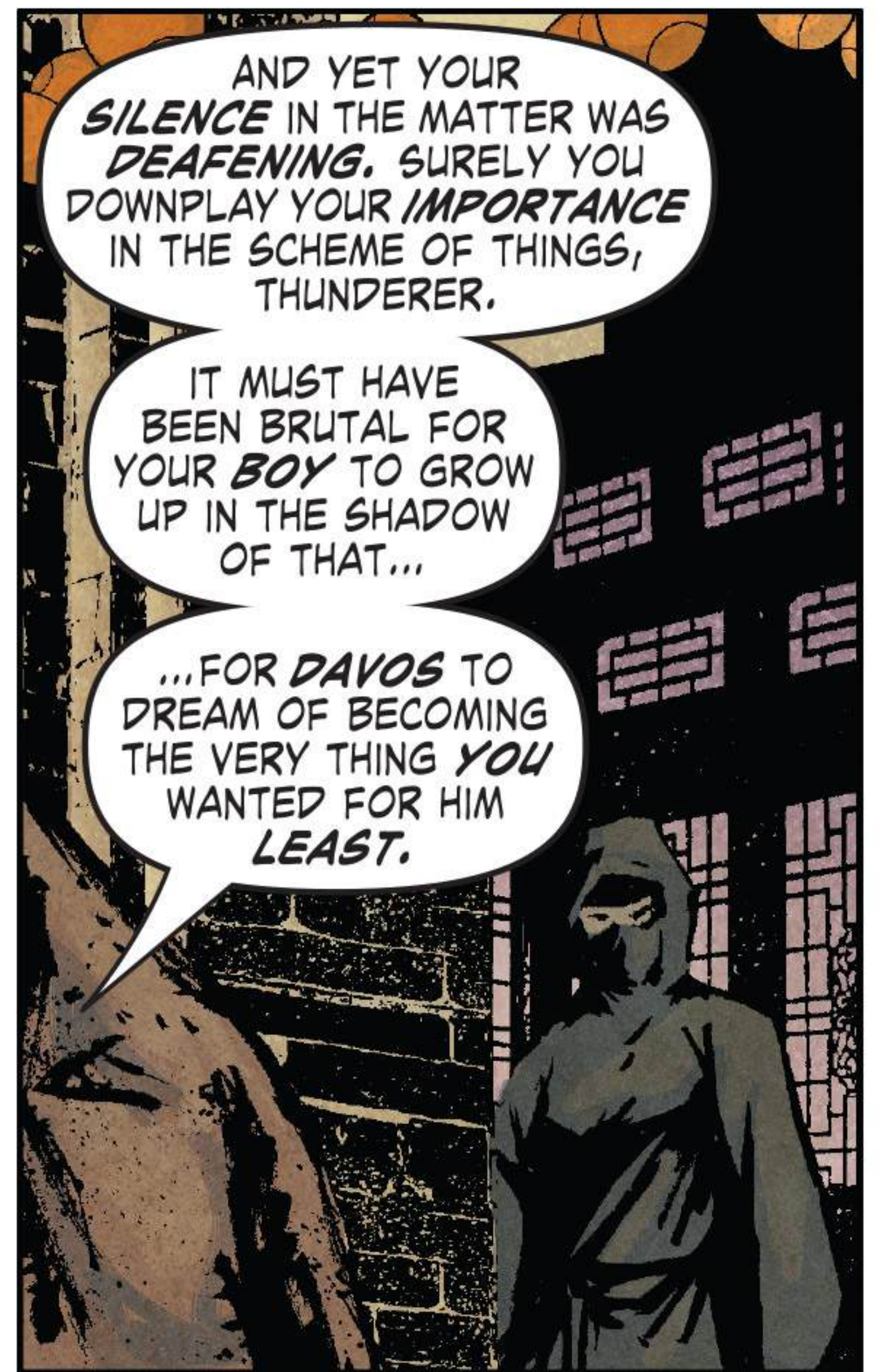
YOU SHOULD KNOW LEI KUNG DOESN'T GIVE *FALSE* PRAISE, BRIDE.

YOUR SKILLS *WERE* IMPRESSIVE.

PRINCE OF ORPHANS.

PERHAPS, THEN, YOU'LL FEEL THE SAME WHEN *WE* DO BATTLE.

I CERTAINLY *HOPE* NOT.





MY LORD...



LIGHTNING IS MY BLOOD.



THUNDER IS THE POUNDING OF MY HEART.



THERE IS NO NEED FOR THAT. I *KNOW* YOU'RE FAITHFUL TO OUR CAUSE.

MIGHTY THUNDERER, WE HAVE PROTOCOL FOR *GOOD REASON*.

DON'T LET YOUR FAITH IN ME BLIND YOU.



I COULD BE A SPY WITHOUT MY *KNOWLEDGE*. ONLY THE CHI-TU MARKINGS SHOULD BE TRUSTED.

THEY CANNOT LIE TO *YOU*.

THAT WE HAVE COME TO THIS...



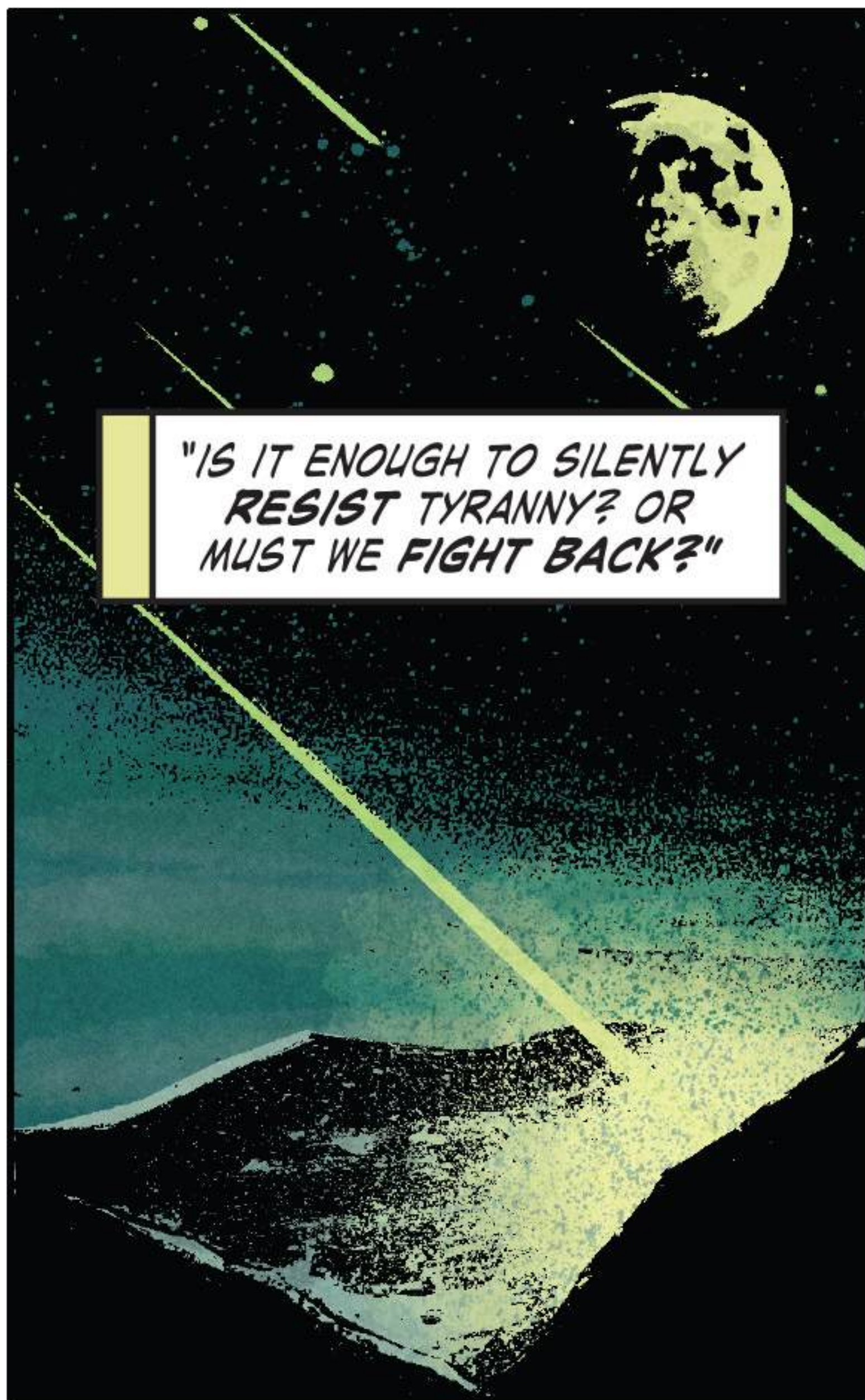
"IF HE WERE STILL WITH US, MY FATHER WOULD *DIE OF SORROW*."



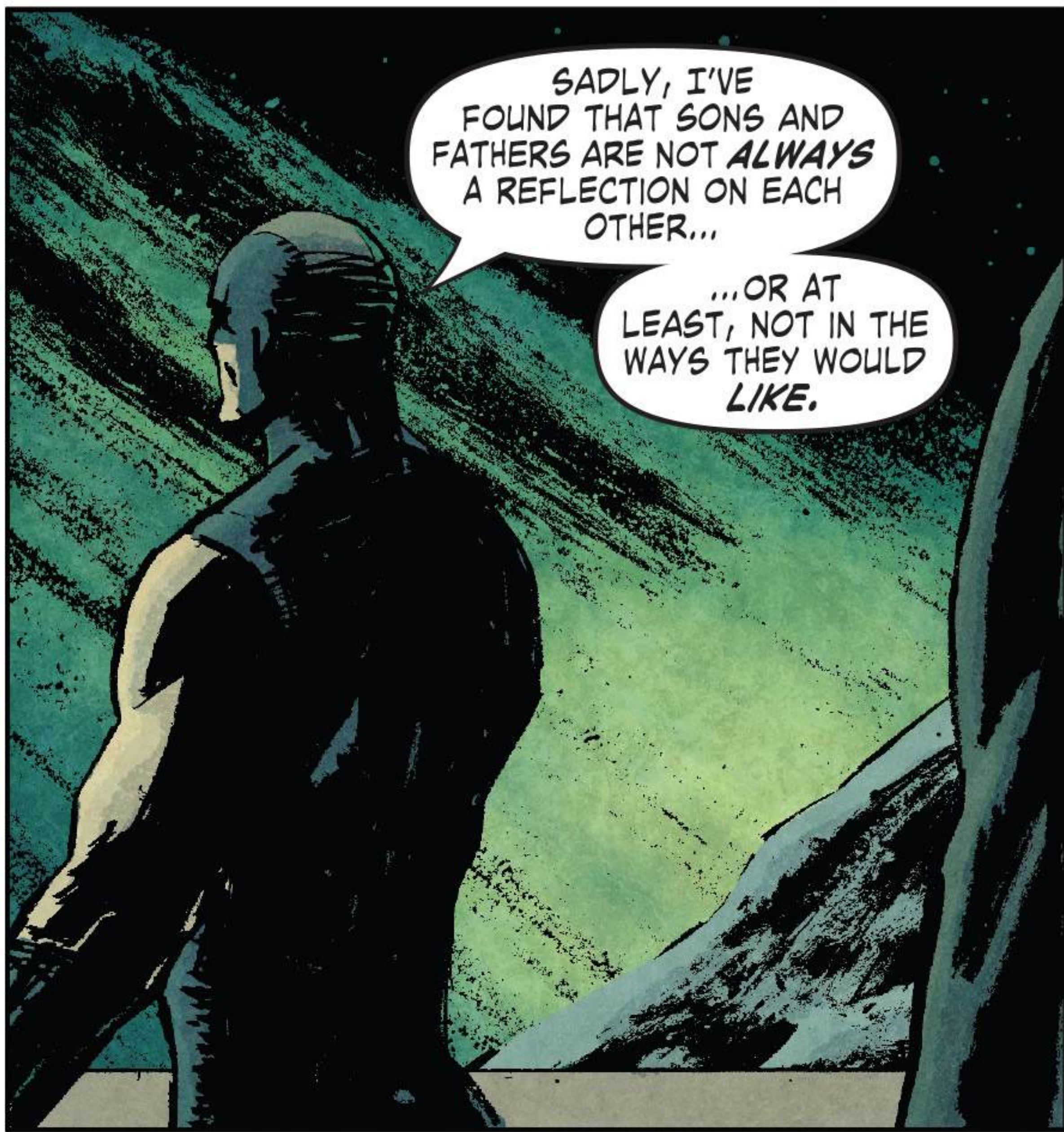
WOULD HE?

BECAUSE *HE* RAISED A GOOD SON...WOULDN'T HE SEE THE VIRTUE IN WHAT WE DO?

IN WHAT *YOU* DO?

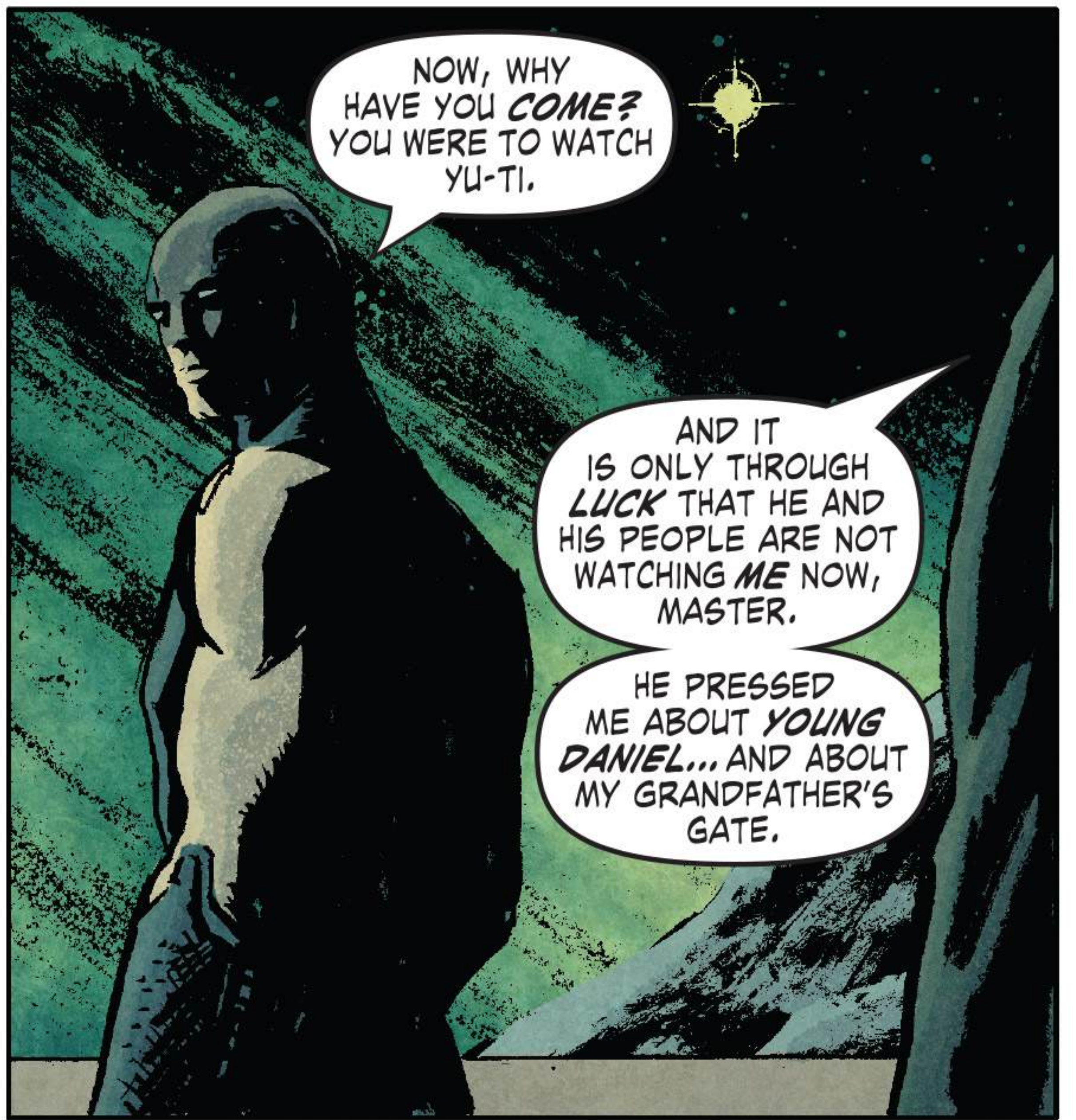


"IS IT ENOUGH TO SILENTLY *RESIST TYRANNY*? OR MUST WE *FIGHT BACK*?"



SADLY, I'VE FOUND THAT SONS AND FATHERS ARE NOT *ALWAYS* A REFLECTION ON EACH OTHER...

...OR AT LEAST, NOT IN THE WAYS THEY WOULD *LIKE*.



NOW, WHY HAVE YOU *COME*? YOU WERE TO WATCH YU-TI.

AND IT IS ONLY THROUGH *LUCK* THAT HE AND HIS PEOPLE ARE NOT WATCHING *ME* NOW, MASTER.

HE PRESSED ME ABOUT *YOUNG DANIEL*... AND ABOUT MY GRANDFATHER'S GATE.



HE DOES NOT *KNOW*.

BUT HE KNOWS.



WHAT HAS HE DONE?



TERROR PRIESTS HAVE BEEN SENT THROUGH THE GATE TO SEARCH FOR THE IRON FIST.

WE *MUST* GET DANIEL A MESSAGE, *SOMEHOW*. IF YU-TI'S MEN FIND HIM IN THE WORLD...



THERE IS NO SAFE WAY TO CONTACT HIM...

THE VEILS THAT SEPARATE K'UN-LUN FROM THE EARTHLY REALM ARE WATCHED *TOO CLOSELY* NOW.



IF HE IS SEEN, WE WILL LOSE EVERYTHING.



WE HAVEN'T LOST YET, LITTLE ONE...



AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DANIEL RAND'KAI IS CAPABLE OF.



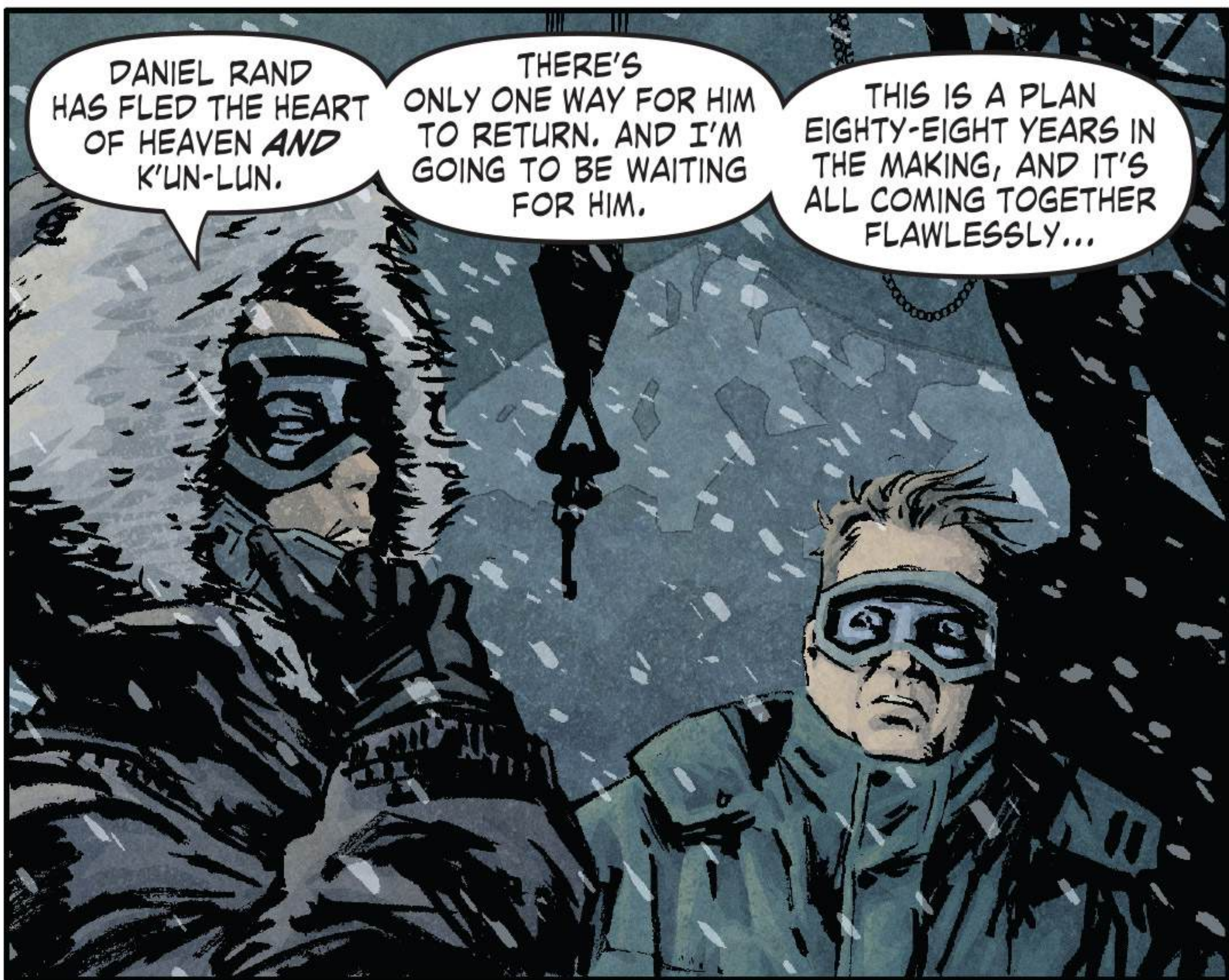


MAGGOT,
KILL HIM.

HAIL HYDRA!

BLAM!
BLAM!

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING?!



DANIEL RAND
HAS FLED THE HEART
OF HEAVEN *AND*
K'UN-LUN.

THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY FOR HIM
TO RETURN. AND I'M
GOING TO BE WAITING
FOR HIM.

THIS IS A PLAN
EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS IN
THE MAKING, AND IT'S
ALL COMING TOGETHER
FLAWLESSLY...



THIS IS *XAO*.

THE ORDER
IS *GIVEN*. SECURE
THE VILLAGE. NO
SURVIVORS.

WAIT
FOR IRON
FIST.



HOLY HELL--!



HAIL *XAO*!

HAIL HYDRA!



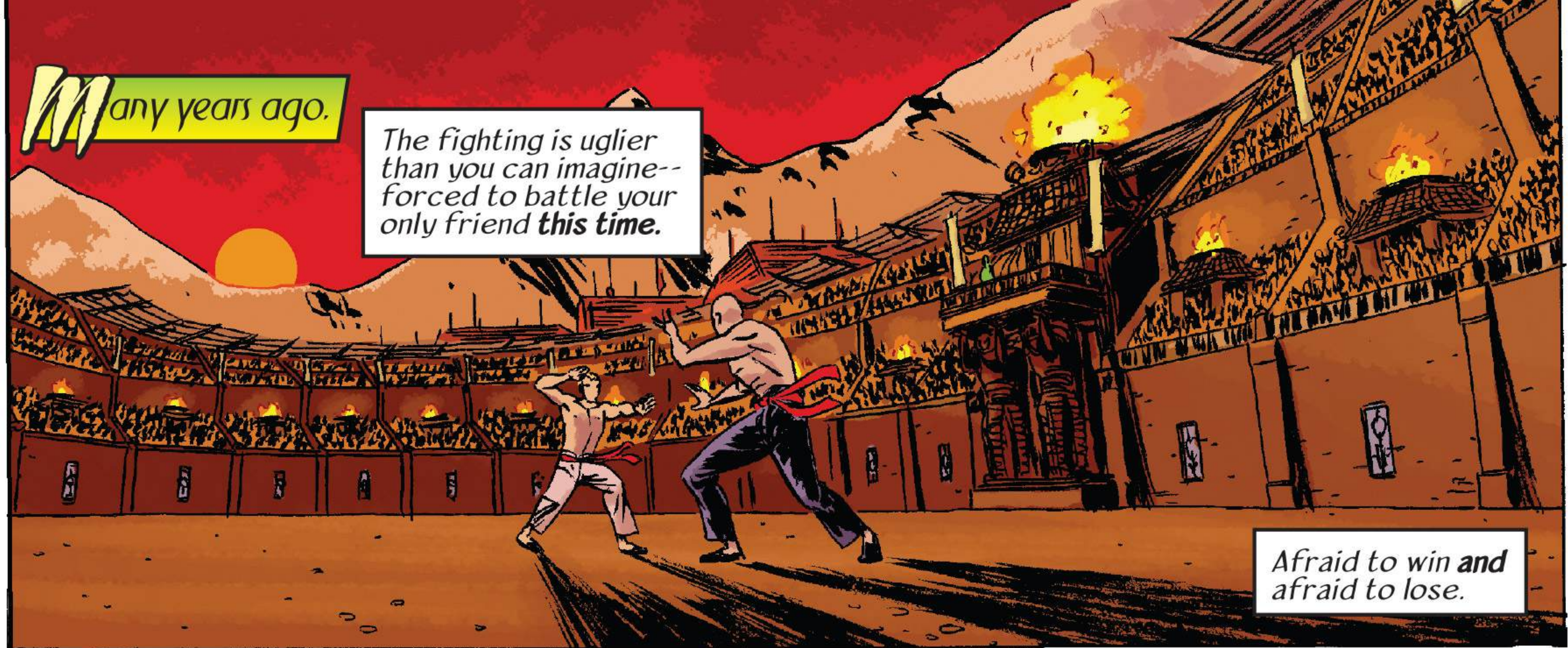
THE
ORDER IS GIVEN!
NO QUARTER! NO
SURVIVORS!



HAIL HYDRA!

HAIL XAO!

HAIL HYDRA!



Many years ago.

The fighting is uglier than you can imagine-- forced to battle your only friend **this time**.

Afraid to win **and** afraid to lose.



But the thing you've always done **best** when you're afraid is **fight**.

KEE-YAAA!



Ten minutes into the match, Davos lets a devastating kick past his defenses.

UKK--!



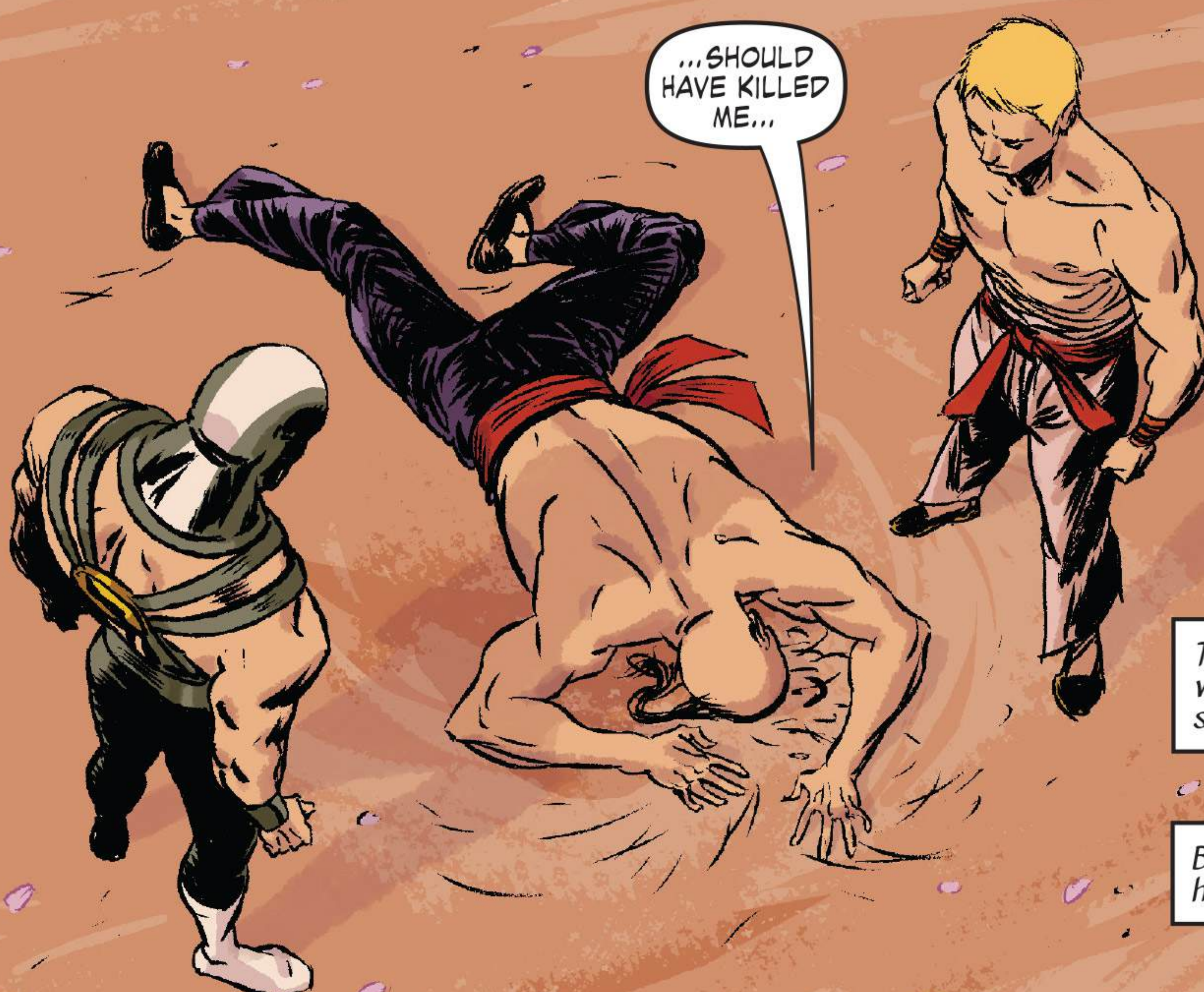
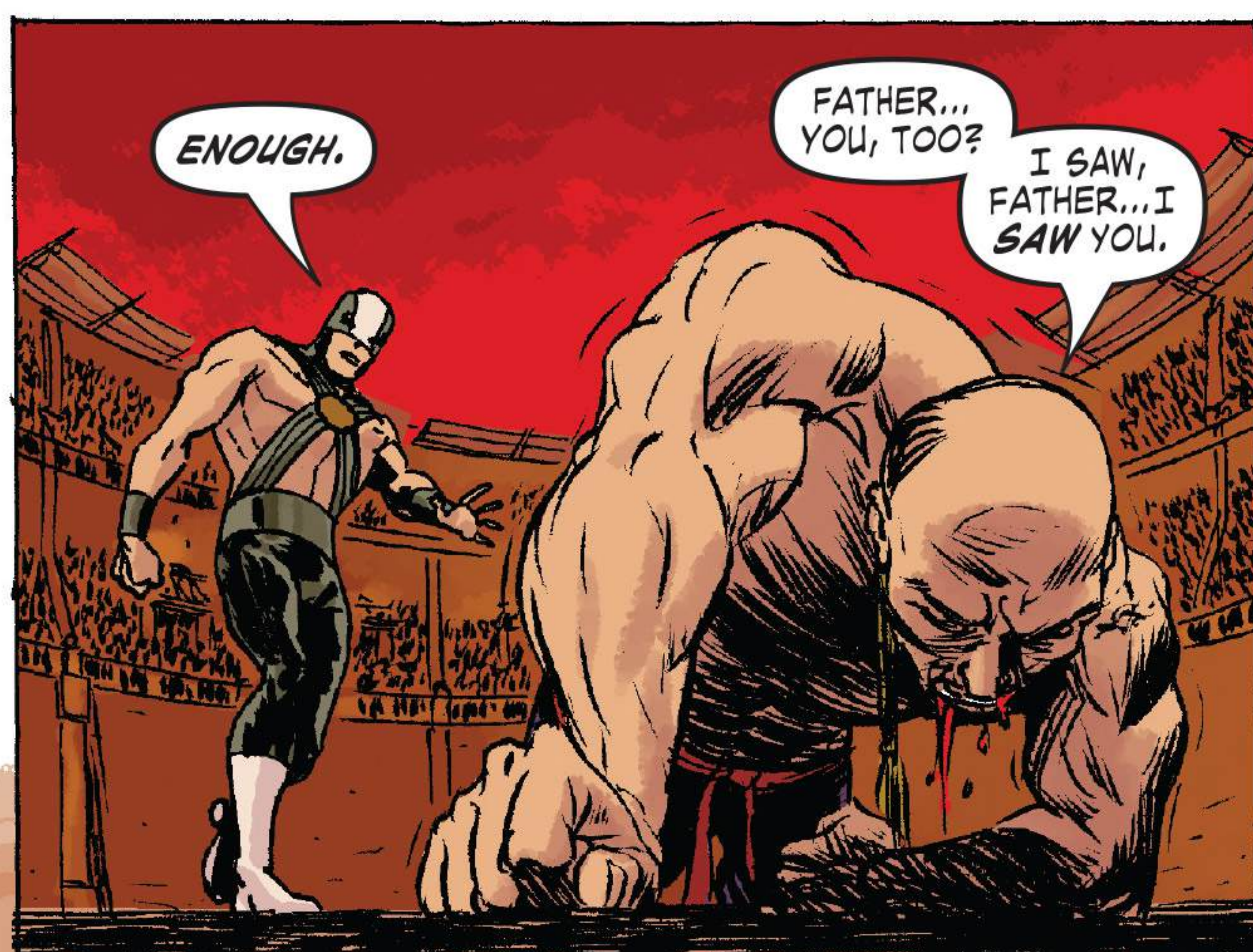
Any other day, you would give your friend just a fraction of a second to recover.

WHUDD



Any other day.





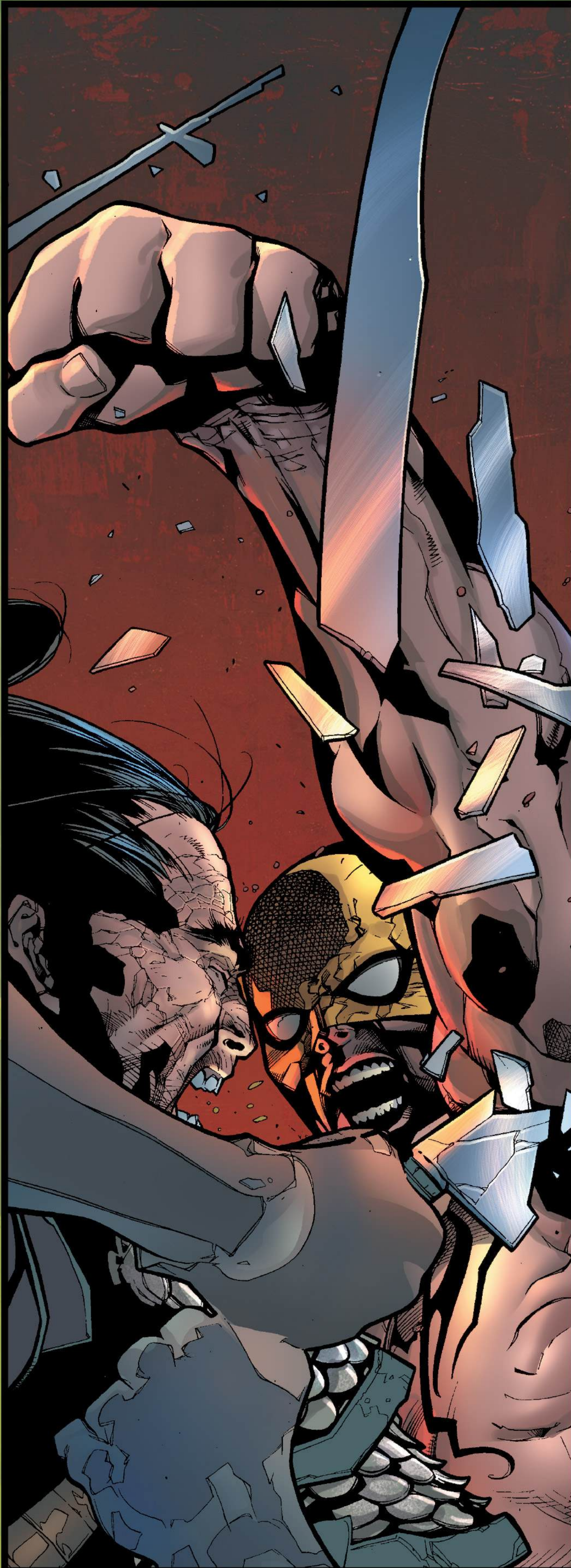
They **aren't** the last words Davos ever speaks to you...

*But they're the last ones
he speaks as a friend.*

鐵 1 拳

The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

四
Round 4



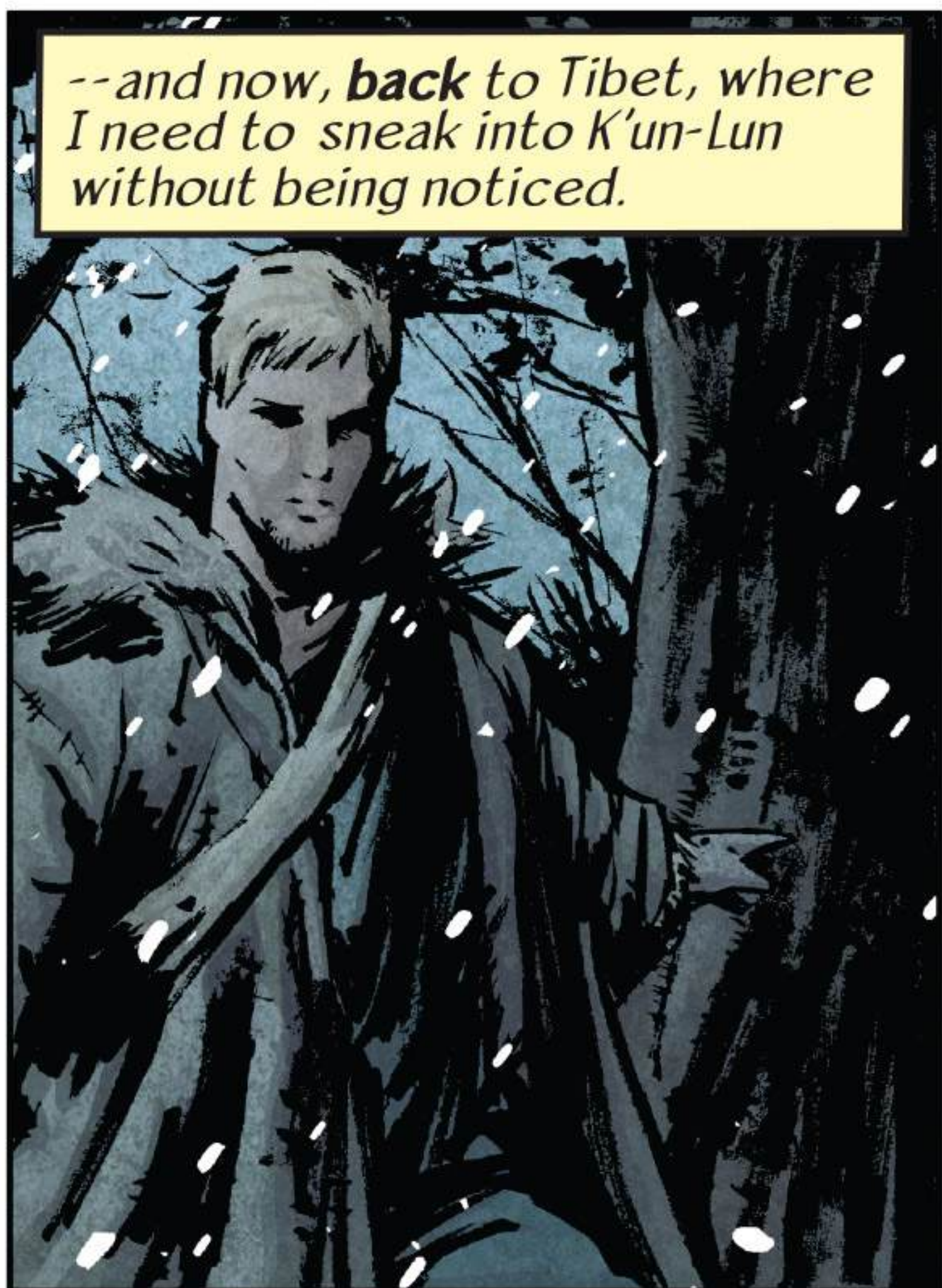


My name is Danny Rand.

I am **the Immortal Iron Fist**...and my frequent-flier miles have **commas**.

I've traveled from Tibet-- where a secret passage to my mystical homeland of K'un-Lun exists--

--to Paris-- where the lost secrets of Orson Randall, the **last** Iron Fist, were hidden--



--and now, **back** to Tibet, where I need to sneak into K'un-Lun without being noticed.



It's been a lousy couple of days.

This little village hides the **Randall Gateway** back to K'un-Lun. All I have to do is sneak in and--

Dammit.



Hydra guy.

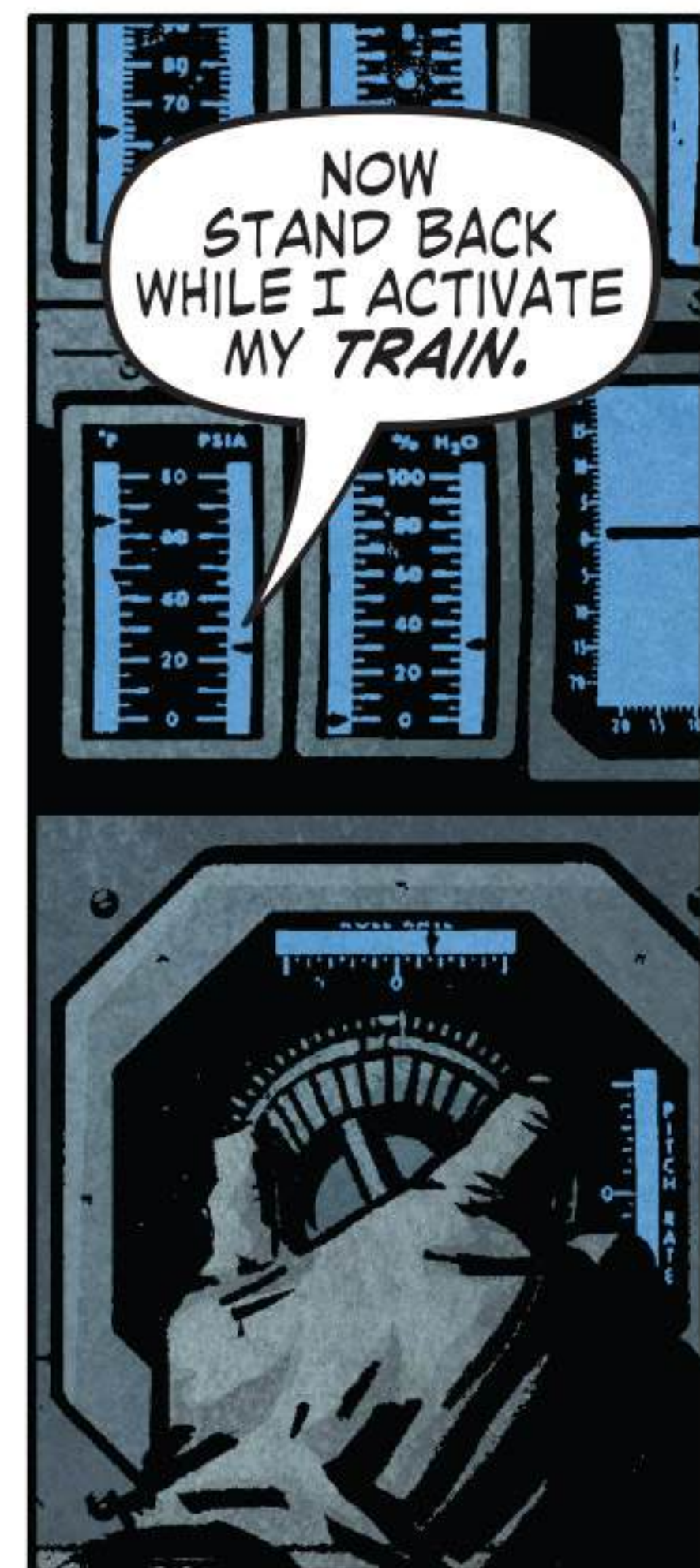
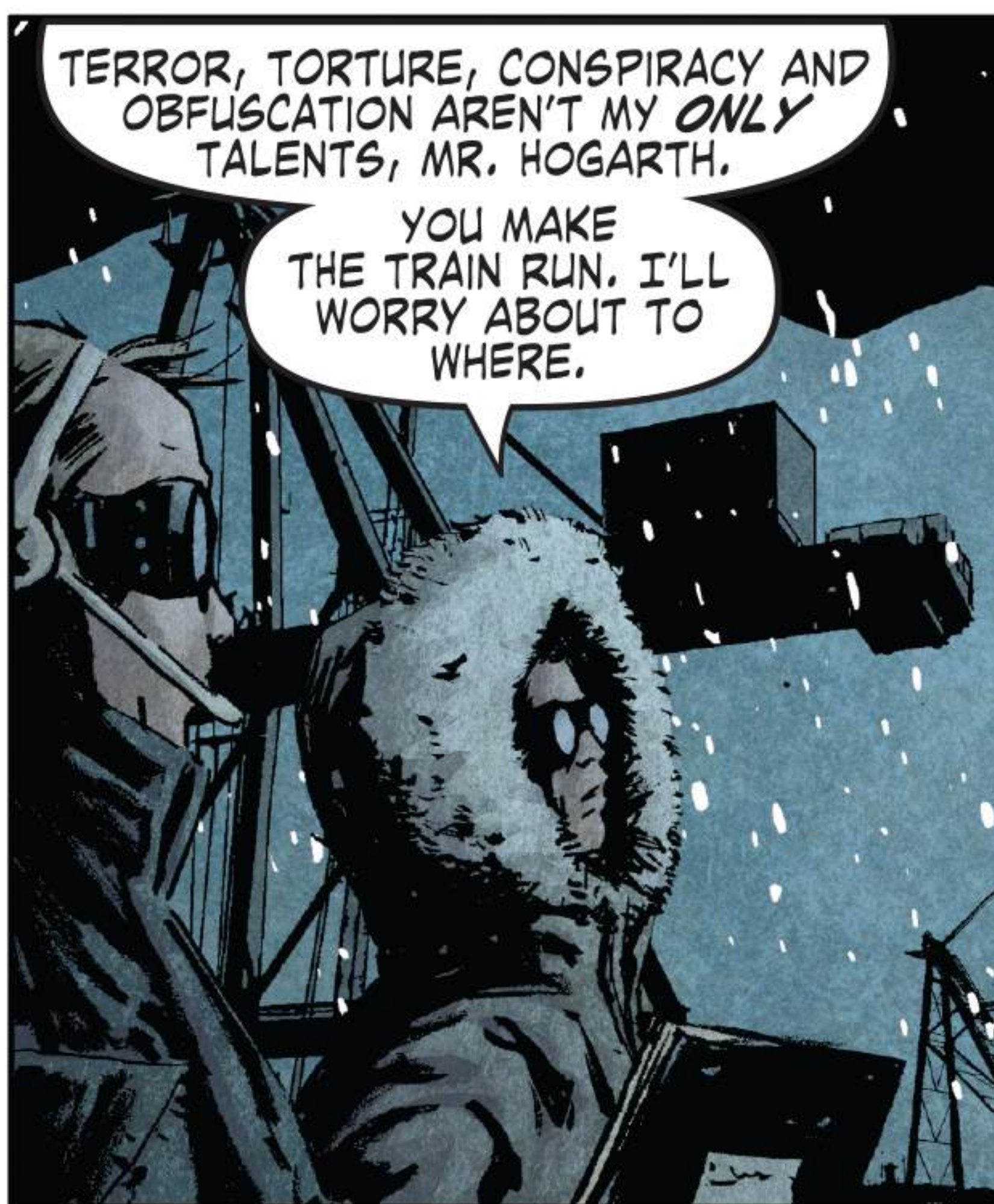
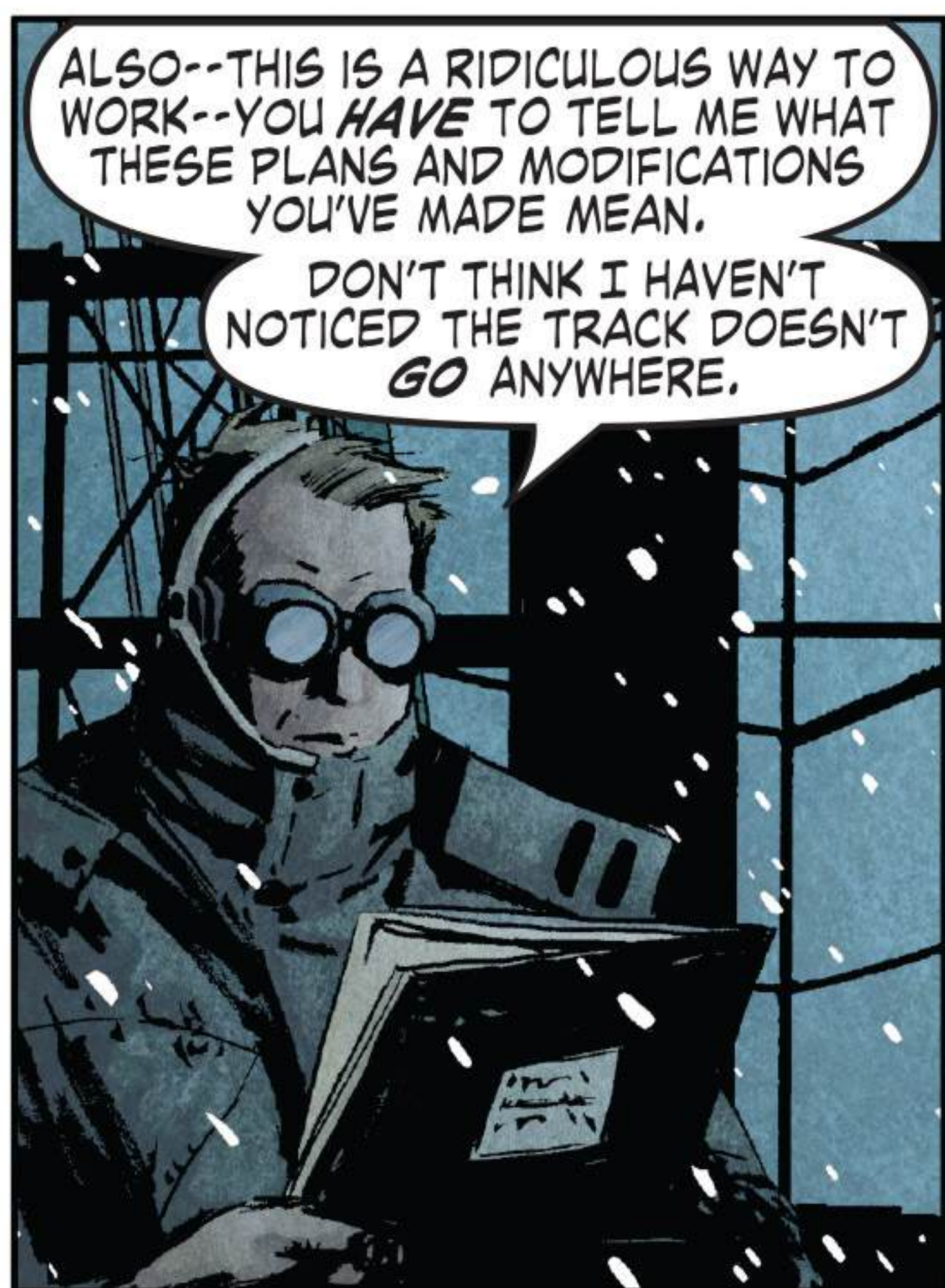
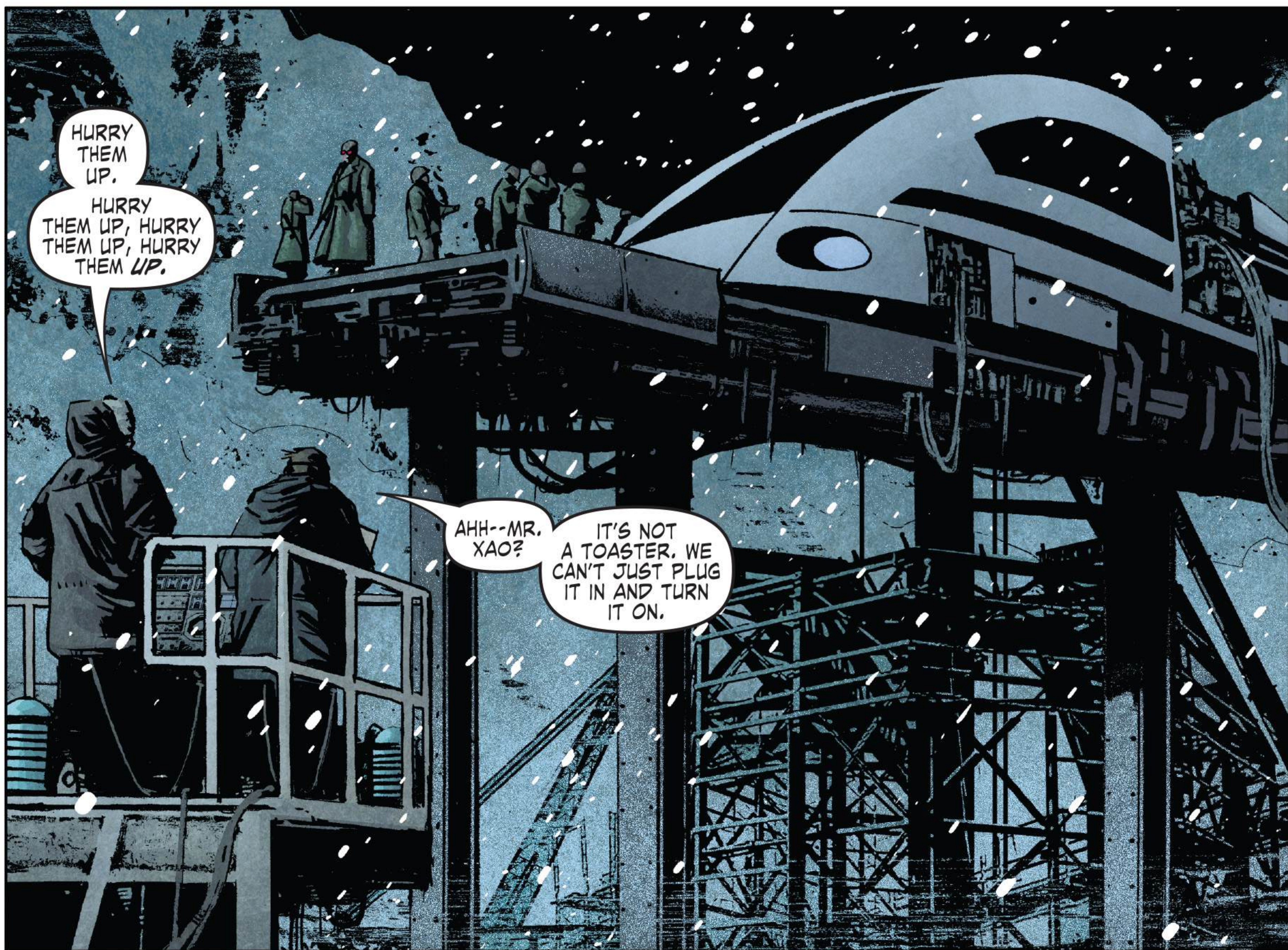
Hydra guy.

Old woman.

Hydra guy.



Hydra's taken the village-- and that means **Xao** has been busy...





RAND
INDUCTRACK
SYSTEMS ACTIVATED.
ELECTRODYNAMIC
SUSPENSION IS
GO.

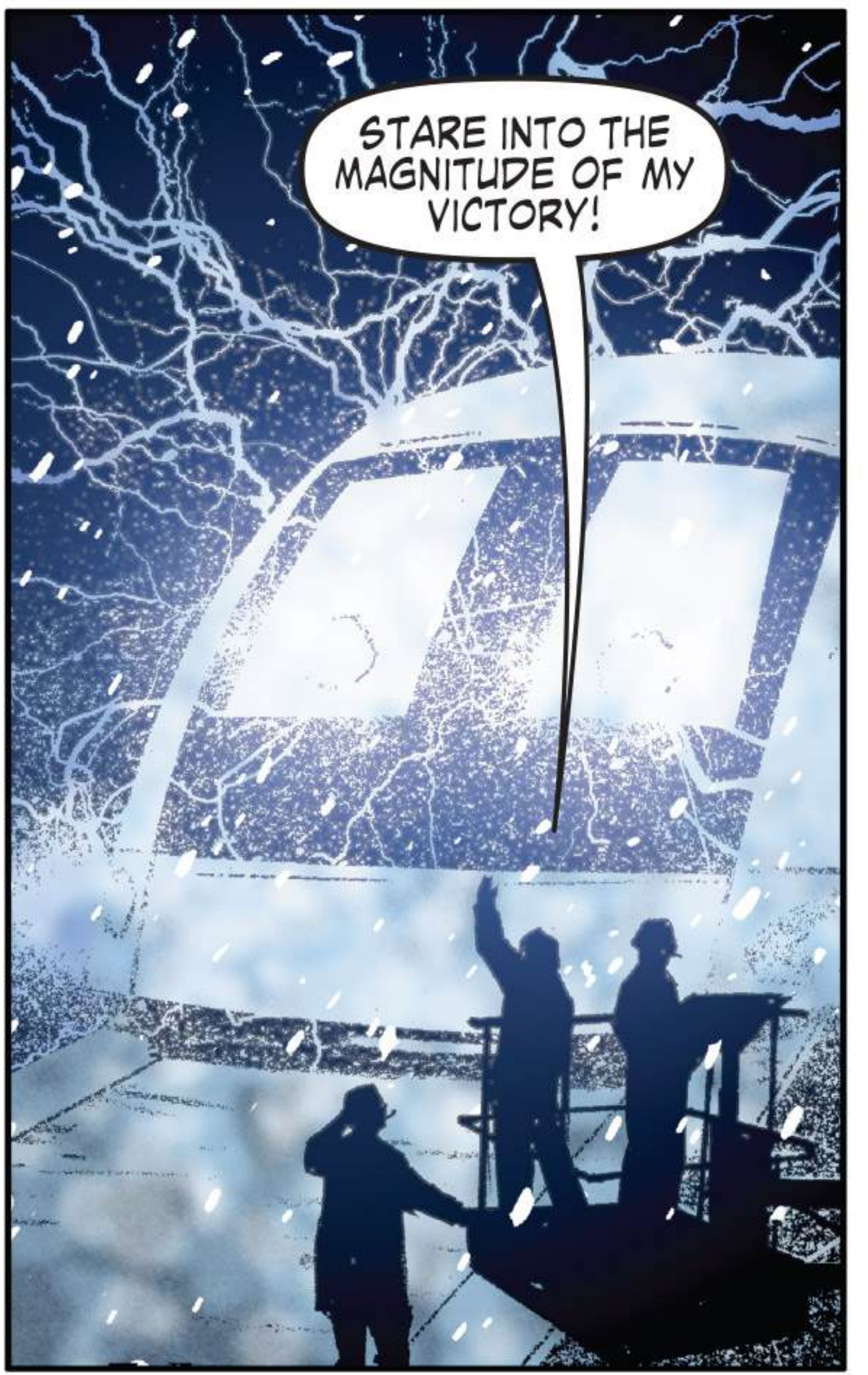
IT WORKS.

MY TRAIN
WORKS.

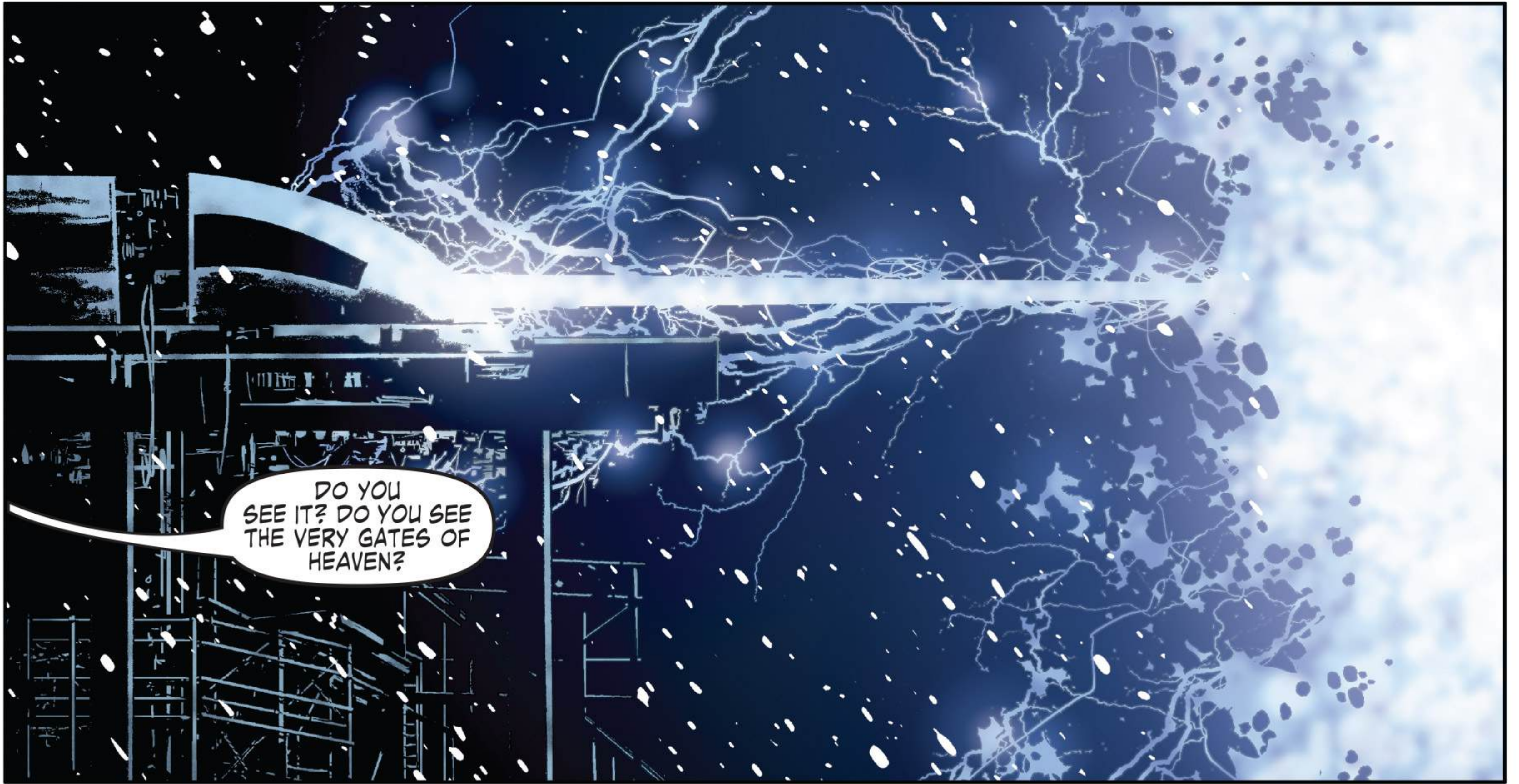


ACTIVATE THE
HYDRACOIL INDUCERS!
NOW!

AND LOOK,
MR. HOGARTH--
LOOK!



STARE INTO THE
MAGNITUDE OF MY
VICTORY!



DO YOU
SEE IT? DO YOU SEE
THE VERY GATES OF
HEAVEN?



DO
YOU *SEE*
IT?!



I'LL BE
DAMNED...



I CAN
SEE...



...I
CAN SEE A
CITY...





MISTY--
TELL ME
THAT'S NOT *ALL*
EXPLOSIVES.

IT'S ALL
EXPLOSIVES.

SO THE TRAIN
WORKS AND HYDRA'S DRAGGING
IN A #\$\$\$#TON OF EXPLOSIVES,
IS THAT CORRECT?

THIS IS AVENGERS BIG...
I NEED TO FIND SOMEPLACE
WITH A CELL SIGNAL.

LUKE, YOU ARE *NOT*
CALLING IN *THOSE*
AVENGERS.

DON'T REMIND
US HOW MANY LAWS
WE'RE BREAKING,
OKAY?

YOU'RE
OKAY WORKING
WITH ME AND
HELPING DANNY,
BUT NOT *MY*
AVENGERS?

STUPID
LAWS.

THAT
ISN'T FOR
YOU TO
SAY.

DON'T
MAKE US
REGRET--

GIRLS!
DAMMIT!

WE'RE IN THE
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE,
FREEZING AND STARVING AND
COMPLETELY OUTNUMBERED
BY A HYDRA ARMY AND I DO
NOT WANT TO ARGUE THE
FINER POINTS OF--

HEY.

YOU GUYS
SHOULD REALLY
WATCH YOUR FLANK
BECAUSE I JUST
SNUCK RIGHT UP
ON YOU.

I
COULD'VE
BEEN A WHOLE
HORDE OF
HYDRA.



K'un-Lun. Many years ago.

Violence
obsesses you.

Revenge
vexes you.



You are **Davos**...and
destiny **haunts** you.

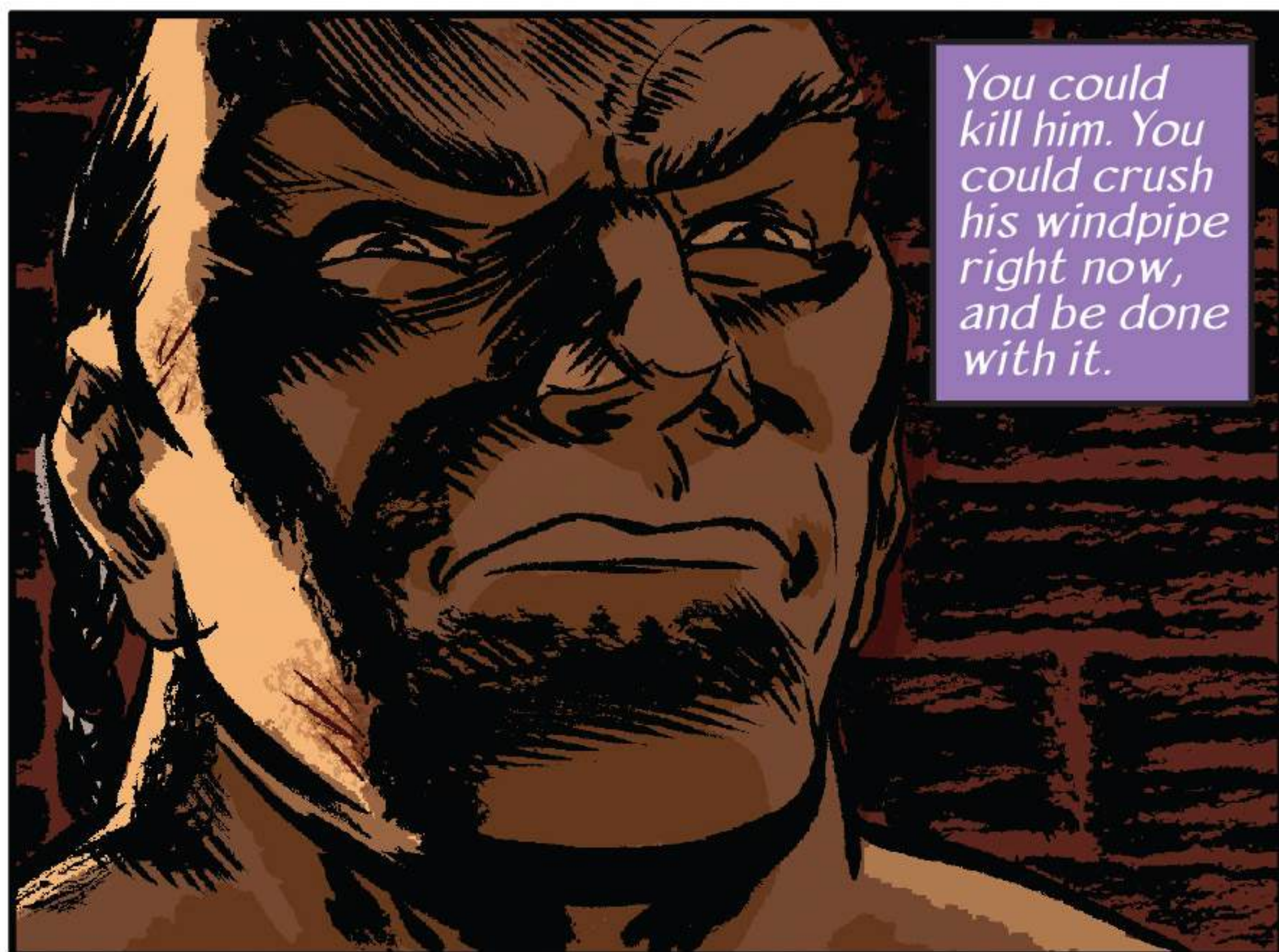


Only the
presence of this...



...outworlder...

...somehow has thrown
that destiny out of whack.



You could
kill him. You
could crush
his windpipe
right now,
and be done
with it.

But you
do not.

For the first
blessing of
power is
mercy.



And the second...
is **ambition**.



You know what
you have to **do**.



And finally, you know the truth...for you have seen it clearly, for the first time...

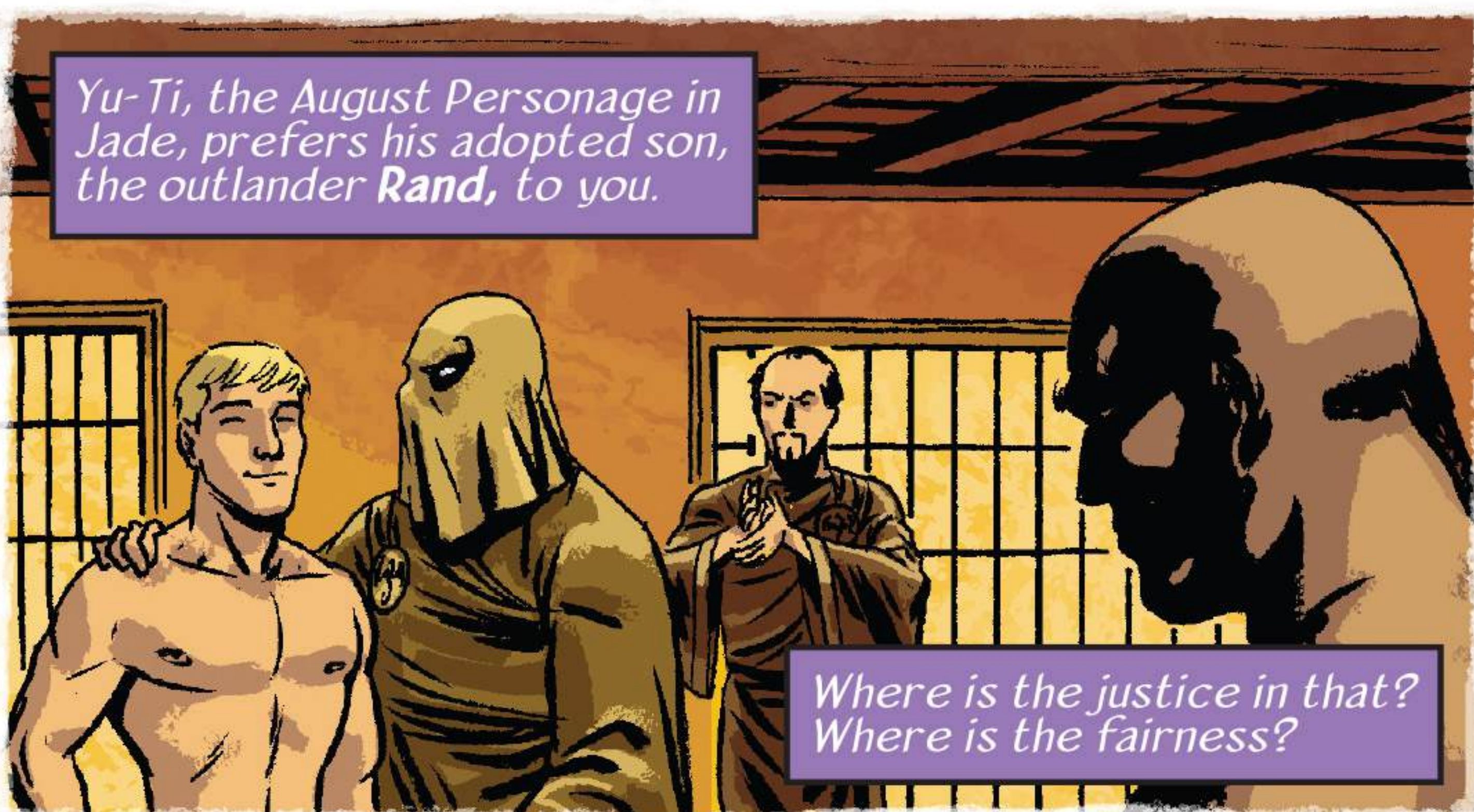


Your father, Lei Kung the Thunderer, never wanted you to claim your destiny.

He never **wanted** you to become the **Iron Fist**.



Yu-Ti, the August Personage in Jade, prefers his adopted son, the outlander **Rand**, to you.



Where is the justice in that?
Where is the fairness?

And the outworlder himself--that false friend, Wendell Rand.



He took your trust...and helped them all betray you.

There is only one cure for it now...



...**stealing** your destiny back from the ones who took it from you.

This is your way back.
This is your redemption.
And you are certain,
for you are **Davos**.



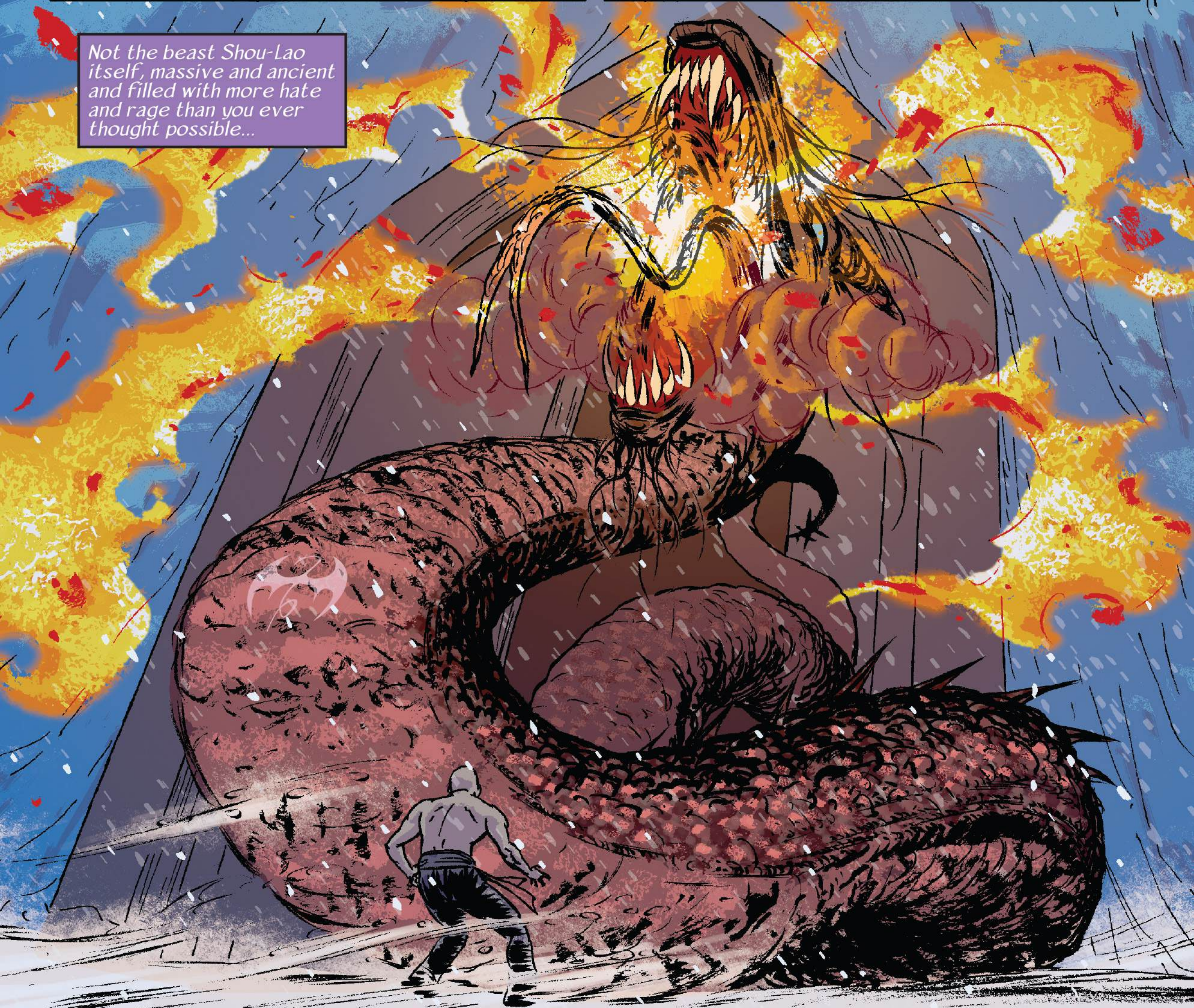


What comes next,
then, is unexpected.

HO,
ARCHAIC ONE!
I COME TO **TAKE**
THAT WHICH ONLY
I MAY OWN!



Not the fire, and
its unholy heat...



Not the beast Shou-Lao
itself, massive and ancient
and filled with more hate
and rage than you ever
thought possible...



It is **doubt** you feel.
Sudden and certain, you
realize, as the great
and ancient beast
slithers toward you...

As the heat of its fire
singes your skin, and the
dusky, dank reek of the
beast fills your nostrils...

You, Davos, feel **doubt**.
This is not a fight you
should be fighting...

K'un-Lun. Now.

虎

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GATHERED NOBLEPERSONS OF THE SEVEN CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN, IT IS, AS ALWAYS, AN HONOR TO BE AMONGST YOU THIS FINE DAY.

TONIGHT'S COMBAT SEES TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER VERSUS--

鶴

FORGIVE ME, DAVOS--AS YOU HAVE A NEW SPONSOR, AND A NEW CITY, I AM UNSURE OF YOUR WARRIOR'S NAME.

I AM DAVOS!

I AM THE IMMORTAL WEAPON OF THE CITY OF K'UN-ZI!

I AM TO BE KNOWN AS--

STEEL PHOENIX!

DANIEL, SHOULD. BE. HERE.

He's right-- where are you, Daniel?

LOOK AROUND YOU. FAT COBRA, DOG BROTHER #1, BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS-- THEY'RE NOT HERE, EITHER.

NOW, PLEASE, MASTER--LET ME WATCH MY SON.

HE MAY CALL HIMSELF "PHOENIX" BUT HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SERPENT...

AND ONE ALWAYS WORTHY OF STUDY.





You--Davos, the warrior--suddenly fight not for your destiny, not to right a cosmic wrong, but rather...

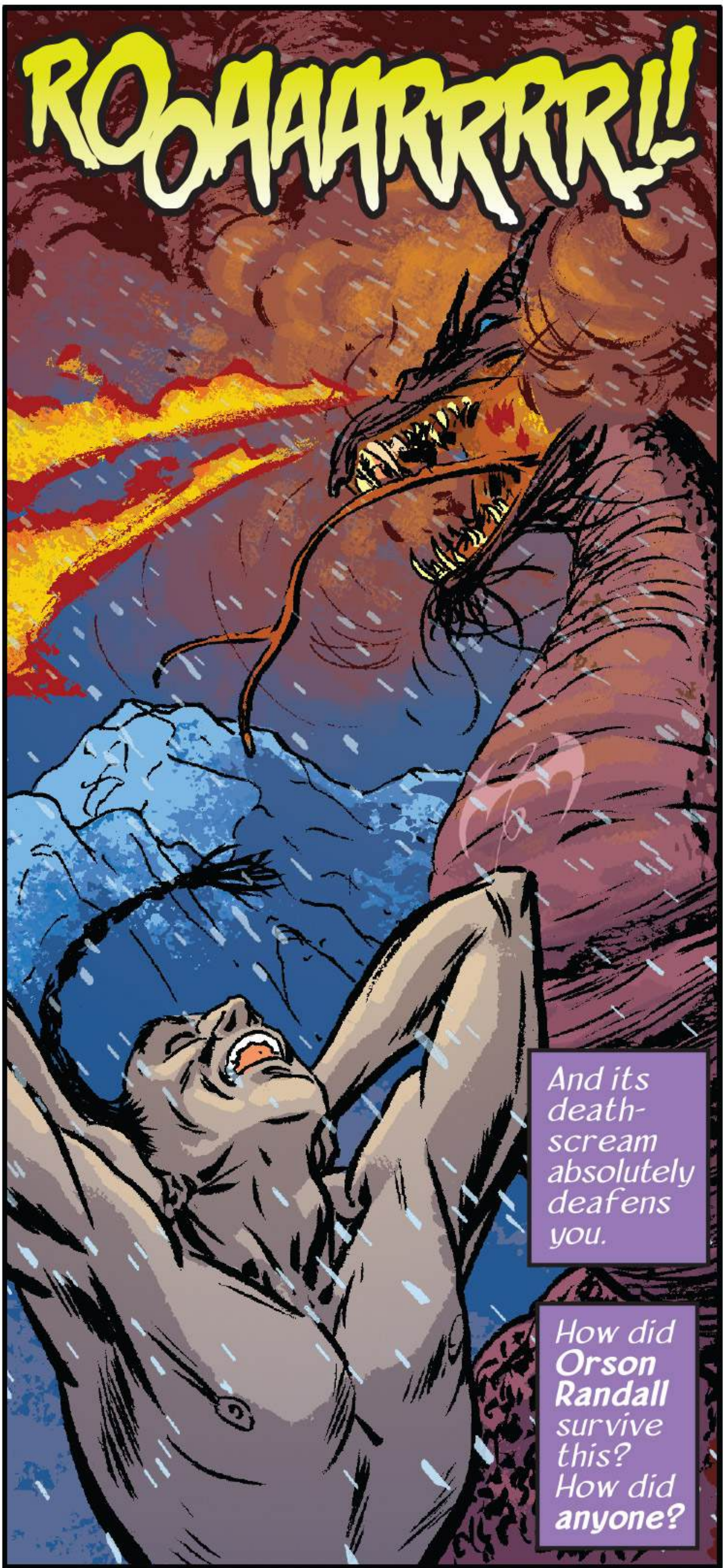


...you fight to save your own life.



The heat is **blistering**. Its eyes aglow, unholy.

Shou-Lao the Undying is a predator loosed upon the world of men to make sport of them...



ROOAAAARRRR!!

And its death-scream absolutely deafens you.

How did Orson Randall survive this? How did anyone?



ROOAAAARRRR!!

DAVOS. DAMMIT.



MASTER--IT'S DAVOS--

I KNOW, OLD FRIEND. QUICKLY, NOW-- TO THE CAVE!



They'll be here soon--they'll **all** be here soon, champion.

Your glory comes **now...or never.**



And so, Davos, you
dive at your glory
with both hands.

You attack your
destiny with every bit
of fight within you.

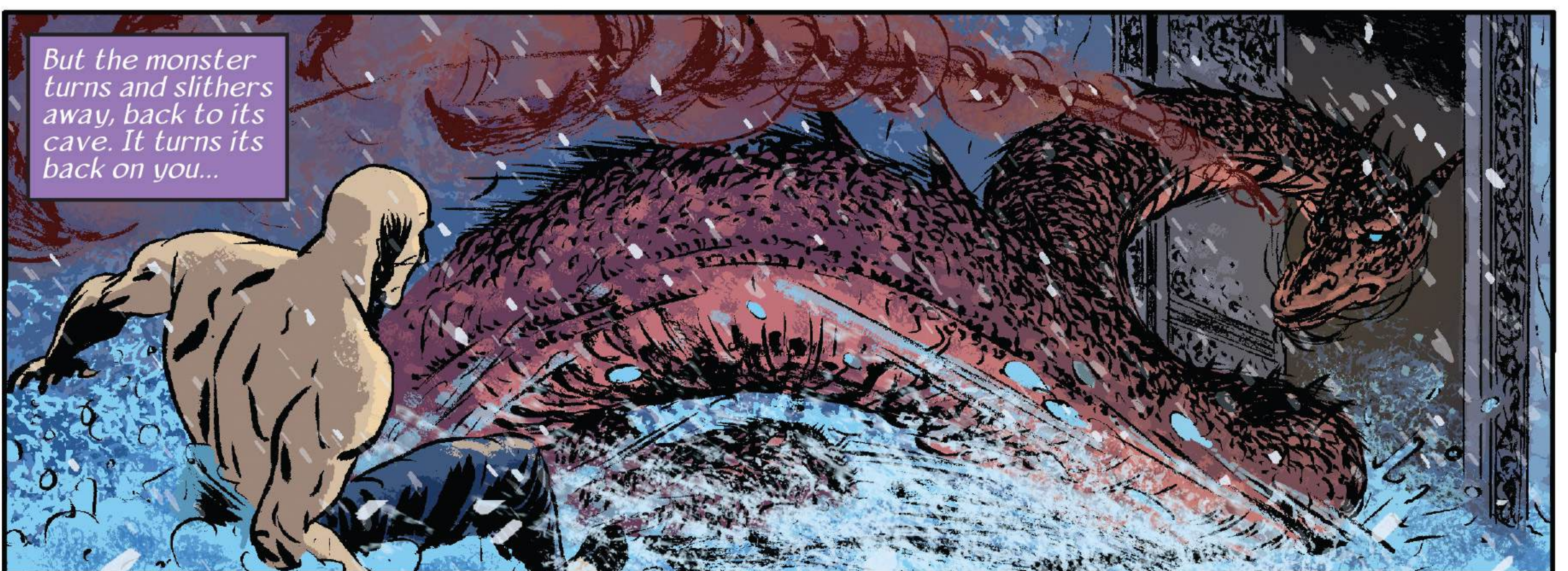


And yet, destiny still
chooses to fight **back**.



DO IT,
HELLSPAWN.

TAKE MY
LIFE AND BE
DONE WITH
YOUR INFERNAL
SCHEME!

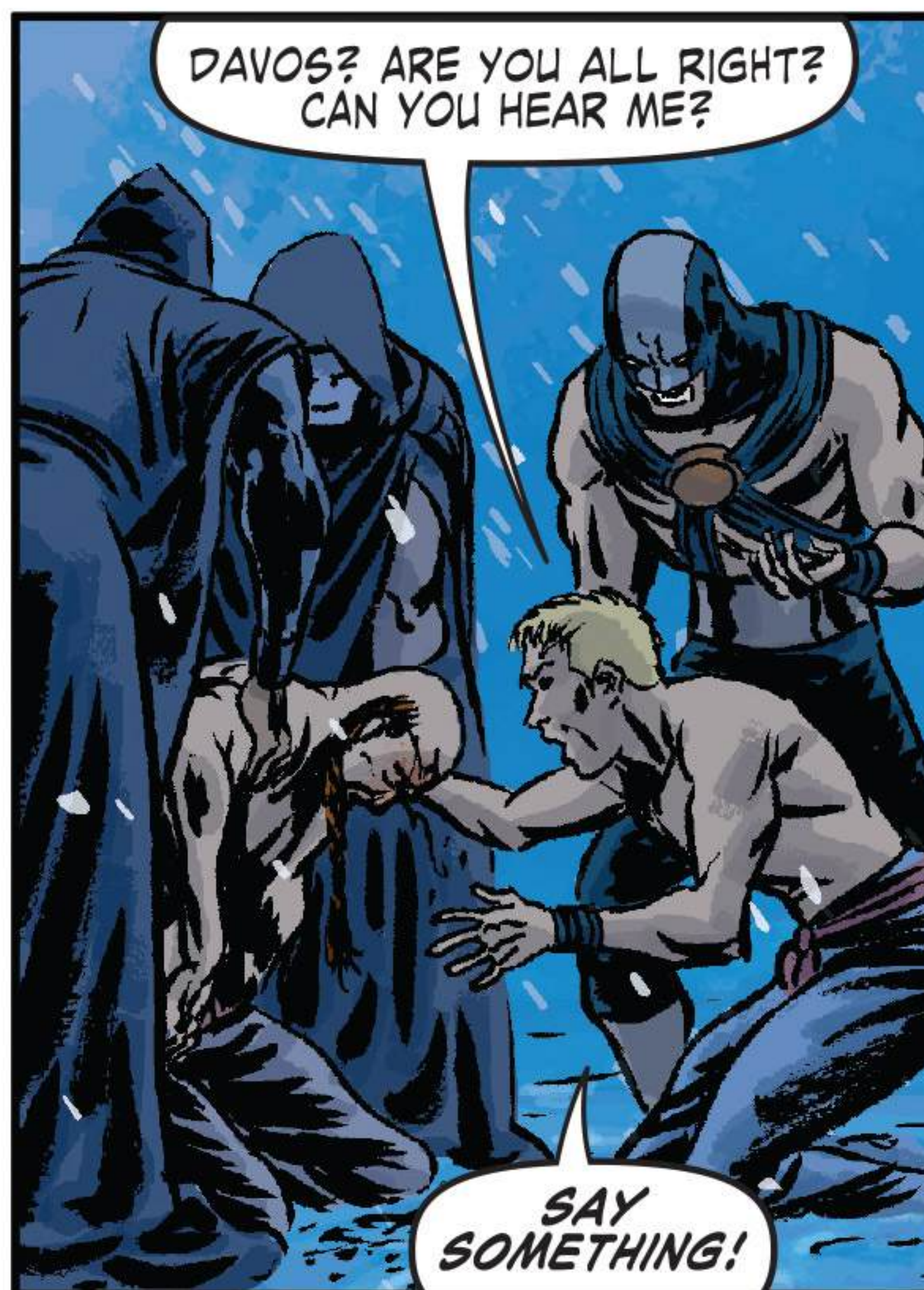
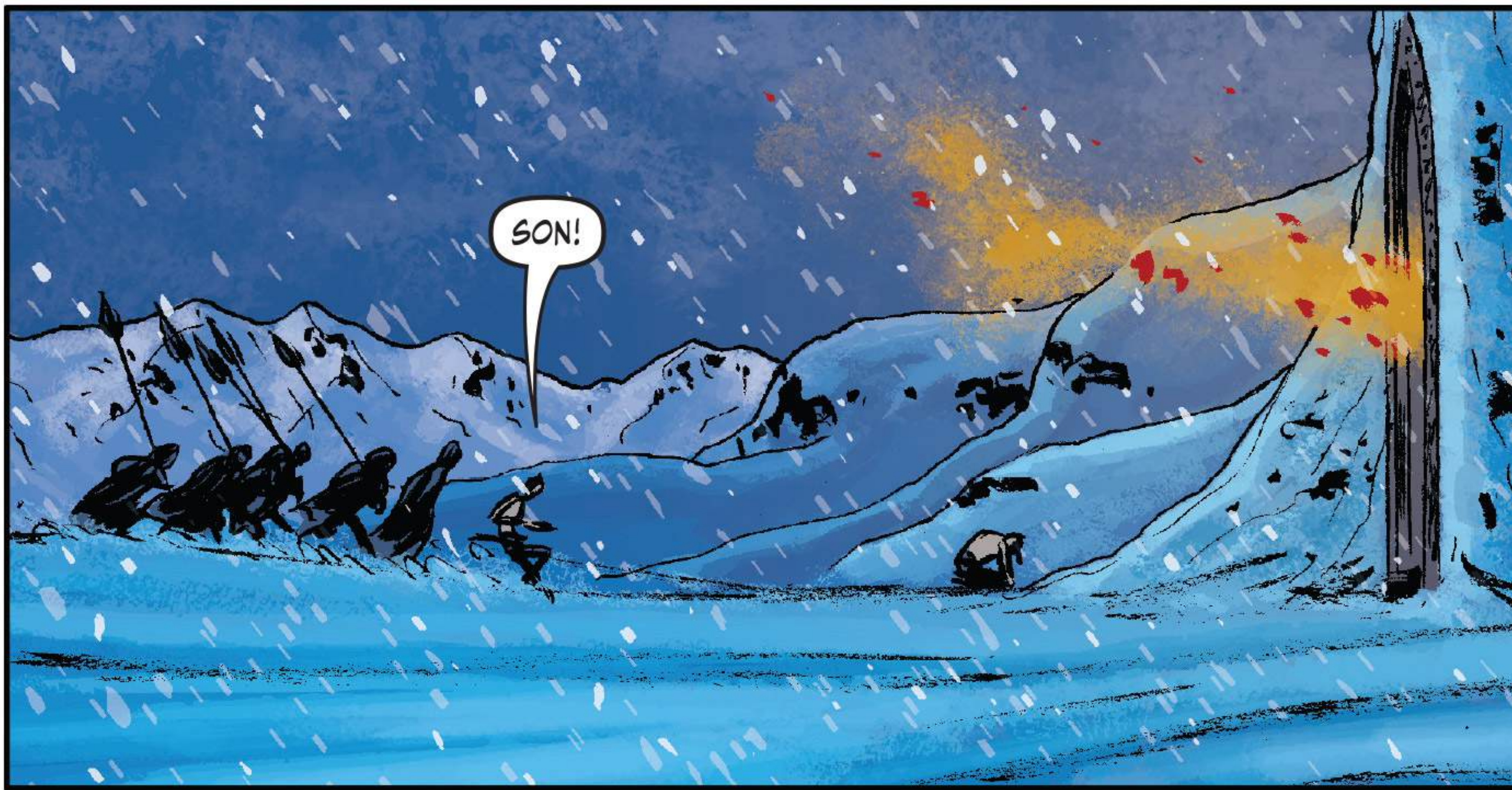


But the monster
turns and slithers
away, back to its
cave. It turns its
back on you...

...and you know why.
You know it in your heart.

It does not
find you
worthy.





For today is the day you realize...

...that when a warrior fights for his fate...he must be as willing to kill as he is to die. And today, Davos, you...

...have become a killer.







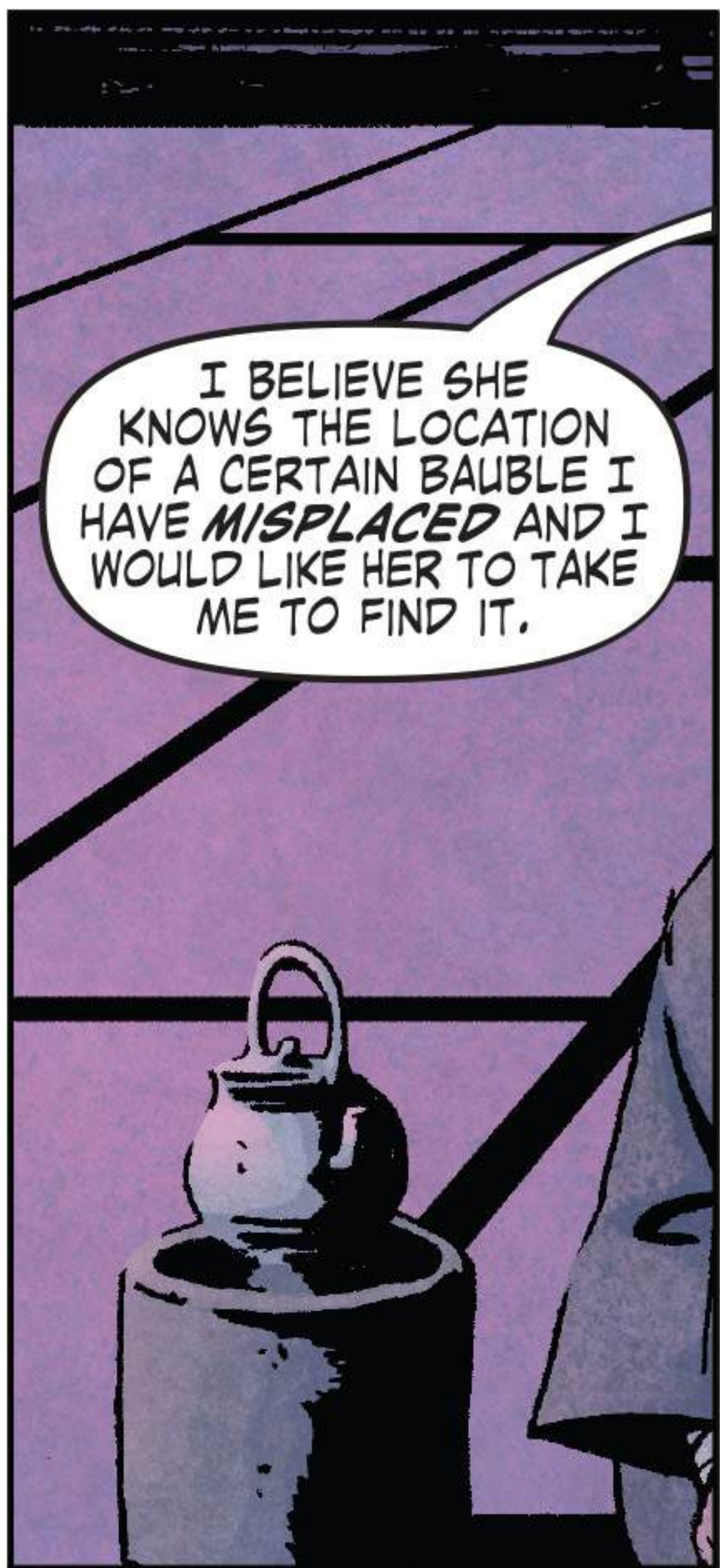
GOOD MORNING,
THUNDERER.



AND TO YOU,
AUGUST PERSONAGE
IN JADE. PLEASE,
ENTER.



IT ISN'T YOU I SEEK, LOYAL
THUNDERER, BUT RATHER
THIS *SERVANT GIRL*.



I BELIEVE SHE
KNOWS THE LOCATION
OF A CERTAIN BAUBLE I
HAVE *MISPLACED* AND I
WOULD LIKE HER TO TAKE
ME TO FIND IT.



...

I KNOW
OF NO BAUBLE,
MASTER.



SHE KNOWS
OF NO BAUBLE,
YU-TI.



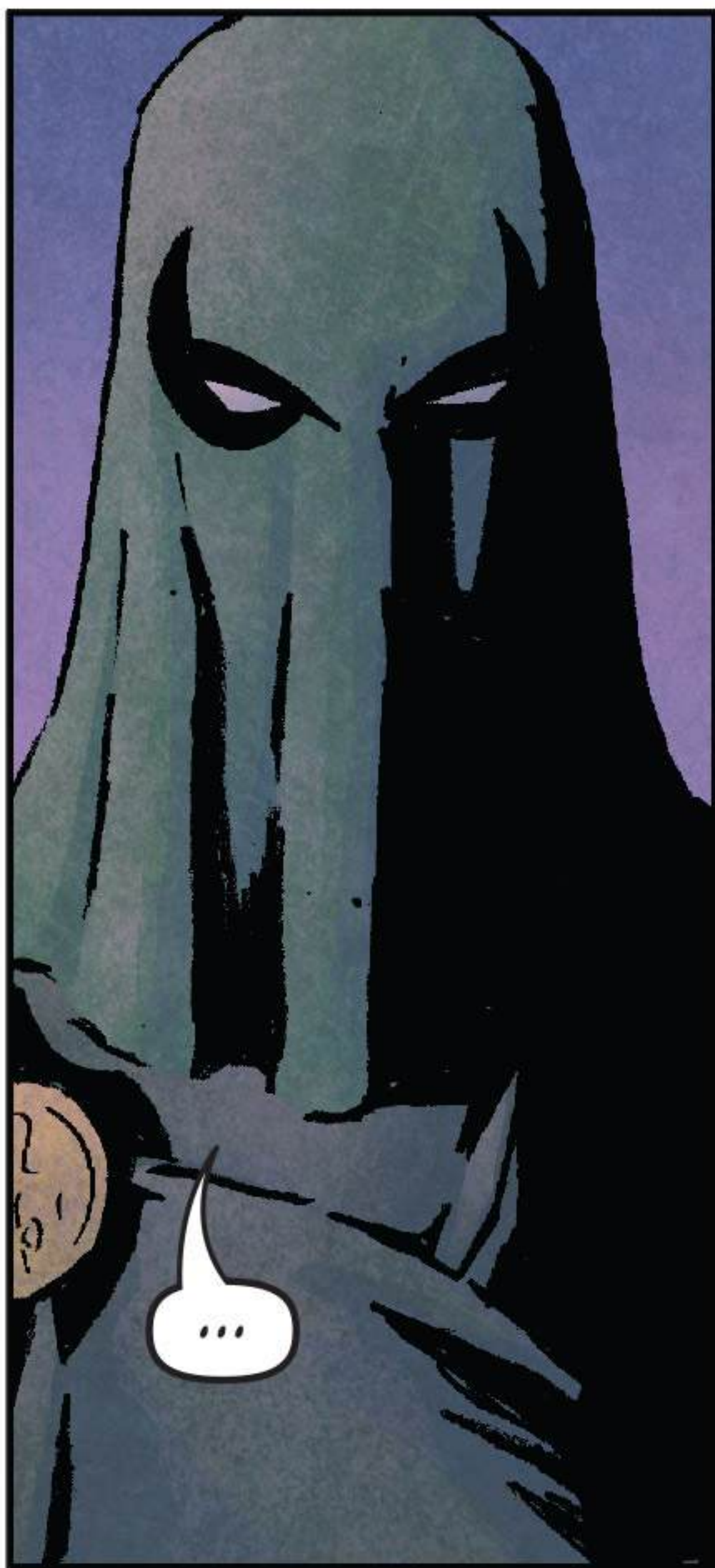
AND I AM
INCLINED TO BELIEVE
HER. SHE IS A
MOST FAITHFUL
HANDMAIDEN.



SHE IS
NEARLY ALWAYS
AT MY SIDE,
ATTENDING TO MY
EVERY NEED.



WHY JUST
THIS MORNING, SHE
HAS PREPARED MY
BREAKFAST AND TEA,
AND STRAIGHTENED MY
LIVING QUARTERS--ALL
UNDER MY EXACTING
SUPERVISION.

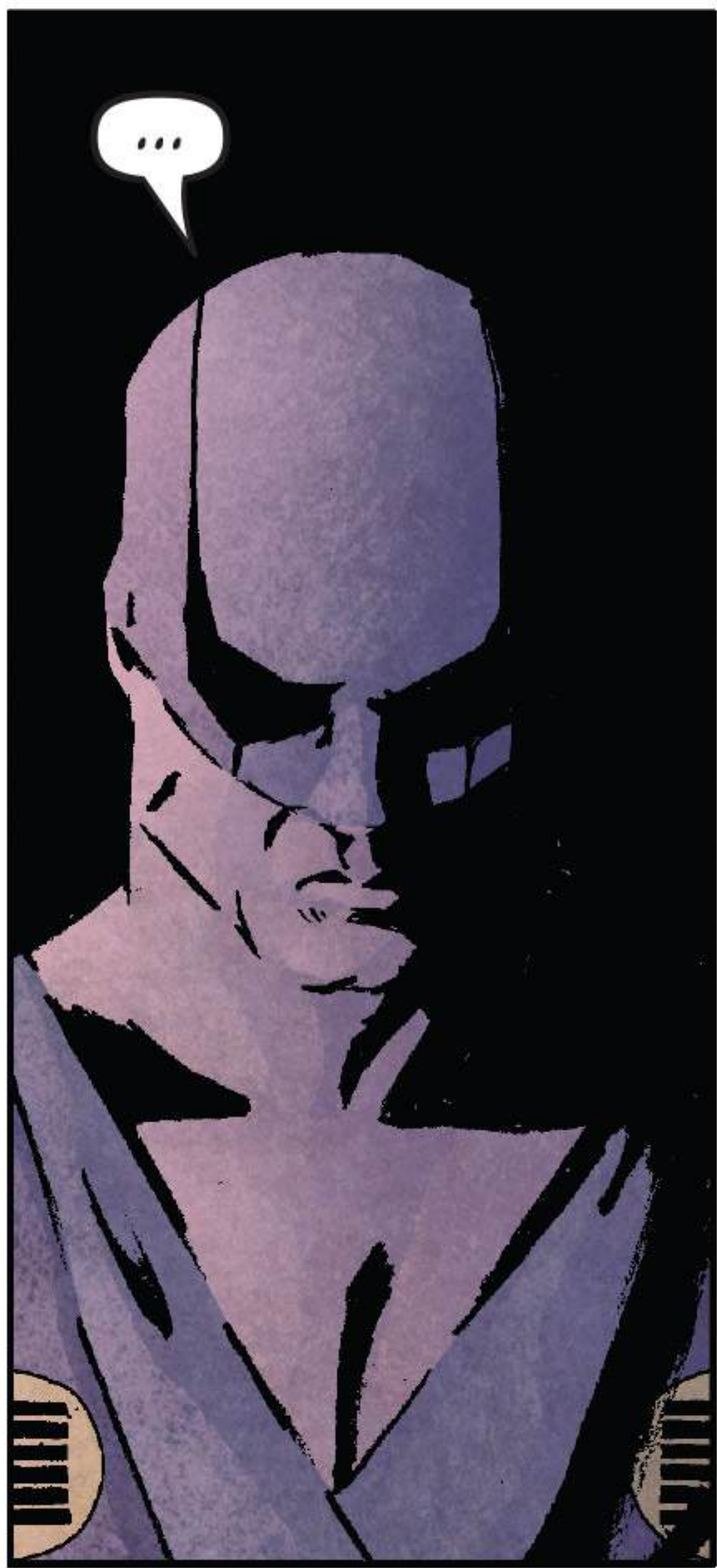


...



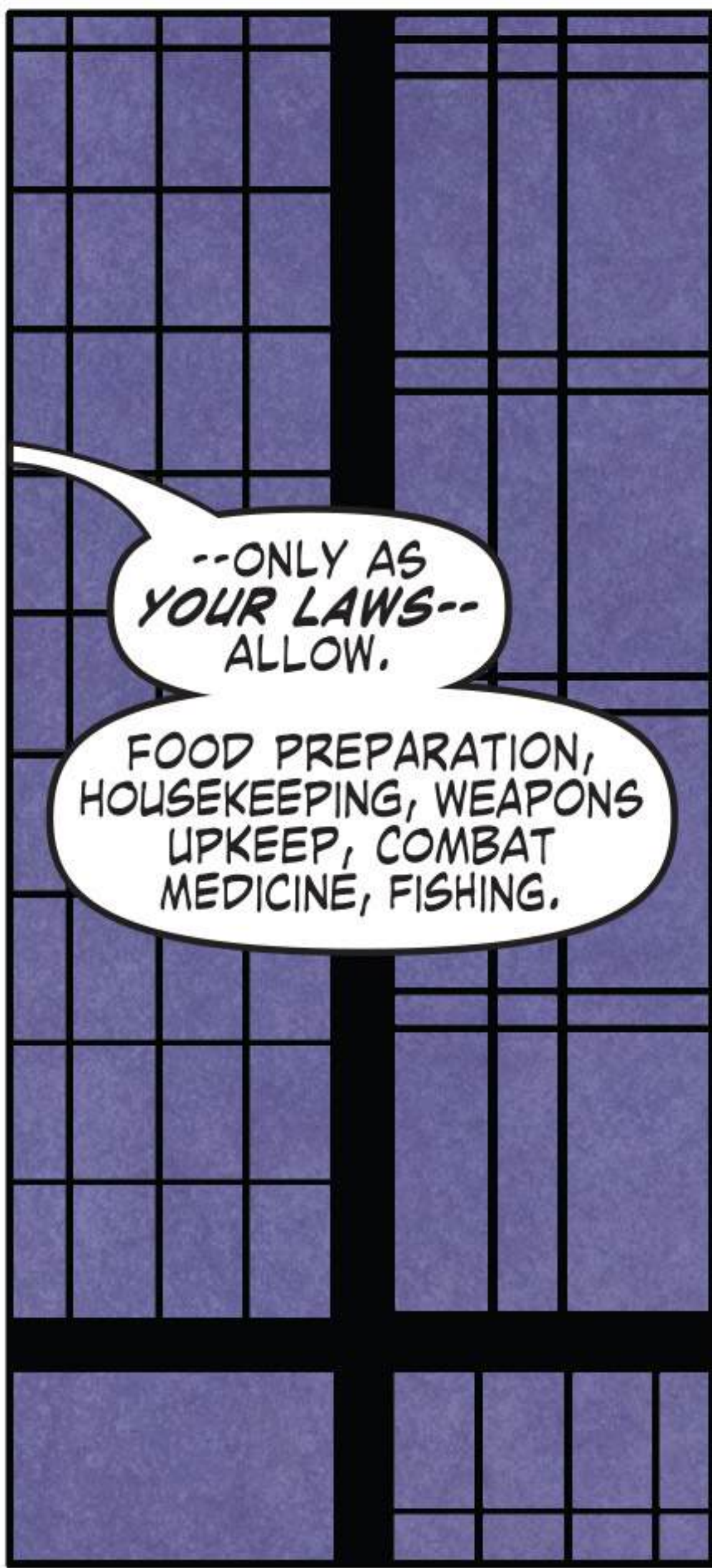
AND WHATEVER
DOES SHE GET UP
TO WHEN *NOT* UNDER
YOUR EXACTING
SUPERVISION?

LOYAL.
THUNDERER.



WHATEVER
DO YOU *MEAN*,
AUGUST PERSONAGE
IN JADE?

I HAVE
INSTRUCTED HER ONLY
AS THE LAWS OF
K'UN-LUN--



--ONLY AS
YOUR LAWS--
ALLOW.

FOOD PREPARATION,
HOUSEKEEPING, WEAPONS
UPKEEP, COMBAT
MEDICINE, FISHING.



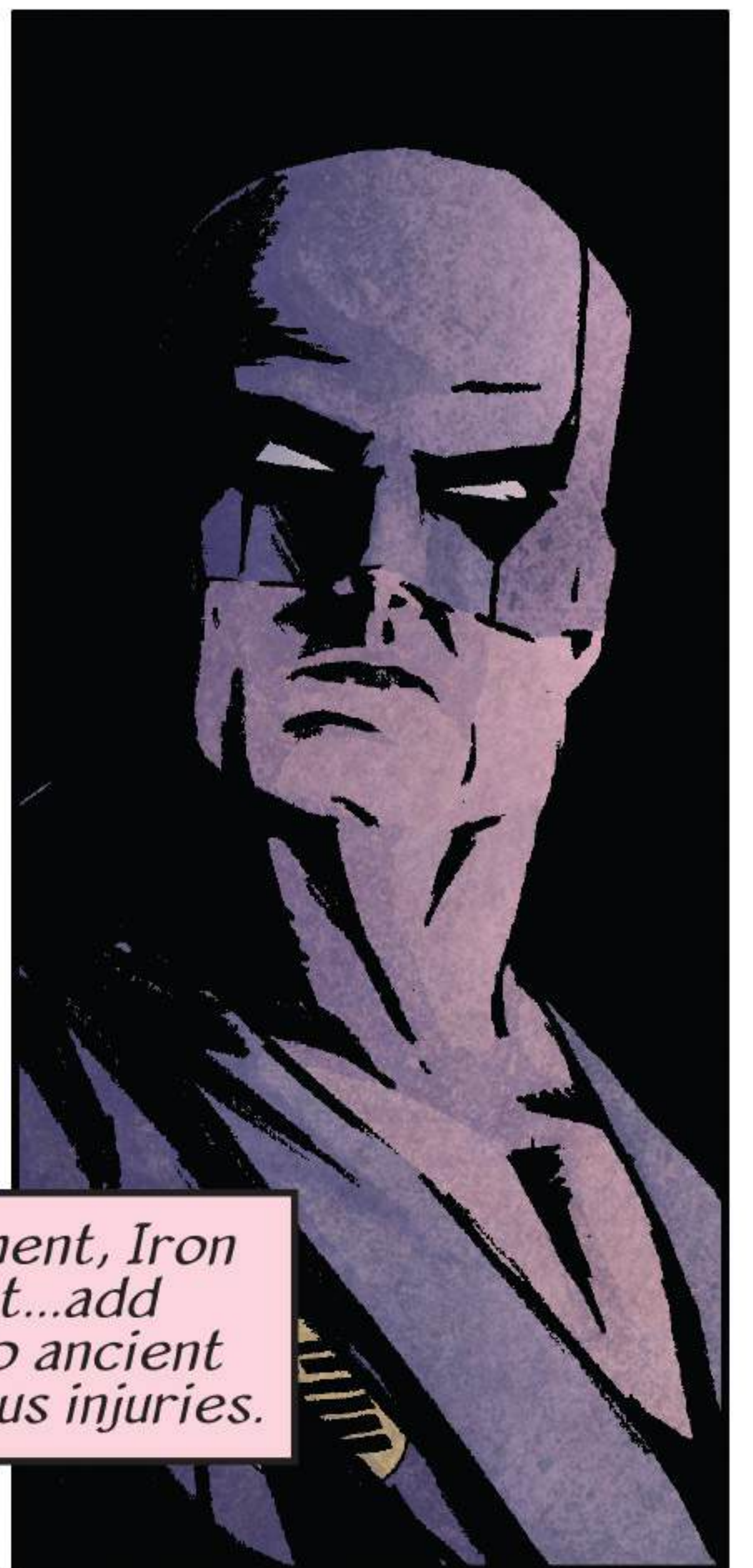
WHY
DO YOU IMPLY
OTHERWISE?



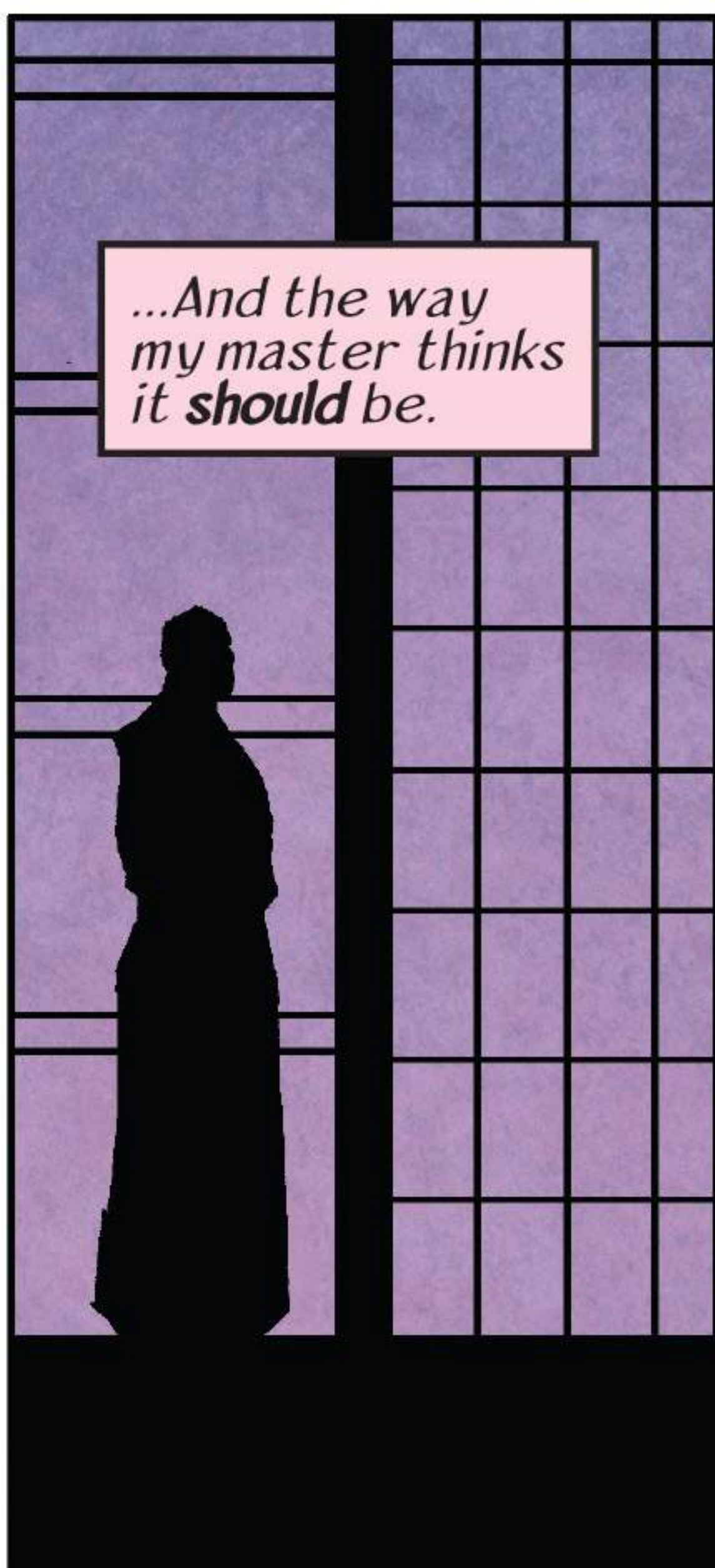
There is a *rift* in K'un-
Lun that threatens to
tear us all asunder.



The tournament, Iron
Fist's defeat...add
only insult to ancient
and poisonous injuries.



Long-seated tensions
between the way *it*
always has been...



...And the way
my master thinks
it *should* be.



Iron Fist...wherever
you are...



Your home *needs*
you to stop it from
ripping itself apart.





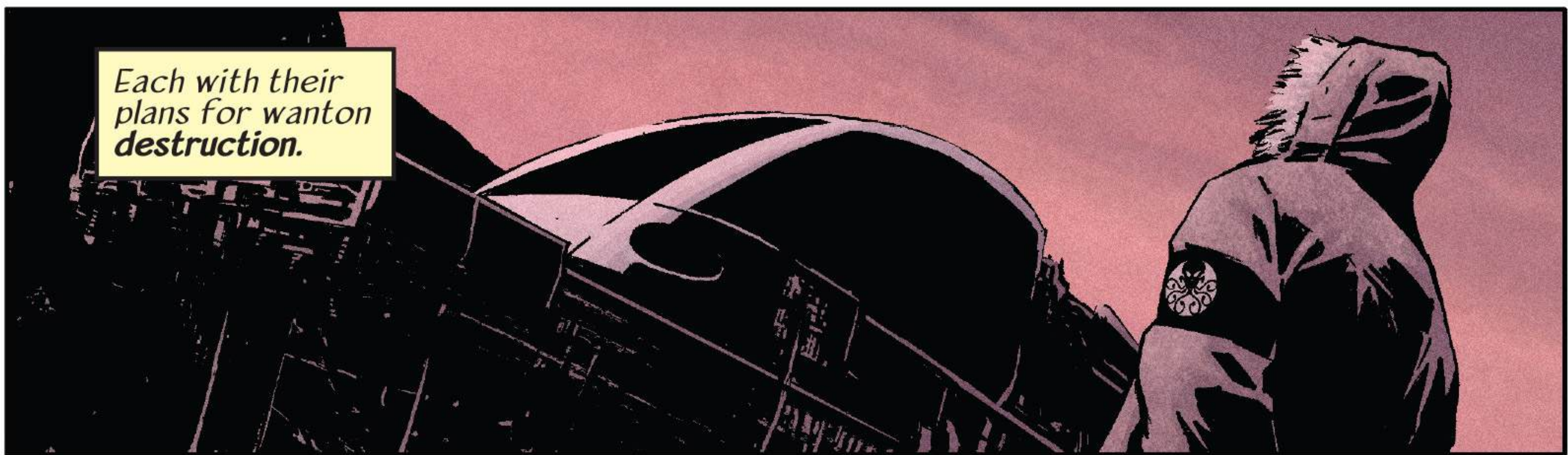


My "plan." More like a **Hail Mary.**

A prayer that stretches across two worlds...



Each with its share of madmen...



Each with their plans for wanton **destruction.**



The first step is gathering all the actors on stage...

THUNDERER.
AUGUST PERSONAGE
IN JADE.

GOOD
MORNING.



DANIEL RAND!

IRON FIST--
WHERE HAVE--
WE WERE--

WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?



HEALING.
MEDITATING.
YOU KNOW HOW
IT IS.

WHY,
MASTER?

WHAT
HAVE *YOU* BEEN
UP TO?

鐵拳
12拳

The 七 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

五

Round 5



K'un-Lun. Many years ago.

Your name is Wendell Rand, and you've been awake since **before dawn**, meditating as the scriptures dictate.

You meditate on the task at hand and the day ahead, trying desperately to silence the voices in your head.

Like some kind of dandy or courtesan, you are attended to and dressed.

Not a stitch is out of place; this, too, is prescribed by the scriptures.

And still the voices-- the **voice**--continues.

No one understands the ridiculousness of this absurd pageantry better than **you**, Wendell Rand.

You, orphan.
You, adventurer.

You, **outworlder**.

Your life is not one of ceremony and tradition. And yet...

These men who have taken you in...

Tu-An, august and venerated; his son and heir, Nu-An...

Your teacher, Lei Kung, the Thunderer...

Are they nothing if not made of history and ritual? Are their laws **not** immutable?

They chant, recite, drone--

All of it an arcane preamble to
your **destiny**, ever nearer now.

You cannot actually
feel the cold you
try to block out.

You're too
scared now
to feel
anything.

The crush and crunch
of snow beneath your
toes is a metronome
ticking away the last
of your tomorrows.

And then you feel
the earth rumble
beneath your feet.

(The voice doesn't stop, even now.)

You have run around the world and back, Wendell Rand, pursuing nothing else but this moment.



This should be your moment of absolute triumph.



But rather than stand before it like a conqueror, you are haunted by voices--

--by a voice, very specific now--



--that you have struggled to smother and strike from your memory.

K'UN-LUN
WILL KILL YOU. YOU CAN
NEVER BE THE IMMORTAL
IRON FIST. IF YOU TRY,
YOU WILL **DIE**.



And was Orson Randall right?



Why are you hesitating? Destiny awaits.

K'un-Lun. Now.

NU-AN WAS **ALWAYS** CORRUPT. THE PLEASURES OF THE WORLD OF MEN HAVE LONG INTOXICATED HIM, EVEN BEFORE HIS FATHER DIED.

EVEN BEFORE **PHINEAS RANDALL** SHATTERED THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER THAT SEPARATES EARTH FROM K'UN-LUN.

THUS AS NU-AN BECAME THE NEW YU-TI, OUR MONARCH BECAME A TYRANT.

OF COURSE, THE PREVIOUS YU-TI THOUGHT "THE MACHINE" AN ABOMINATION. BUT HIS SON...

...WANTED IT MADE AND OPERATED IN **SECRET** AND HE PAID RANDALL TO DO IT.

THE ROOT OF MY FAMILY'S FORTUNE WAS THE **RANDALL FORTUNE**. AND THAT CAME FROM K'UN-LUN.

INDEED. RANDALL LEFT HIS OWN SON BEHIND. **GENIUS** OFTENTIMES HIDES A **BASTARD'S DISPOSITION**.

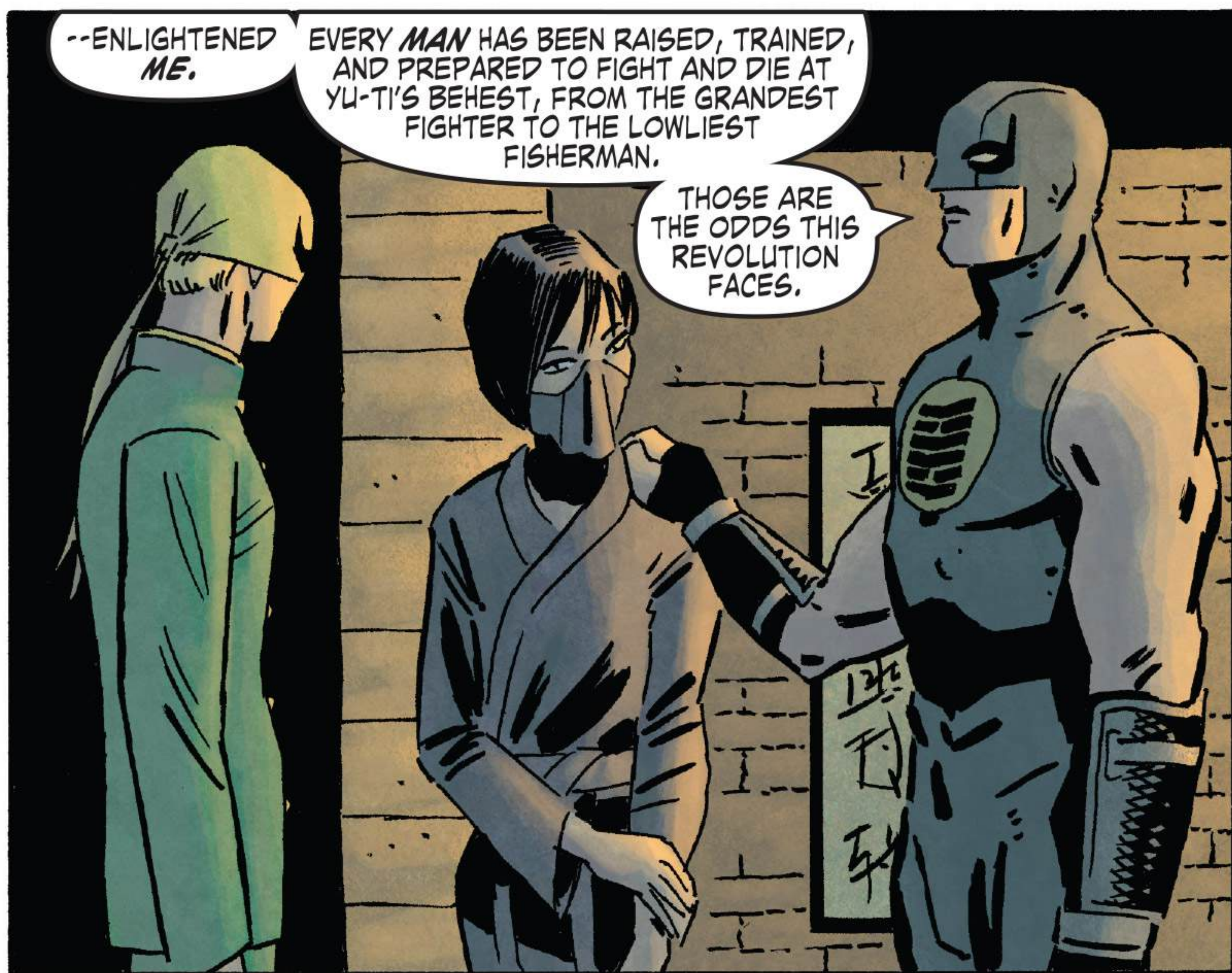
A SCHISM HAS LONG BEEN COMING, DIVIDING K'UN-LUN BETWEEN THE WAY THINGS **ARE...** AND THE WAY THINGS **COULD** BE.

WE ARE A PARADISE FILLED WITH HALF-CITIZENS AND LAWS THAT PUT OUR TYRANT RULER ABOVE ALL.

NO MORE.

YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT **REVOLUTION**, MASTER. YOU'D NEED AN **ARMY**.

HNN. QUITE.





IT GETS A LITTLE
WORSE, MASTER--A
MADMAN ON **EARTH**
NAMED XAO--

HE'S FIGURED
OUT A WAY TO RIP THE
DIMENSIONAL GATE OPEN
AND I BELIEVE HE'S
GOING TO DESTROY
K'UN-LUN.



I'LL WORRY
ABOUT SAVING K'UN-LUN
FROM **WITHIN**, AND **YOU**
WORRY ABOUT SAVING IT
FROM **WITHOUT**.

AND
LET US HOPE THE
GREATEST PARTS OF
OUR DESTINIES HAVE
NOT YET BEEN
WRITTEN.



I CAME
HERE TO FIGHT IN A
KUNG-FU TOURNAMENT,
AND INSTEAD I FIND
MYSELF IN A
REVOLUTION.



HISTORY
DOES NOT ASK
PERMISSION WHEN IT
DECIDES TO CHANGE
COURSE.

COME NOW,
IRON FIST. LET US
GO TO THE TOURNAMENT...
AND PRETEND THIS EPOCH
IS NOT ABOUT TO REND
ITSELF ASUNDER.



The Heart of Heaven:

AND SO, MOST HONORED IMMORTAL WEAPONS, WITH THE FIRST ROUND OF COMBAT COMPLETED, WE NOW TURN TO THE FIRST MATCH OF ROUND TWO.

WHERE THE FIRST AND FOREMOST OF US ALL, THE PRINCE OF ORPHANS, FIGHTS THE FIRST VICTOR, FAT COB--

WAIT.



AH...YES?

YES SIR? DID I SPEAK INCORRECTLY? HAVE I OFFENDED YOU, SOMEHOW?



NO, DOG BROTHER #1. YOU SPEAK WITH THE VERVE AND BRIO OF A NATURAL BORN BARKER.

BUT IF IT WOULD PLEASE THE ASSEMBLED... AND MY HONORED OPPONENT...



I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE A RATHER UNORTHODOX SHIFTING OF THE FIGHT SEQUENCING.

SEEING THE LAST ROUND OF COMBAT...



...SEEING THE FIRE AND VIOLENCE THAT WERE UNLEASHED...



...MADE ME EAGER TO FACE IT MYSELF.

I WISH NOT TO COMBAT FAT COBRA--NO OFFENSE TO YOU, FINE SIR--BUT RATHER DAVOS.



STEEL PHOENIX.

AND OF COURSE, I ACCEPT.



VERY WELL,
THEN! A SPECIAL
SURPRISE!

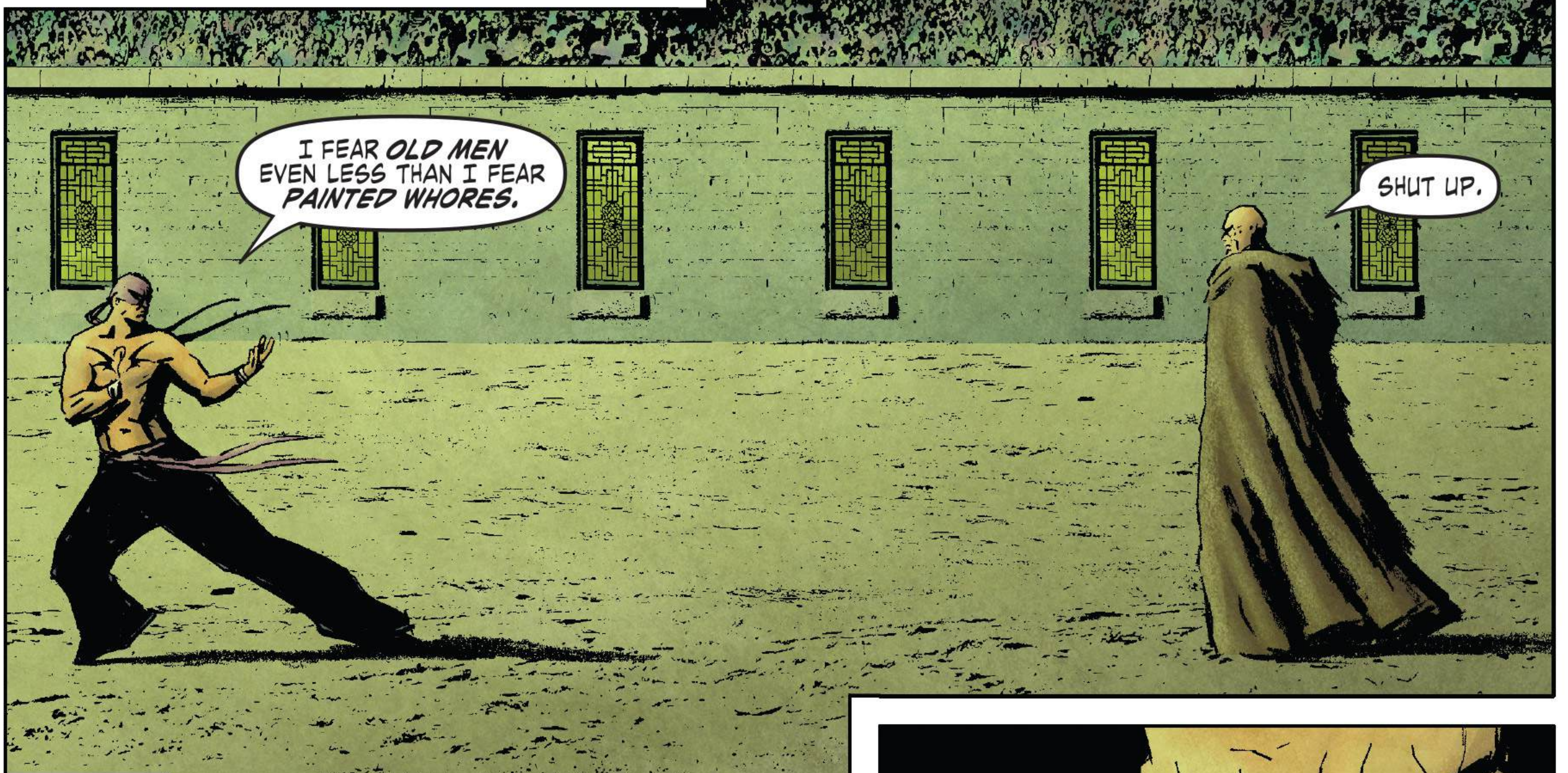
THE
PRINCE OF ORPHANS
AGAINST--*STEEL*
PHOENIX!

BRING ME
MY WENCHES OF
WAITING!



DON'T THINK
THAT BECAUSE YOU ARE A
VENERATED *ELDER* I WILL
SHOW YOU MERCIES THAT
ESCAPED TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER.

猴



I FEAR OLD MEN
EVEN LESS THAN I FEAR
PAINTED WHORES.

SHUT UP.

鶴



CHILD.





BBBLLURRK

FNAAKOOOM



BRRAAAHH!
GAAA!

TTTHHOW
YETTTHELLLF!



GRRRAAAHH--!



GUH.

GUH.

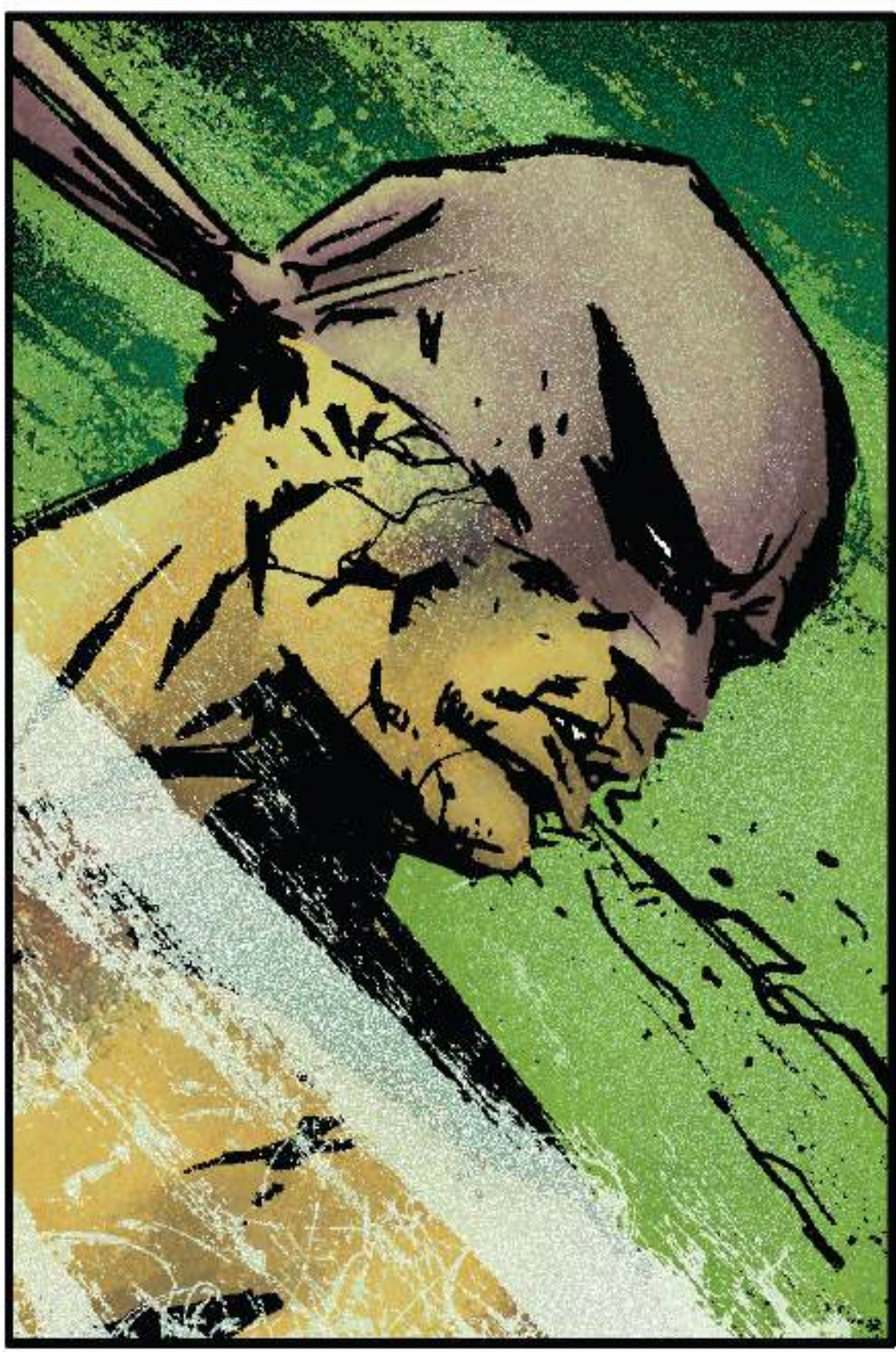


THIS IS A
TOURNAMENT,
CHILD.

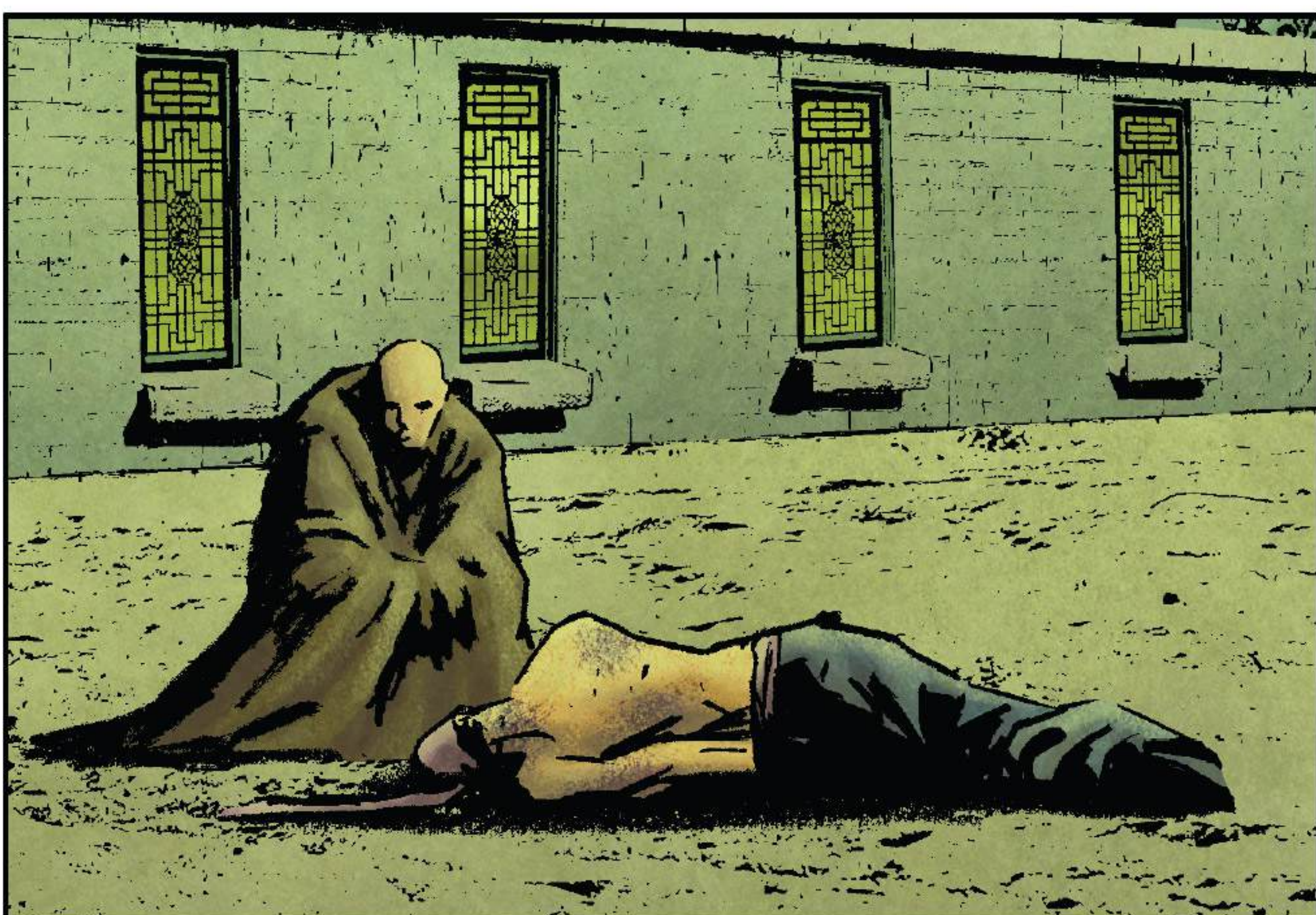
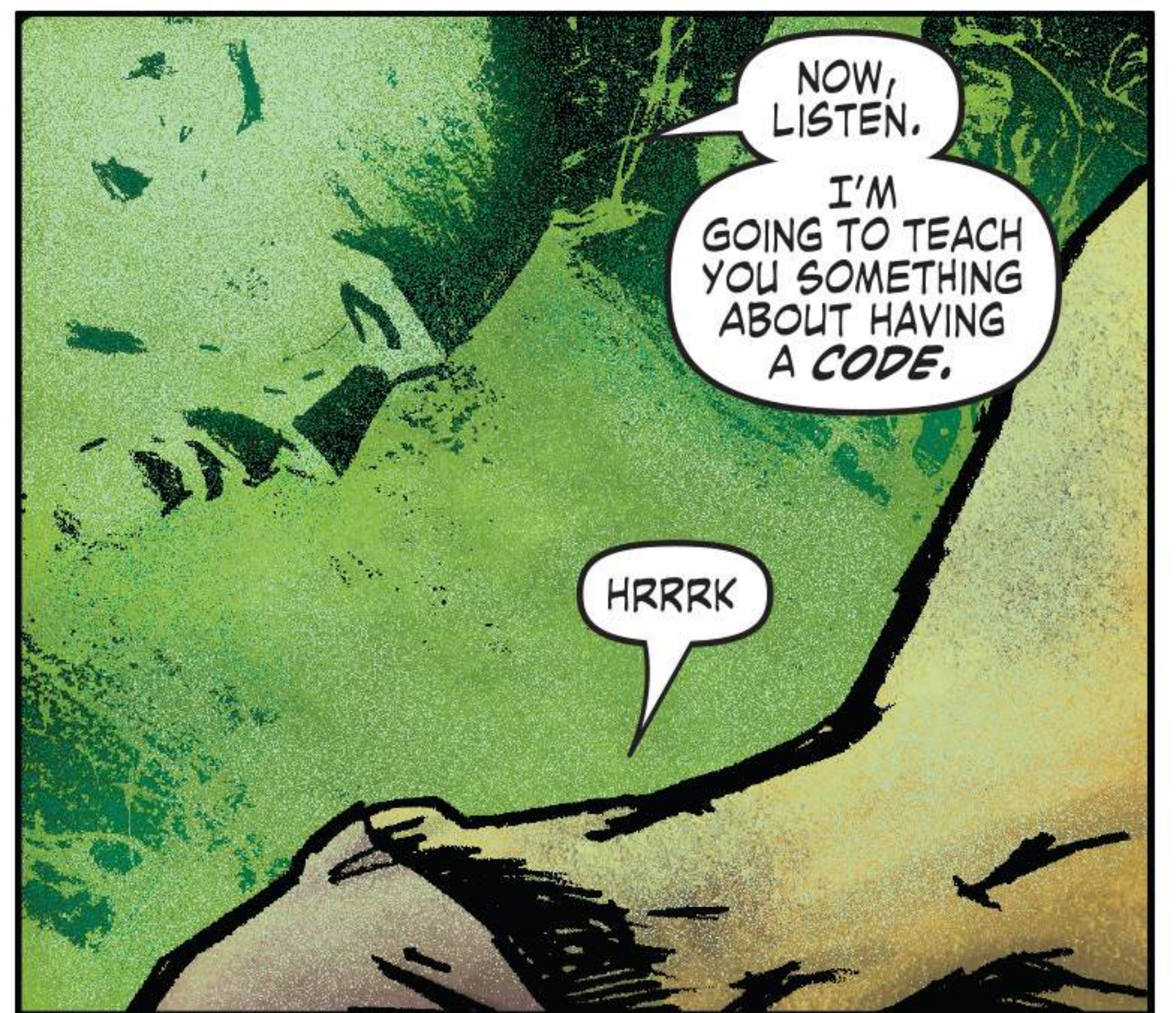


AND MEN LIKE
OURSELVES ARE
NOTHING WITHOUT
RULES.

GURRRH?



JAWSNAPPER IN TWILIGHT









FRIENDS
DON'T LET FRIENDS
TAKE ON THE WHOLE OF
HYDRA *SOLO*.

#&@#&@'N
DANNY!



COME ON,
LUKE...WE'VE GOTTEN
OUT OF *TOUGHER*
SCRAPES.



YEAH,
COLLEEN, I KNOW
WE'VE GOTTEN OUT
OF *TOUGHER*--

--JUST NOT
ANY *COLDER*. I CAN'T
FEEL MY DAMN TOES
ANYMORE.



HOW MANY MORE
OF THESE GUYS CAN
THERE *BE*? WE'VE GOTTA
ALMOST BE THROUGH
THEM, RIGHT?

I MEAN,
HOW MUCH WORSE
CAN THIS GET?



MISTY...



...SHUT UP.

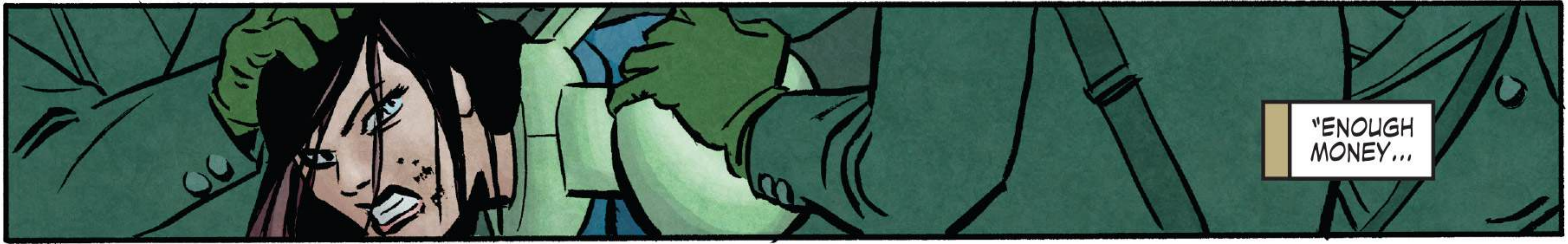


"YOU CAN OVERCOME *ANYTHING* IF YOU THROW BIG ENOUGH NUMBERS AT IT.

"WITH A MIND TO *SACRIFICE*, YOU CAN OVERCOME ANYTHING AT ALL.



"HAVING THE WILL TO SACRIFICE ENOUGH TIME...



"ENOUGH MONEY...



"OR ENOUGH MANPOWER..."



...YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH WHATEVER YOU *WISH*.

PLEASE, MR. CAGE, MS. WING, MS. KNIGHT, FORGIVE THE RIDICULOUSNESS OF YOUR RESTRAINTS, BUT AS YOU'RE ALL SO VERY *TALENTED* WITH YOUR ARMS, I'VE DECIDED TO REMOVE YOUR ABILITY TO USE THEM.

I'D OFFER YOU *COCOA* OTHERWISE.

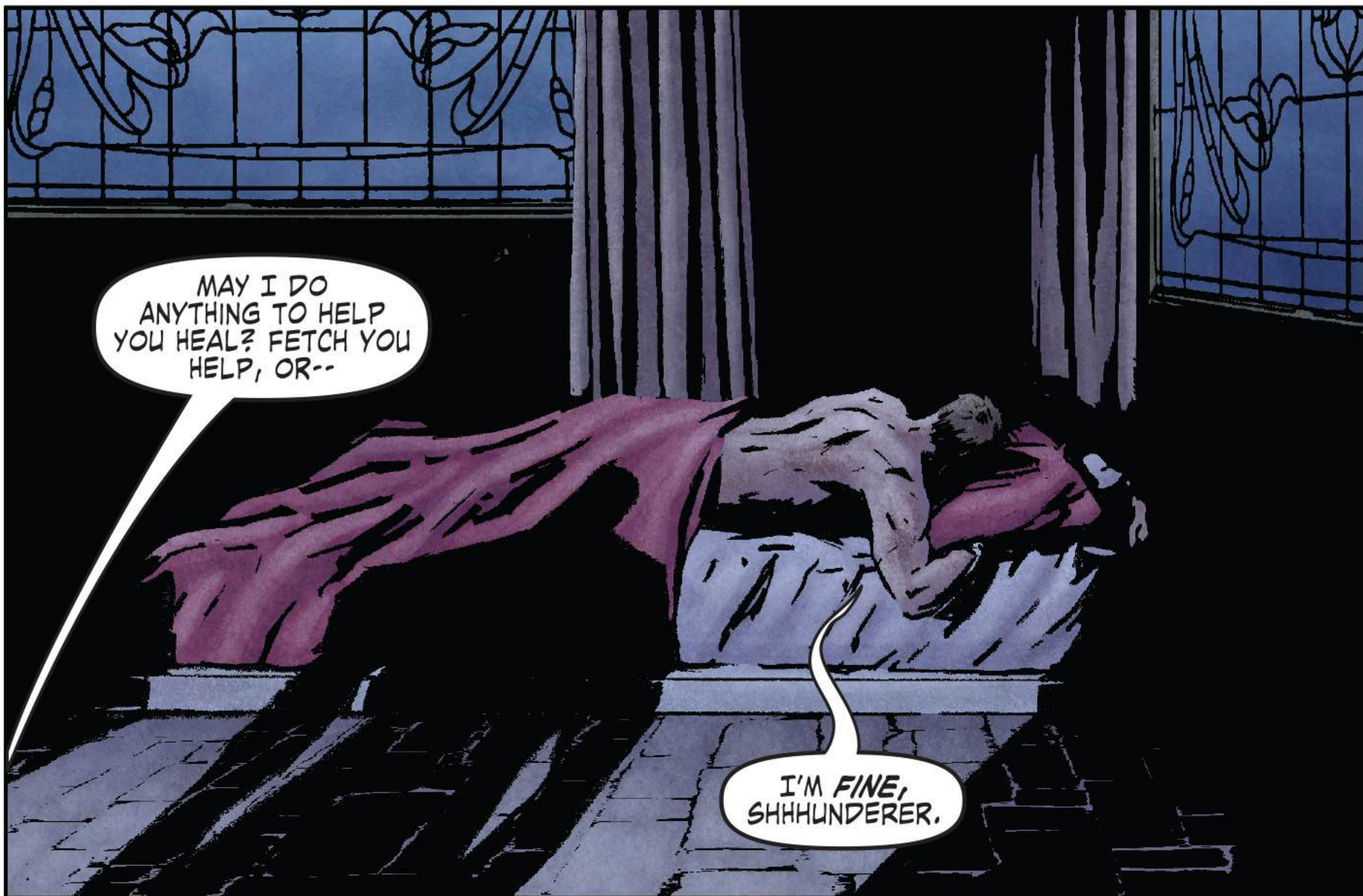
MY NAME IS MR. XAO AND YOU ARE MY *PRISONERS*.





DAVOS?

SON?



MAY I DO
ANYTHING TO HELP
YOU HEAL? FETCH YOU
HELP, OR--

I'M *FINE*,
SHHHUNDERER.



WELL,
ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT*,
MY SON? THE PRINCE
OF ORPH--

DON'T.



DON'T YOU
DARE SHHHAY
HISH NAME.



SON--
YOU *KNOW* WHAT'S
COMING. FOR K'UN-LUN...
FOR ALL OF US.

AND I NEED TO
KNOW THAT-- WHEN THE
BLOOD STARTS TO RUN--
ON WHOSE SIDE WILL
YOU STAND?



OH, FASSHER.

THE SHHAME
SHIDE I'M
ALWAYSH ON.

MINE.
NOW *LEAVE ME*
TO HEAL.

And what did you do, Wendell Rand, when you turned away from destiny?

DAVOS...

...I COULDN'T DO IT, DAVOS.

I GOT TO THE DOORS OF THE CAVE...

I COULD FEEL HIM...FEEL HIM *MOVE* BENEATH MY FEET.

BUT ALL I COULD HEAR WERE MY OLD MENTOR'S WORDS...

...AND ALL I COULD SEE WAS WHAT THE DRAGON HAD DONE TO YOU, DAVOS...

You went looking for your *friend*.

THE IRON FIST... IT'S A *POISON*, DAVOS...

...SO, I TURNED AWAY...

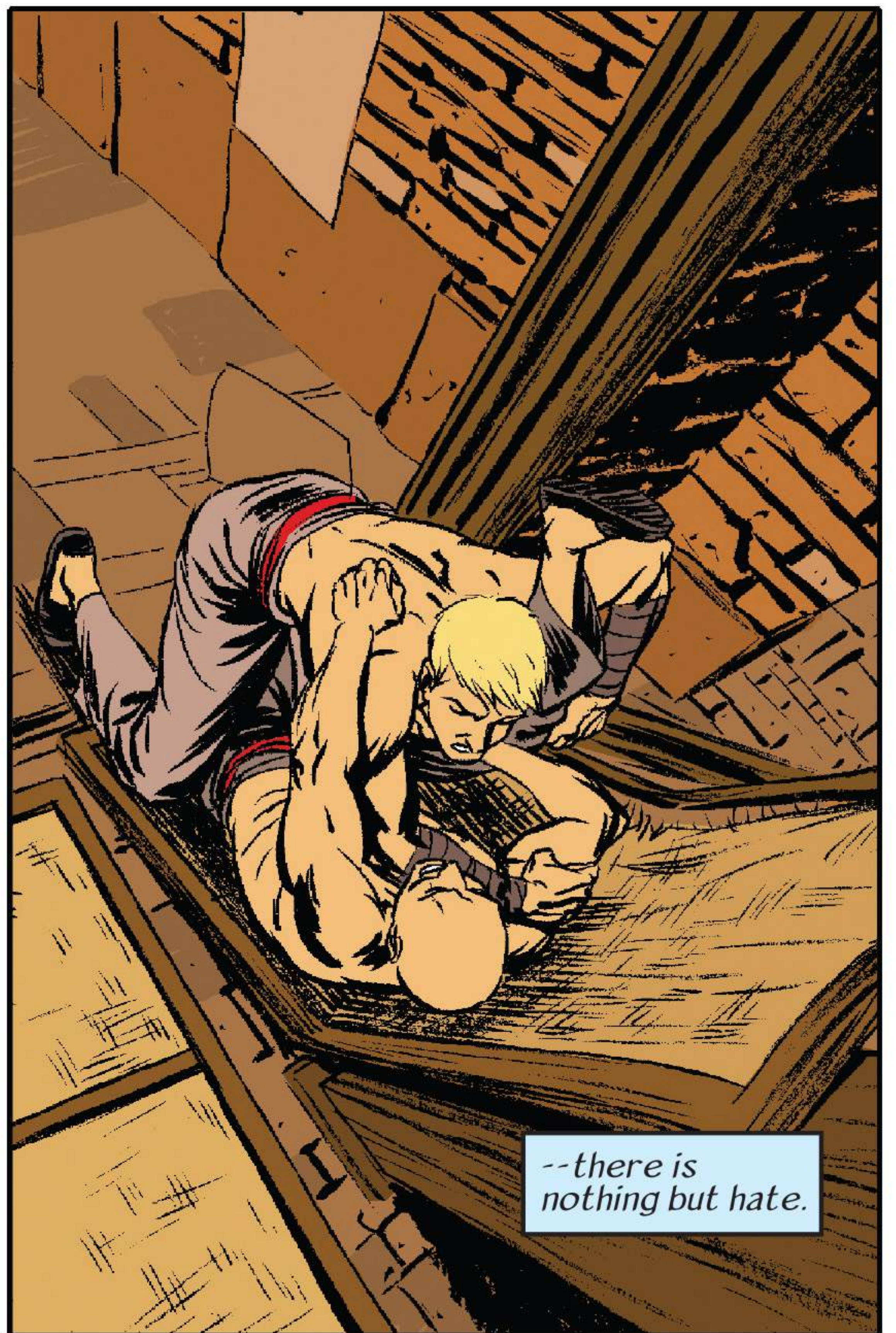
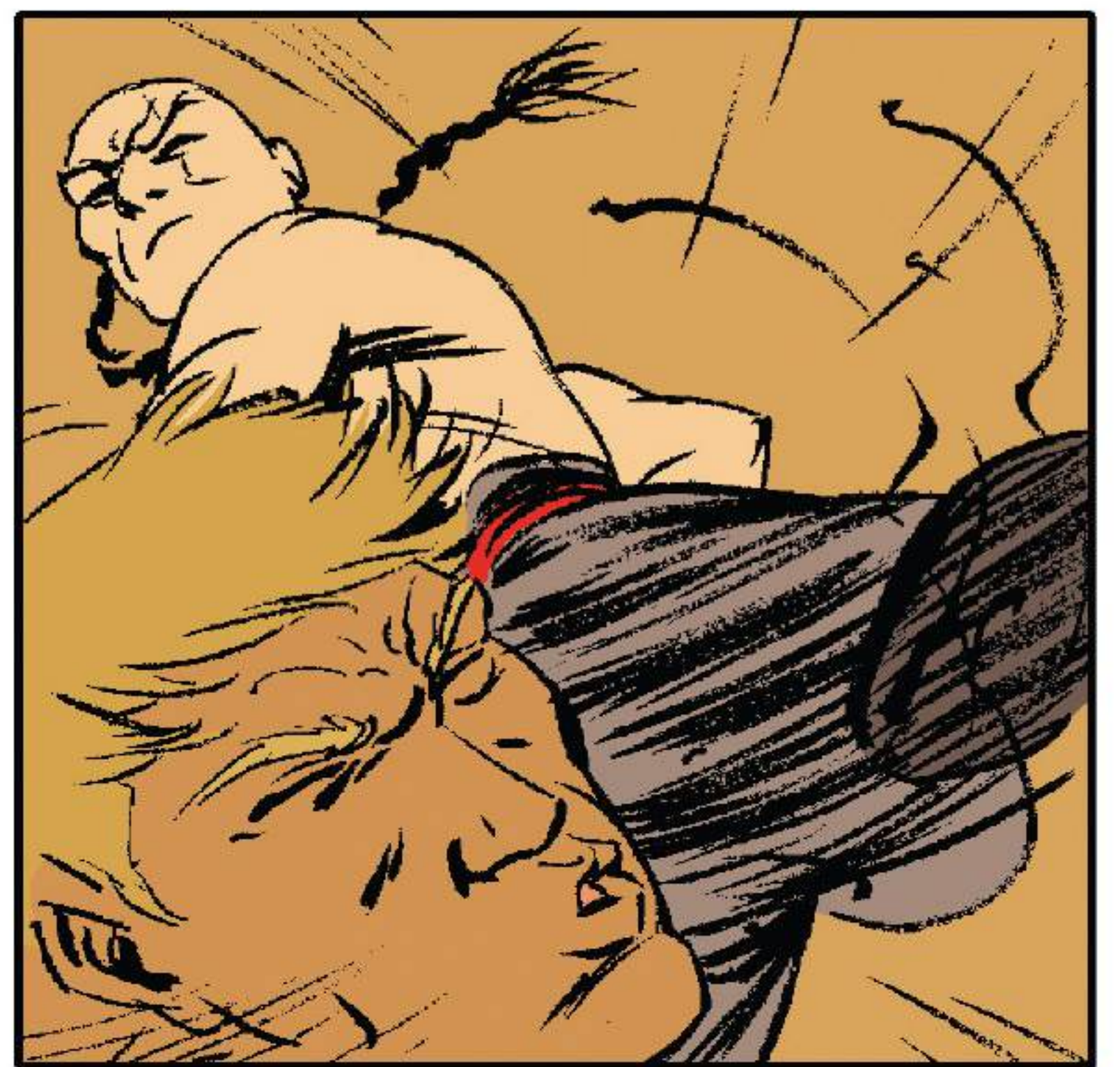
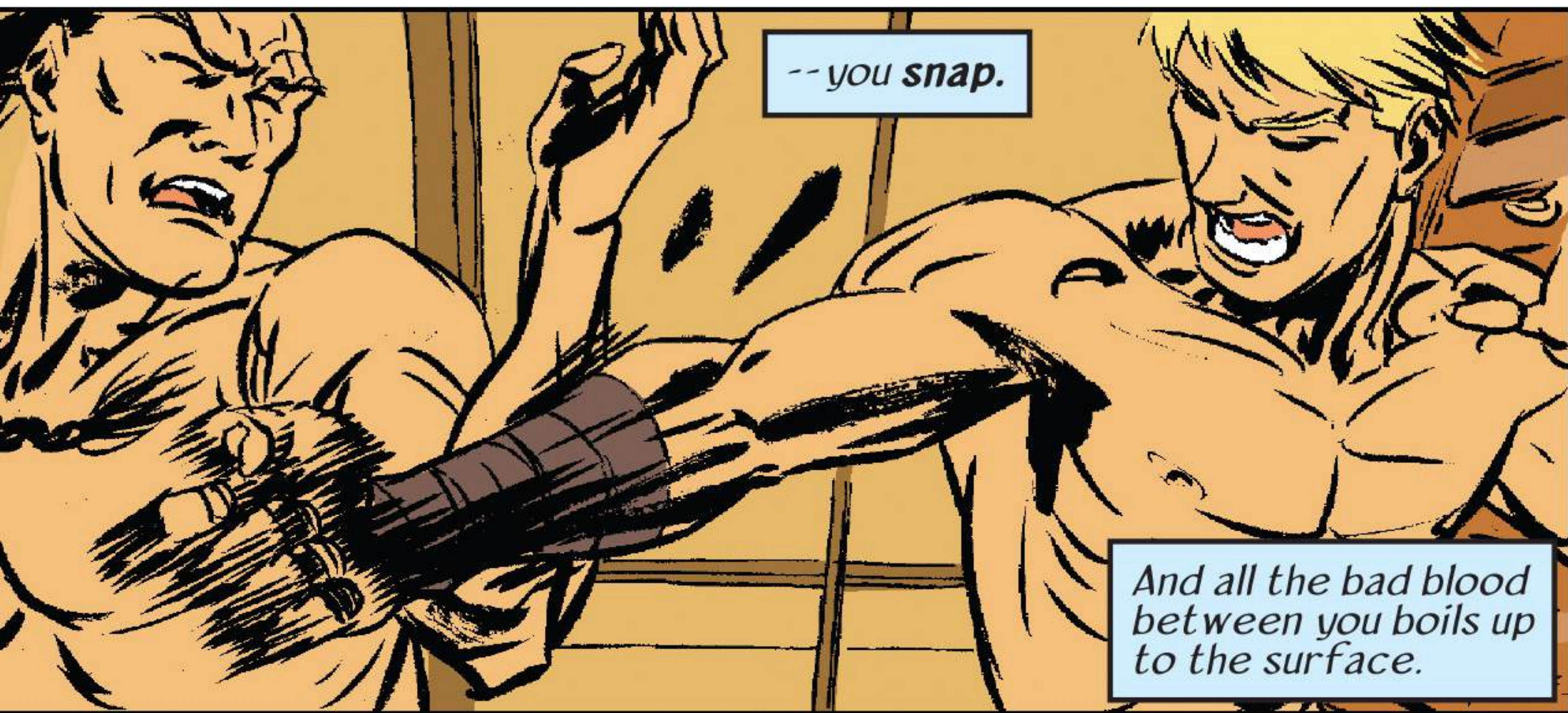
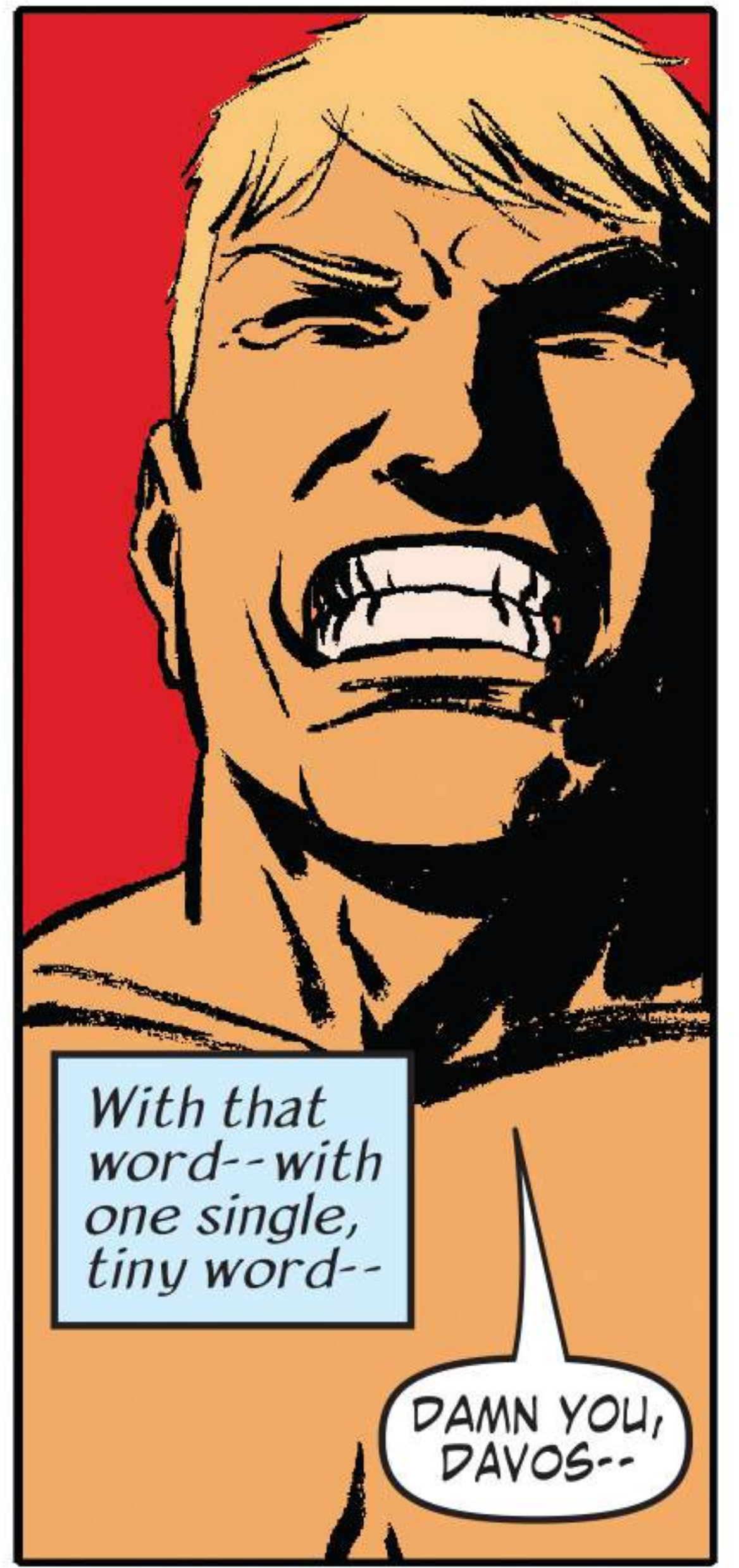
DAVOS?

SAY SOMETHING.

YOU--

--YOU RAN?!?

HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HA!



Hate that will eat you alive.

KILL YOU, I'LL--

IT SHOULD'VE BEEN *ME*--

IT SHOULD'VE--

GRRRRAAA--

≡WWWLLUFF≡

YOU--YOU HAVEN'T EARNED *ANY* OF THIS.

YOU BREEZE INTO MY WORLD AND JUST--YOU JUST *TAKE* AND *TAKE* THESE THINGS, THESE THINGS YOU HAVE NOT *EARNED* OR *WORKED FOR*--

Hate that has already destroyed one of you.

This is *not* the life you want.

You know that now.

DON'T YOU *DARE*--

--DON'T YOU DARE TURN YOUR BACK AND RUN--

--COME BACK AND *FIGHT*!

NO.

And with that one simple word, Wendell Rand...

...you are *free*.

On this night, as K'un-Lun makes its once-a-decade intersection with Earth, you decide to be free.



WHEN YOU'RE FREE, I WONDER--
--WHAT WILL YOU DO?



ANYTHING I LIKE, IRON FIST.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN BY **FREEDOM**.

YOU FOUND MY FATHER'S **LIFE STORY**, YES? YOU FOUND HIS **BIOGRAPHER**?



I DID.

AND YOU READ IT?

SOME OF IT.

IT'S AN ENTIRE **LIBRARY** DEDICATED TO HIS EXPLOITS. ORSON LED A...



ORSON LED A VERY **RICH** LIFE. BUT I READ ENOUGH.

YOU **PREPARED** FOR THE BATTLE ROYALE, THOUGH, RIGHT?

YOU **STUDIED YOUR FOES**. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU--



I DID.

I EVEN STUDIED MY FRIENDS.



I AM NOT SURE I FOLLOW.







DANIEL RAND.



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D COME.

I THOUGHT MAYBE MY LITTLE STUNT AT THE FEAST SCARED YOU AWAY.

YOU DON'T KNOW THOSE PEOPLE. YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU CAN TRUST.

BUT HOW DID YOU *KNOW* TO TRUST *ME*... ?



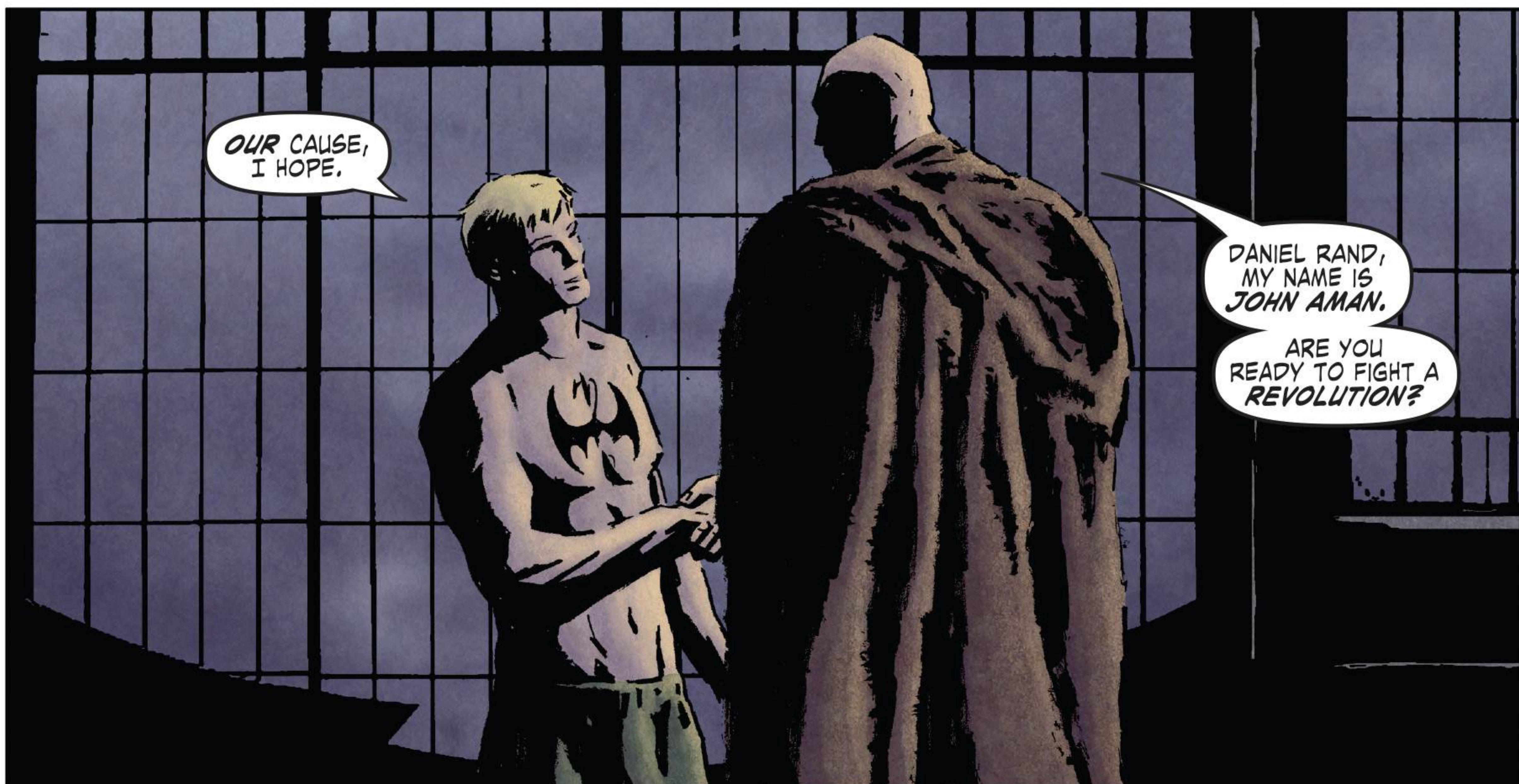
I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT THE *LIFE AND TIMES OF ORSON RANDALL.*

YOU *POP UP* FROM TIME TO TIME.



IT WAS *HE* WHO TOLD ME TO COME TO YOU BEARING THE MARK OF THE *THUNDERER.*

THAT IT WOULD ANNOUNCE MY ALLEGIANCE TO YOUR CAUSE.



OUR CAUSE, I HOPE.

DANIEL RAND, MY NAME IS *JOHN AMAN.*

ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT A *REVOLUTION?*

鐵拳
13

The 7 Capital Cities of Heaven

六
Round 6

The  Capital
Cities
of Heaven

六

七曜
二鶴
七猴
四龜
五蜘蛛
六狗
三虎
龍
一

天地

龍
狗
龜
虎
猴
鶴

K'un-Lun. Many years ago.

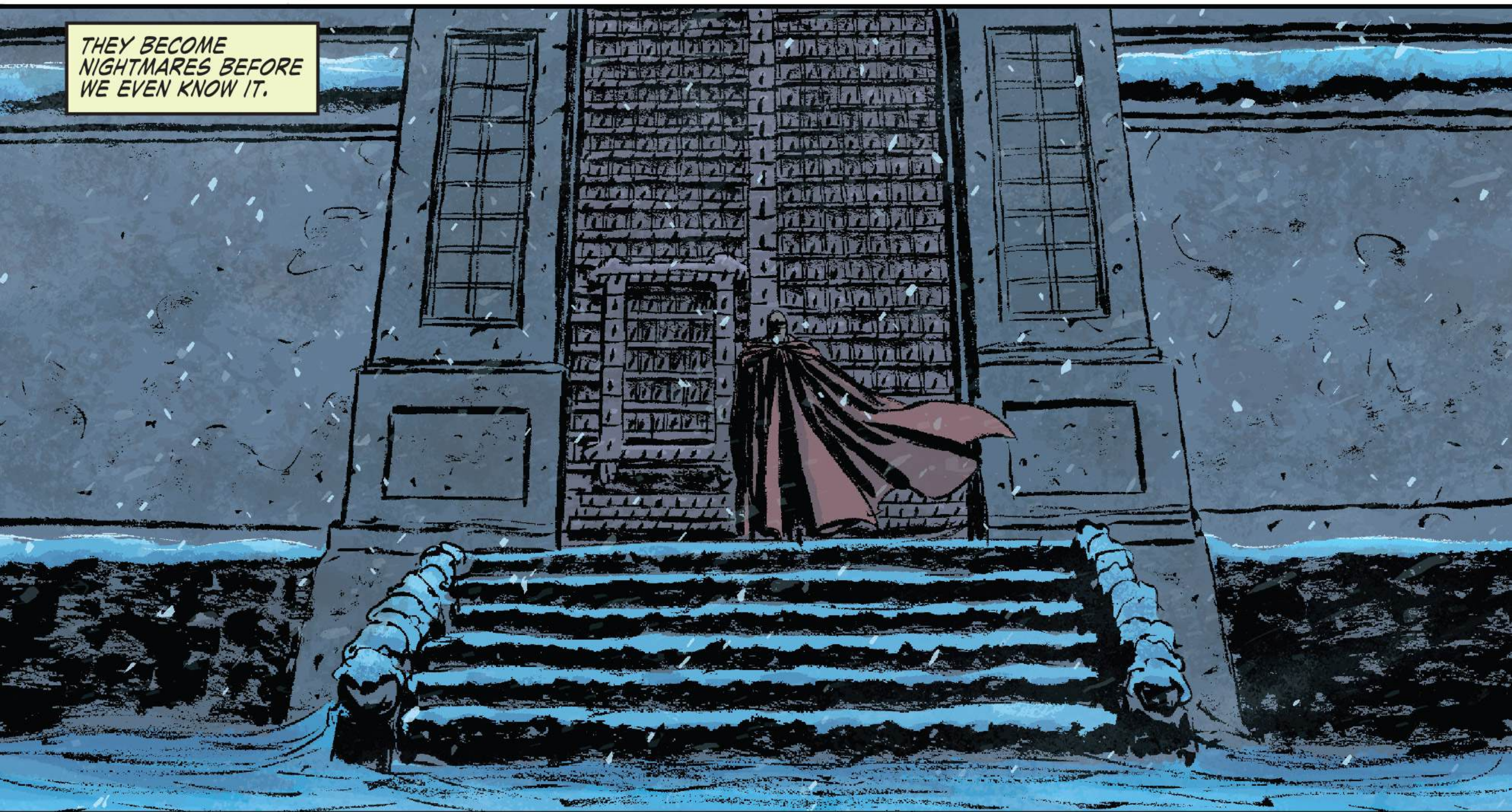
YOU RUN, WENDELL RAND. YOU TRY TO OUTRUN YOUR DREAMS. FOR YOU HAVE DISCOVERED...IF YOU KEEP DREAMING THEM, THEY WILL KILL YOU.



WHEN DID THOSE DREAMS BECOME SOMETHING DANGEROUS?

WHO SAID THAT DREAMS MUST BE FIXED AND PERMANENT? THEY'RE DREAMS. THEY CHANGE.

THEY BECOME NIGHTMARES BEFORE WE EVEN KNOW IT.



WENDELL RAND-KAI!

HALT!





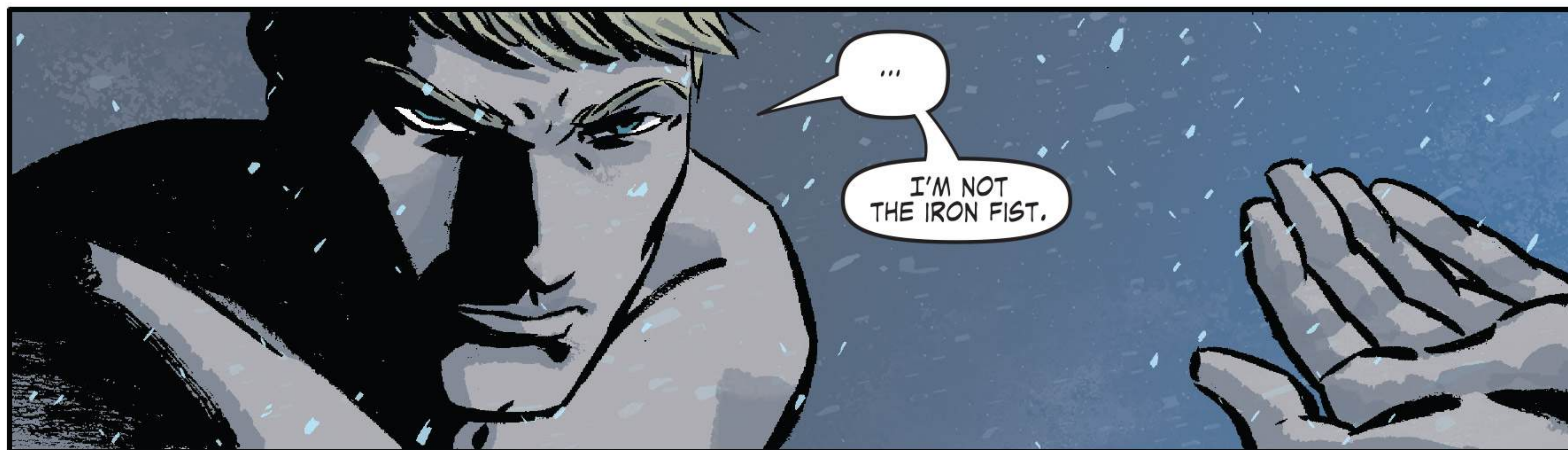
YOU WERE A FINE TEACHER BUT YOU AREN'T MY MASTER ANYMORE, MIGHTY THUNDERER.

I'M LEAVING K'UN-LUN TO RETURN TO THE WORLD OF MEN.



AS IS YOUR RIGHT, WENDELL RAND; SINCE THE DAY WE FIRST MET, YOU HAVE BURNED WITH A RESTLESSNESS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

I SHALL NOT STAND IN YOUR WAY. I HAVE COME ONLY TO ASK WHY.

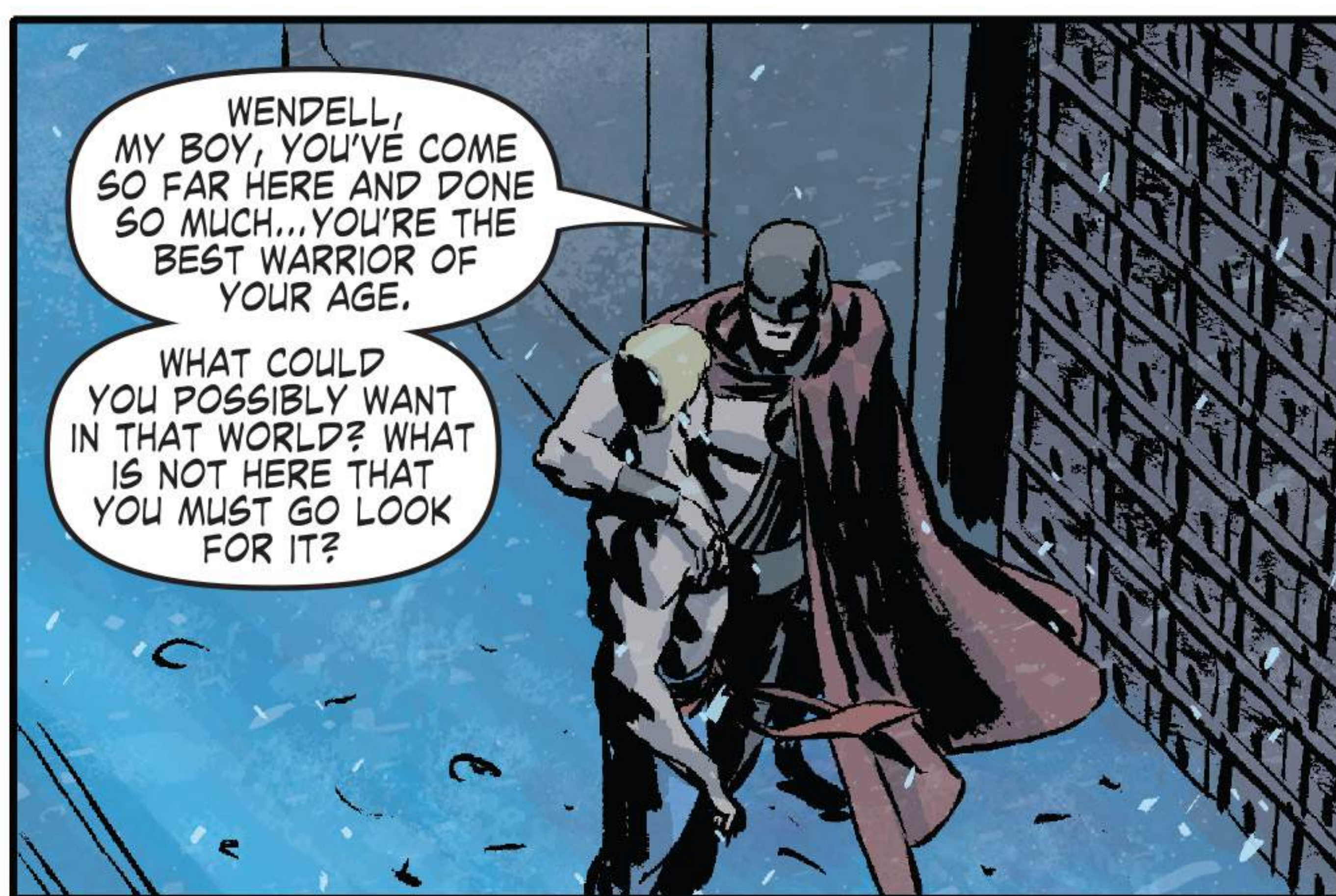


...

I'M NOT THE IRON FIST.



I HAD **DOUBT** IN MY HEART...I KNEW THE SHOWDOWN WITH THE DRAGON WOULD BE MY END.



WENDELL, MY BOY, YOU'VE COME SO FAR HERE AND DONE SO MUCH...YOU'RE THE BEST WARRIOR OF YOUR AGE.

WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT IN THAT WORLD? WHAT IS NOT HERE THAT YOU MUST GO LOOK FOR IT?



TELL HIM, WENDELL RAND. YOU OWE THE THUNDERER AT LEAST THAT MUCH.

FOR HE SURELY
KNOWS ALREADY.

FROM THAT FIRST FATEFUL
MOMENT YOU MET...

...LEI KUNG HAS KNOWN HOW
ORSON RANDALL HAUNTED YOU.

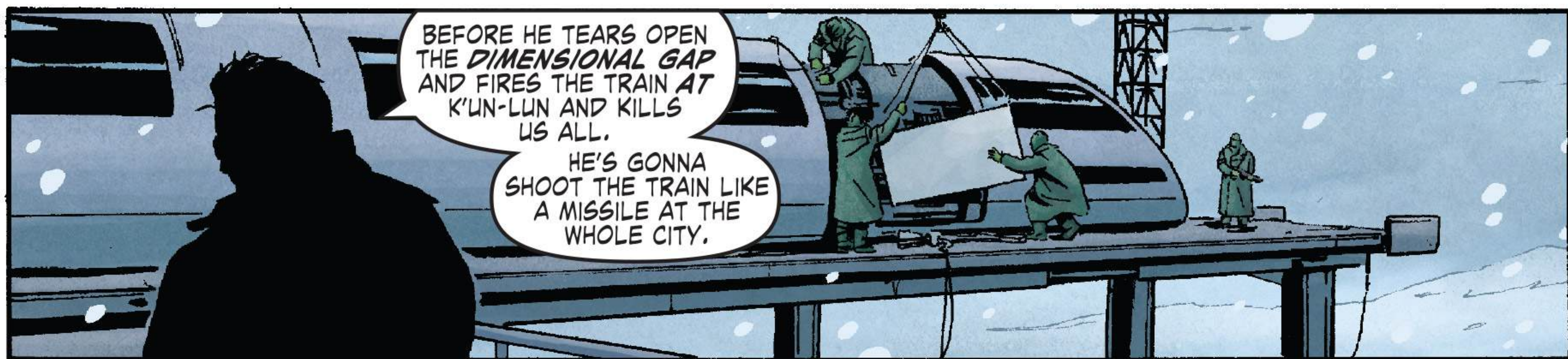
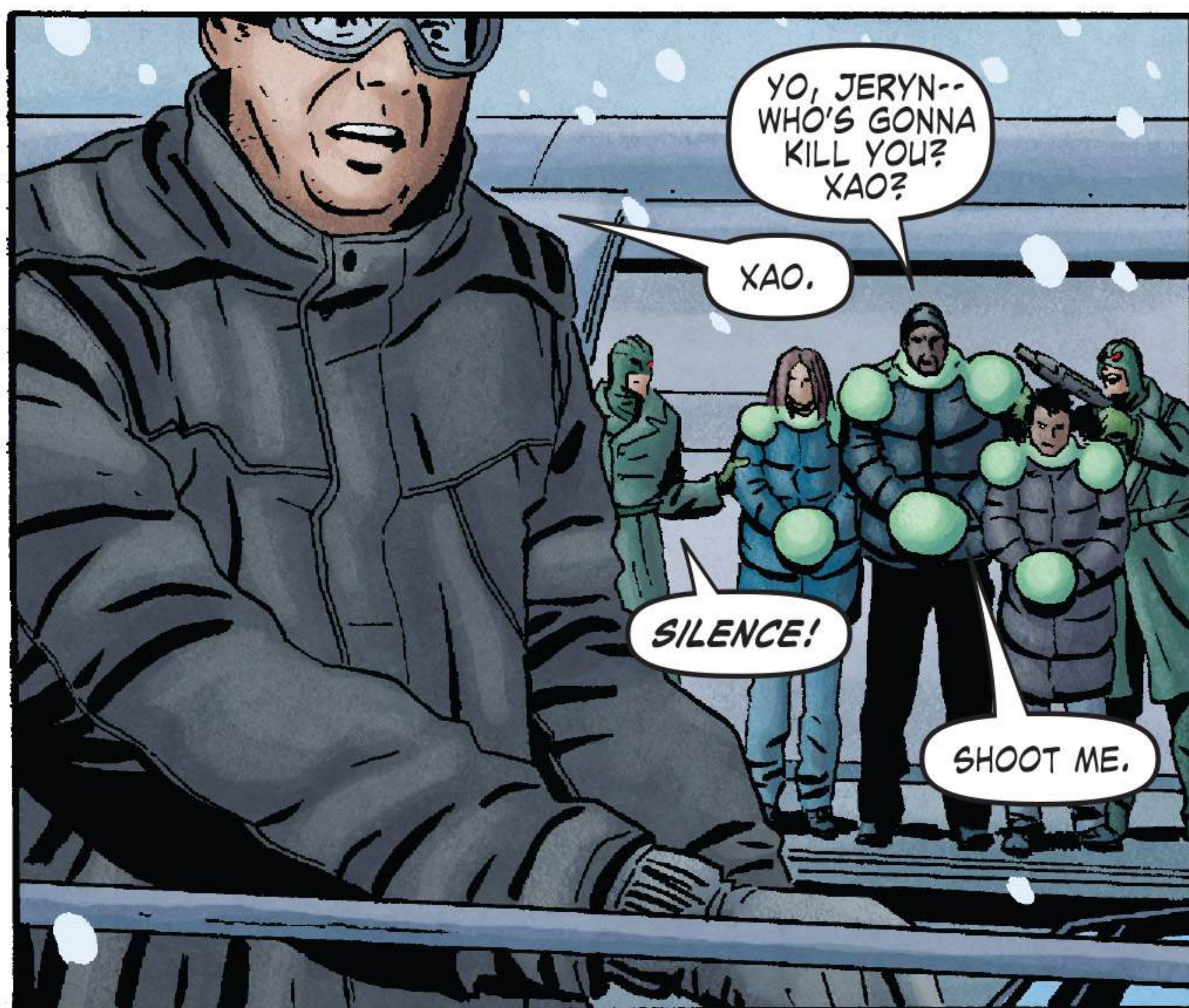
HOW THE LEGACY OF
THE LAST IRON FIST
HAS HUNG AROUND YOUR
NECK, THREATENING TO
DRAG YOU DOWN...

I
DON'T KNOW,
LEI KUNG.

BUT WHEN I
FIND IT, I PROMISE
TO COME BACK AND
TELL YOU.

YOU COULD NEVER HAVE
BEEN THE IRON FIST,
WENDELL RAND...

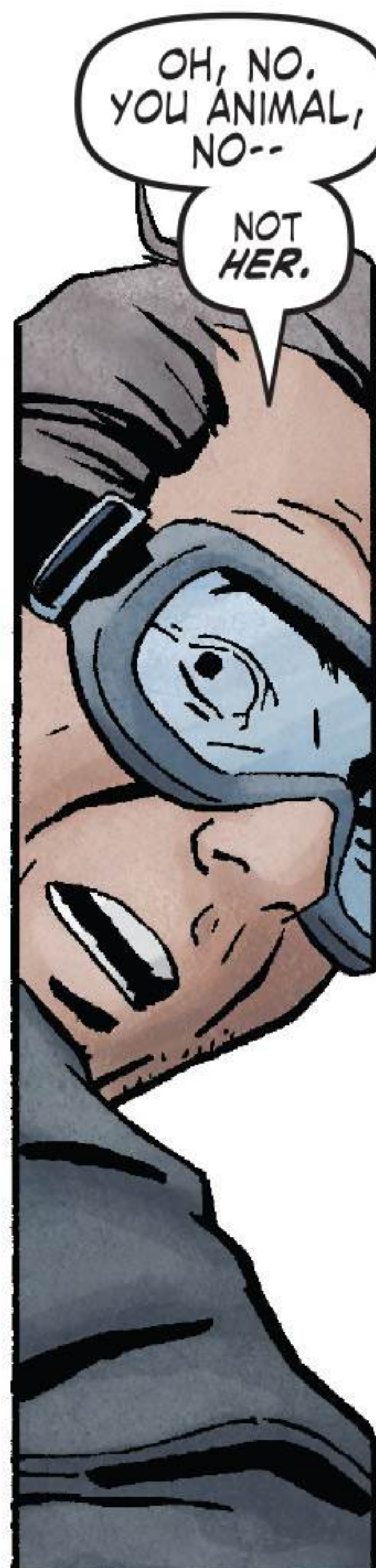
...AND YET YOU
STILL HAVE ANOTHER
DRAGON TO FACE.





OKAY. NERVOUS BREAKDOWN FINISHED. WE NEED TO--

THERE, THERE-- WATCH YOUR STEP--



OH, NO. YOU ANIMAL, NO--

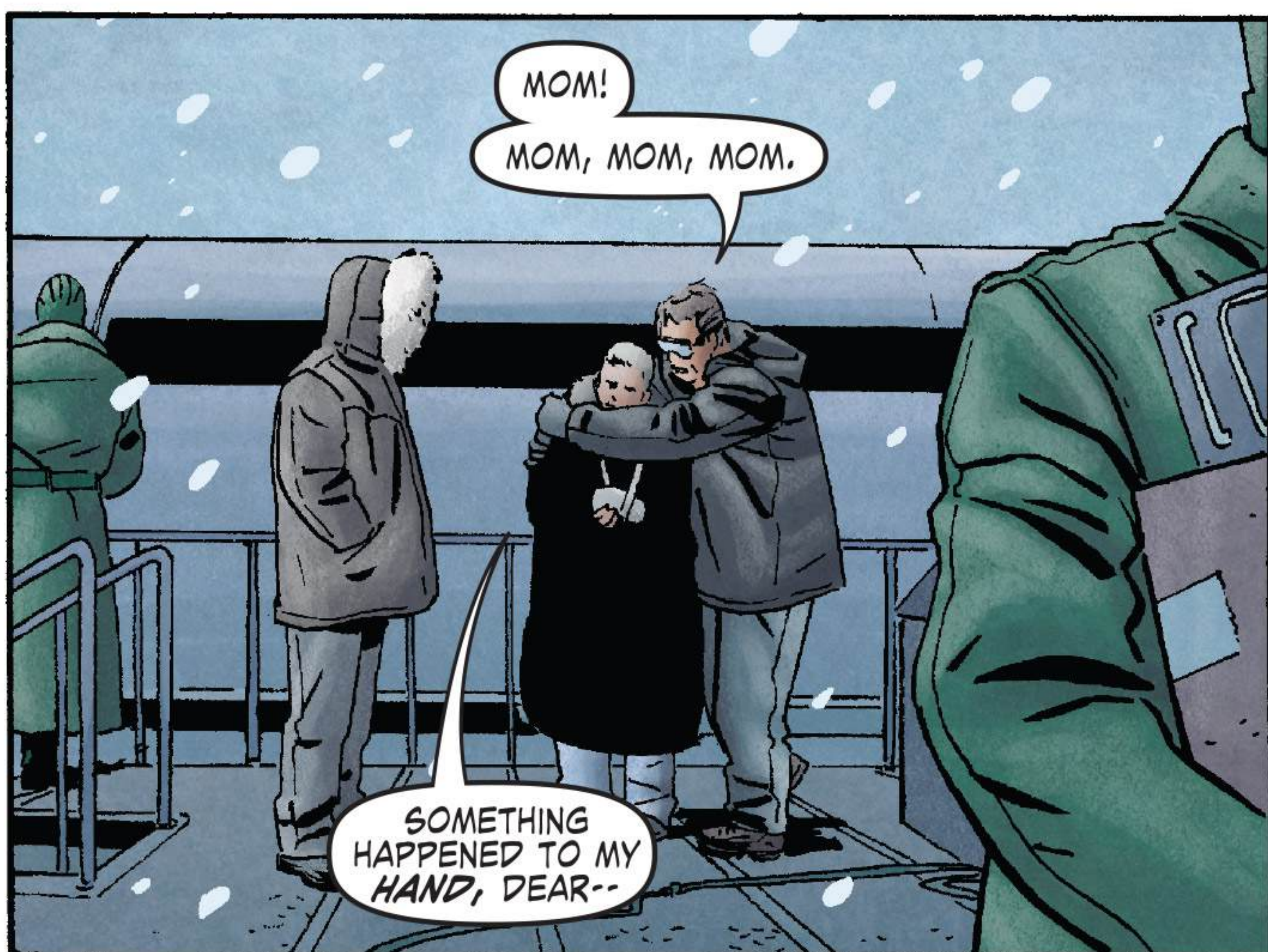
NOT HER.



MR. HOGARTH! I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A VISITOR--

--WATCH THE ICE, MY DEAR--

--AS YOU CROSS THE FINISH LINE.



MOM!

MOM, MOM, MOM.

SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY HAND, DEAR--



ARE YOU OKAY? ARE YOU IN PAIN? HAS HE--

IT'S SO HARD TO STAY AWAKE THESE DAYS, DEAR--I KEEP TRYING AND TRYING, BUT--

MOTHER, LISTEN TO ME, ARE YOU--



HONEY? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

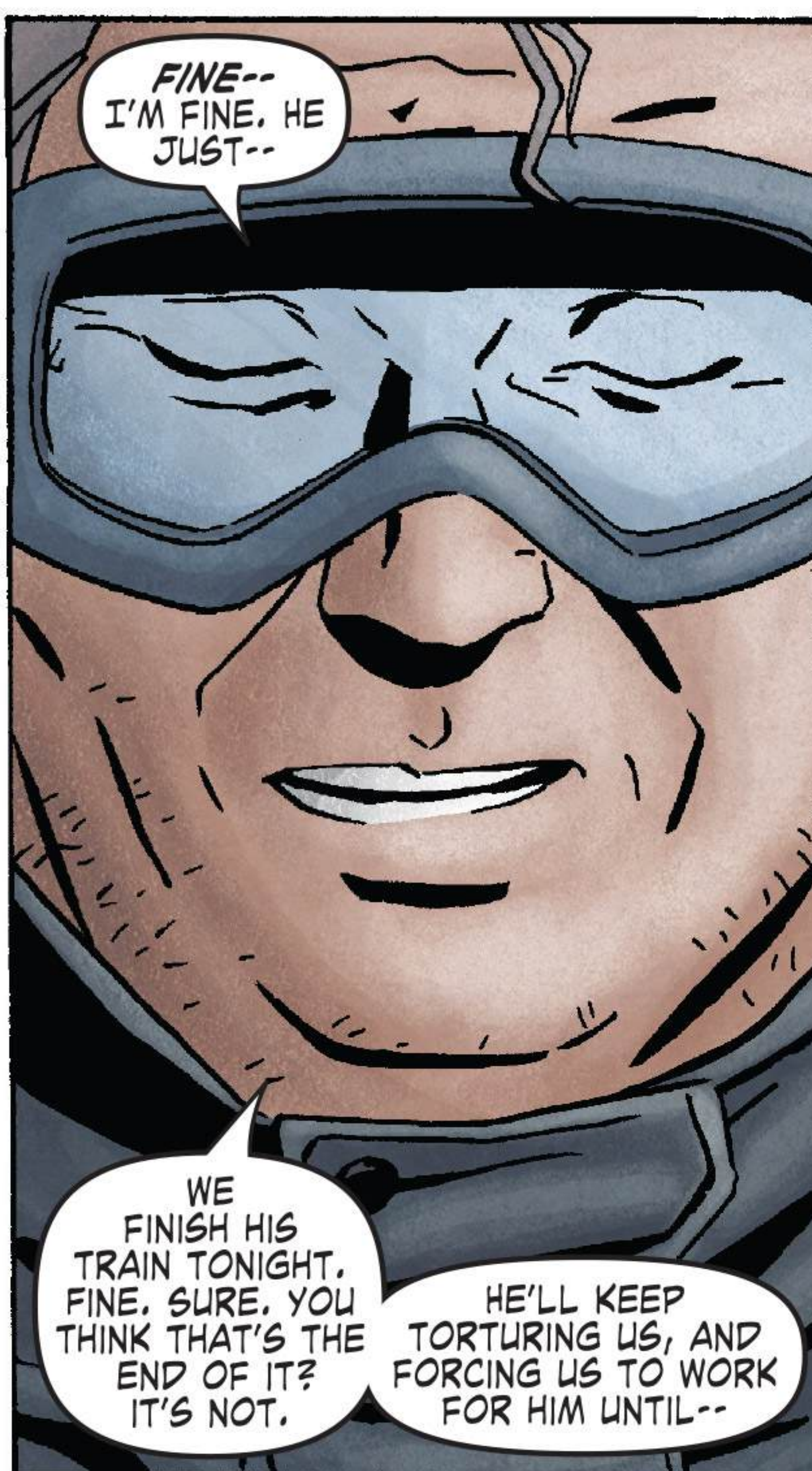
DON'T WORRY, MR. HOGARTH. HER ACCIDENT ASIDE, SHE'S BEEN WELL TREATED, AND SHE WILL BE UNTIL MIDNIGHT...



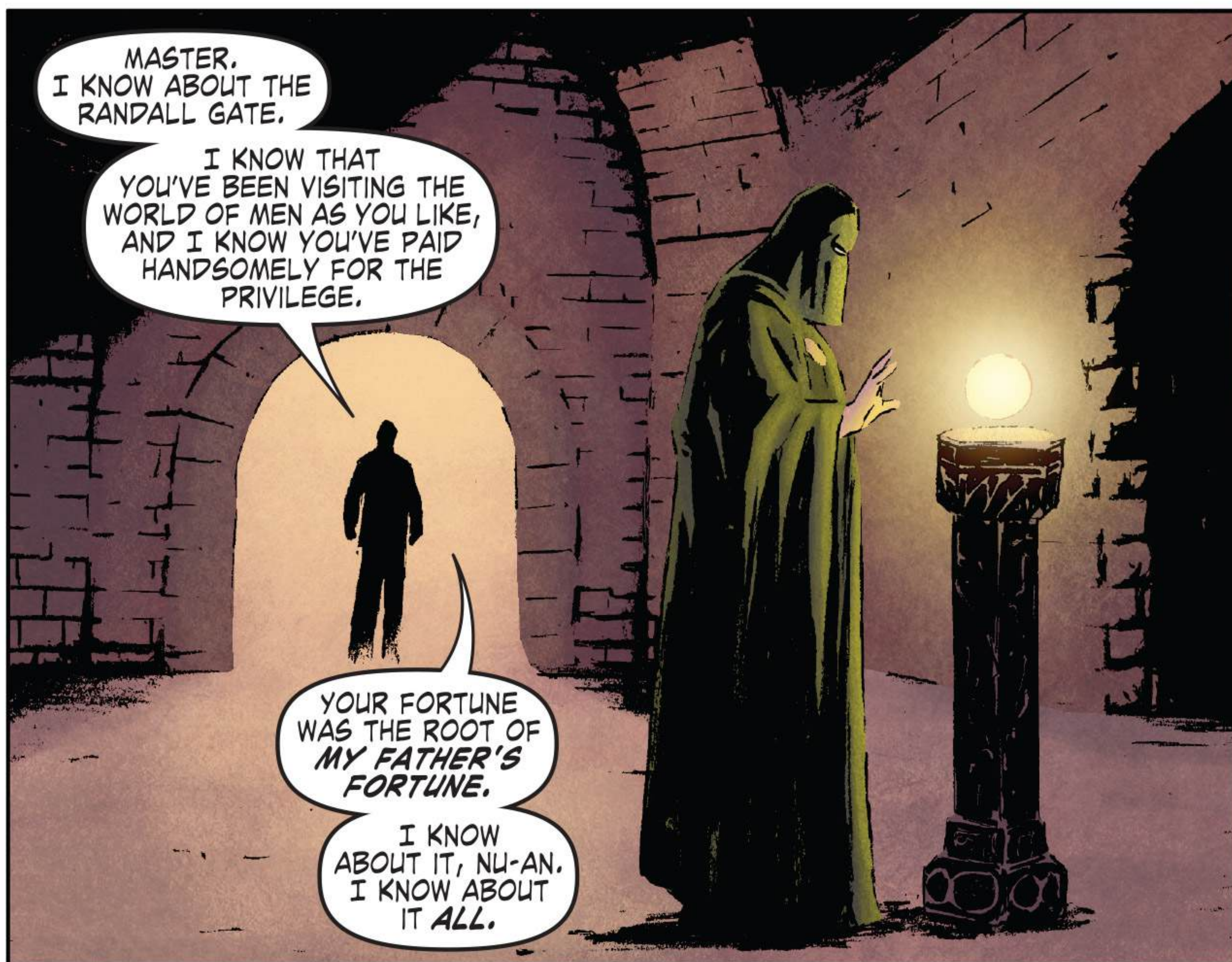
...WHEN, IF MY TRAIN IS NOT READY, I'M GOING TO SHOOT HER IN FRONT OF YOU.

THEN I'LL SHOOT YOU NEXT.

WHA--?







MASTER.
I KNOW ABOUT THE
RANDALL GATE.

I KNOW THAT
YOU'VE BEEN VISITING THE
WORLD OF MEN AS YOU LIKE,
AND I KNOW YOU'VE PAID
HANDSOMELY FOR THE
PRIVILEGE.

YOUR FORTUNE
WAS THE ROOT OF
MY FATHER'S
FORTUNE.

I KNOW
ABOUT IT, NU-AN.
I KNOW ABOUT
IT *ALL*.



YOU.

IMPUDENT.

WHELP.

"...Because I said so."



AND YOU.
TYRANT.

YOU LIAR.
YOU PIG.

YOU SPOILED
BRAT.



WHEN YOUR
FATHER WAS THE
YU-TI OF K'UN-LUN,
HE RULED WITH
COMPASSION AND
KINDNESS.

YOUR REGIME
HAS ALL BEEN IN
SERVICE OF--WHAT?
YOUR OWN
HEDONISM?



THIS IS
YOUR ONE CHANCE
IN THIS LIFE TO DO
RIGHT BY YOUR
PEOPLE.



CONFESS
YOUR SINS, AND
STEP DOWN FROM
YOUR POST.

OR WHAT?



OR I
TELL ALL WHO
POPULATE K'UN-LUN
OF YOUR CRIMES
AGAINST THEM.

AND LET
THEM DECIDE WHAT
TO DO.

I'LL TAKE MY
CHANCES IN THE COURT
OF PUBLIC OPINION,
IRON FIST.







AND THERE THEY GO.

MY GOD, DANNY--



--IF THEY DESTROY THE GATE--

LET THEM TRY, THUNDERER. THEY'LL FAIL.



YOUR SECRET ARMY WILL SEE TO THAT.



DANIEL--WE COULD BE EVACUATING CIVILIANS BEFORE XAO ATTACKS, WE COULD--

NO. XAO HAS THE GATE GUARDED ON THE OUTSIDE.

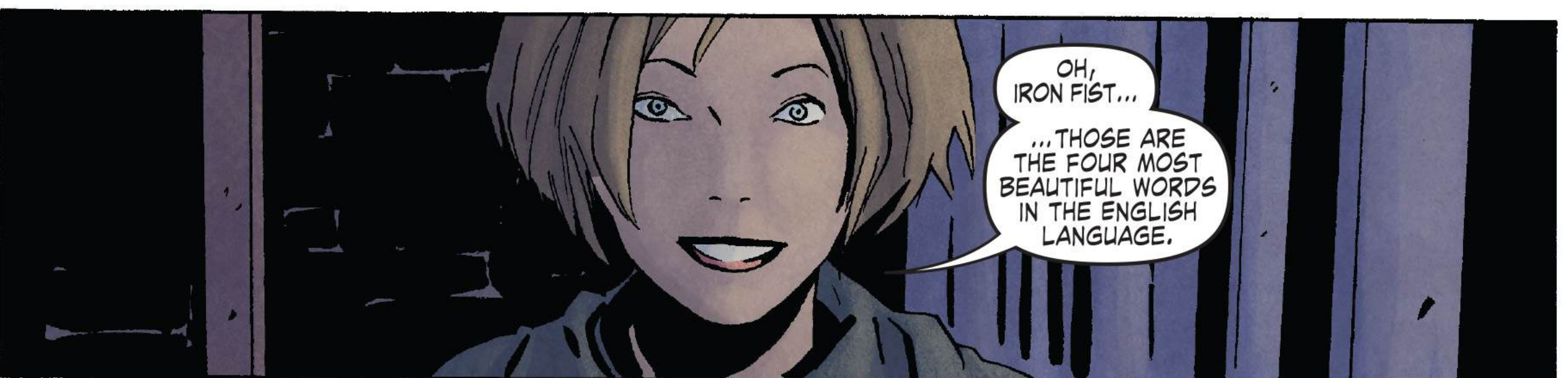
SO WE NEED TO GUARD IT FROM WITHIN.

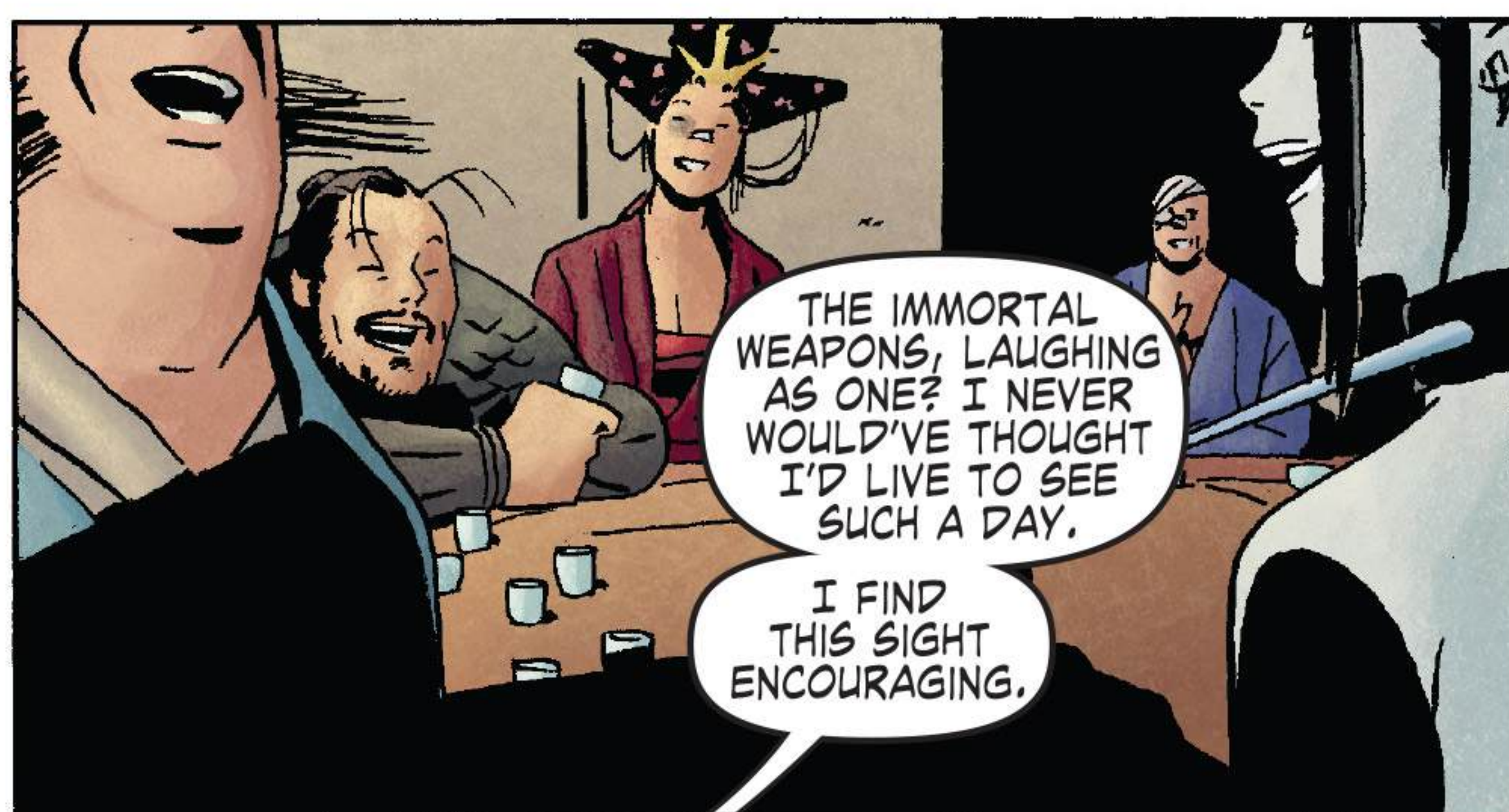


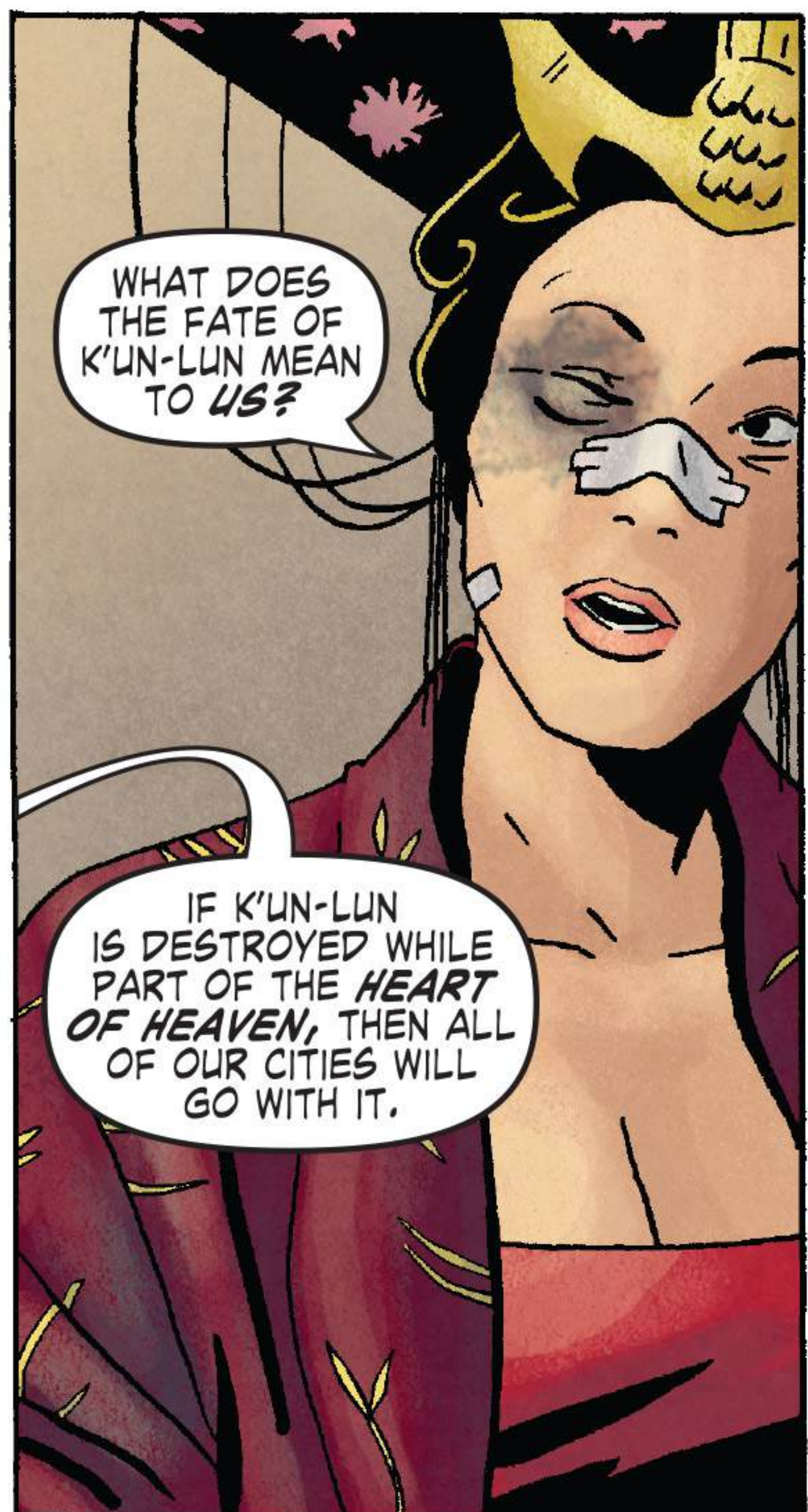
TRUST ME. I HAVE A PLAN.



THOSE WORDS DO NOT EXACTLY FILL ME WITH CONFIDENCE.









"...THEN WHO IS IT THAT YOU'RE RUSHING TO *CONFRONT*?"

FATHER.



DON'T TELL ME YOU *BELIEVE* THIS RIDICULOUS CONSPIRACY. THAT XAO WISHES TO DESTROY K'UN-LUN. THAT THE *HEART OF HEAVEN* IS AT RISK.

XAO'S GRUDGE IS MY GRUDGE; CRANE MOTHER'S, TOO--FOR THE *CRIMES* AGAINST K'UN-ZI.

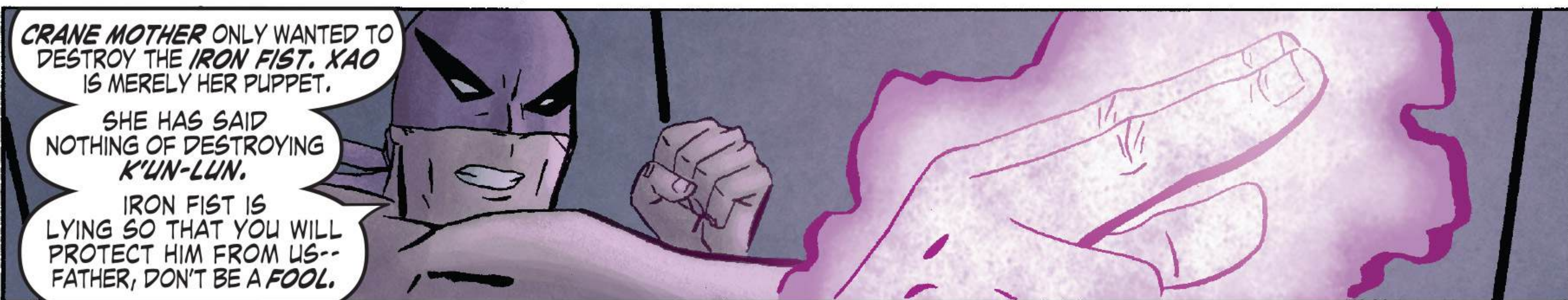


HERE WE ARE IN YOUR ARMORY, AND YET...

...WHERE ARE YOUR ARMS? TELL ME YOU'VE NOT BEEN SO EASILY *DUPED* BY THE IRON FIST AND HIS...PUPPET, JOHN AMAN.



ka-klank



CRANE MOTHER ONLY WANTED TO DESTROY THE IRON FIST. XAO IS MERELY HER PUPPET.

SHE HAS SAID NOTHING OF DESTROYING K'UN-LUN.

IRON FIST IS LYING SO THAT YOU WILL PROTECT HIM FROM US-- FATHER, DON'T BE A FOOL.

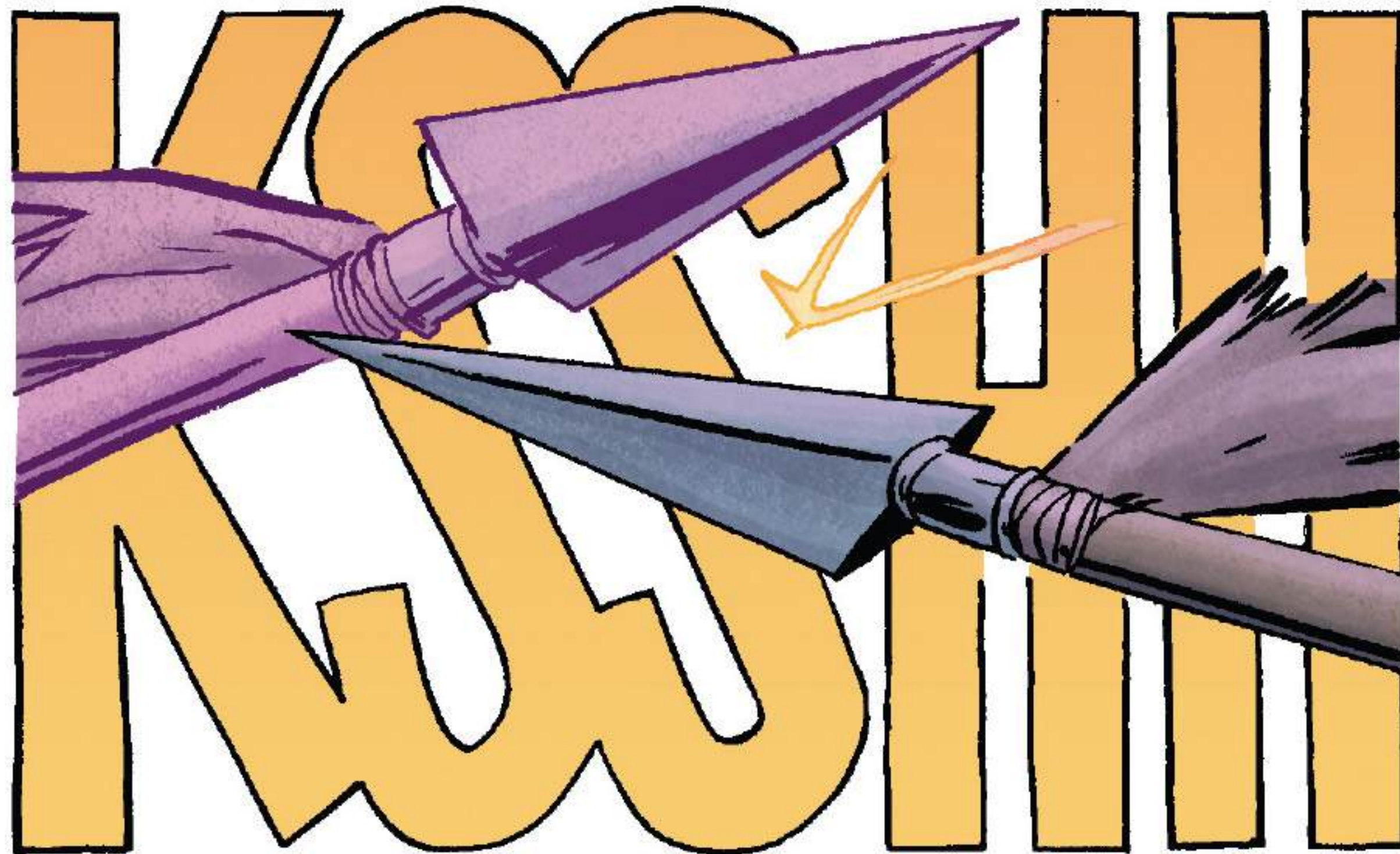


DAVOS... THEY ARE *MANIACS* INTENT ON DESTROYING US ALL.

JOIN US, BOY. THERE ARE INNOCENT LIVES AT RISK THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND I.

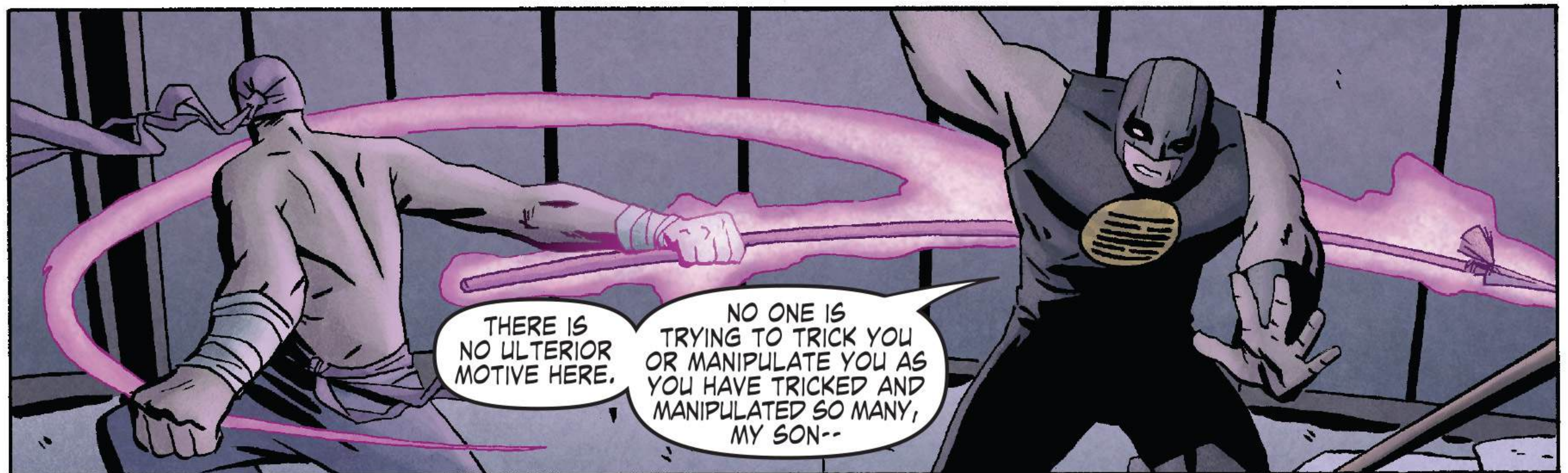


I'VE HAD
QUITE ENOUGH OF
YOU SANCTIMONIOUS
OLD MEN DARING
TO CALL ME
"BOY."
OLD. MAN.



HII-YAH!!

YAAH-HAA!!



THERE IS
NO ULTERIOR
MOTIVE HERE.

NO ONE IS
TRYING TO TRICK YOU
OR MANIPULATE YOU AS
YOU HAVE TRICKED AND
MANIPULATED SO MANY,
MY SON--



XAO WILL
DESTROY US
ALL!



XAO IS
A MOPPET IN A
MAN SUIT.
HE
COULDN'T PLAN
HIS WAY OUT OF A
PAPER BAG!



CRANE MOTHER--
XAO--THEY'VE BOTH
BETRAYED YOU!
USED YOU!

THAT'S WHAT
THIS IS **REALLY** ABOUT,
ISN'T IT?

YOU'VE
FINALLY MET
YOUR TREACHEROUS
MATCH AND CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU'VE
BEEN BESTED.



LIES.
MORE LIES.



THINK ABOUT THAT, SON. FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, ASK YOURSELF--
HOW MANY **MORE PEOPLE** CAN CONSPIRE ENDLESSLY AGAINST YOU?

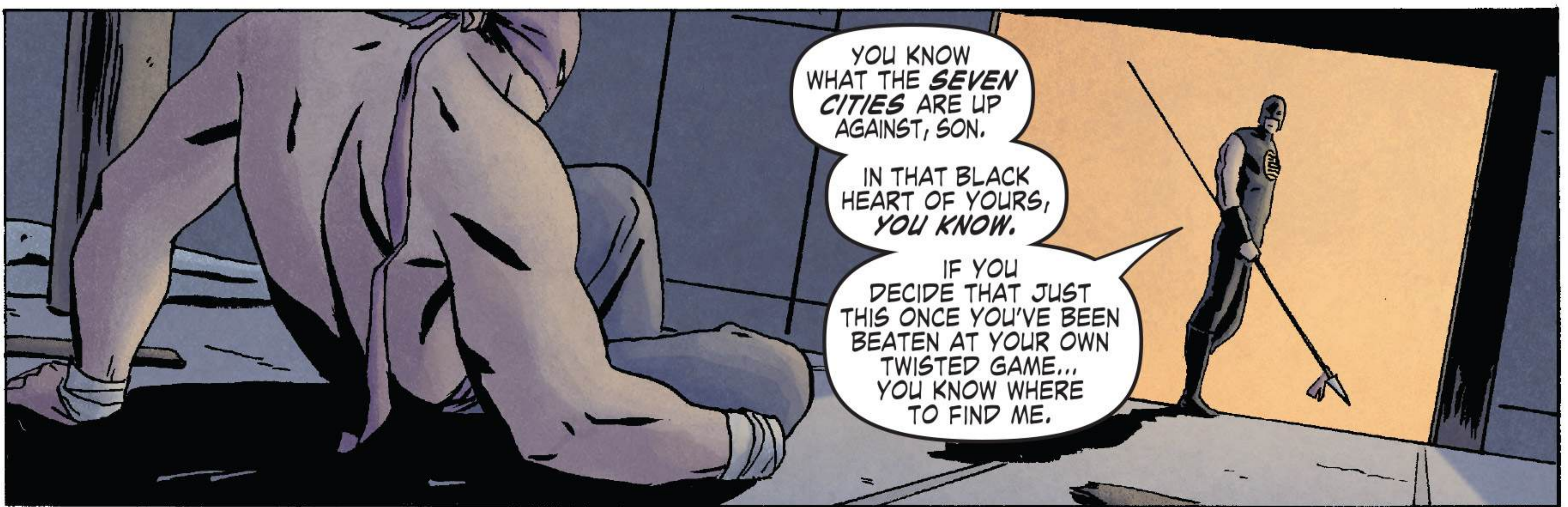
ME, YU-TI, CRANE MOTHER, XAO, SHOU-LAO, DANNY RAND...



WHY IS IT ALWAYS **SOMEONE ELSE** THAT'S TO BLAME?
ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT ONCE...JUST **ONCE** IN YOUR LIFE THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING YOU **DON'T KNOW**? A **CROOKED ANGLE** YOU YOURSELF HAVE NOT CONCEIVED?



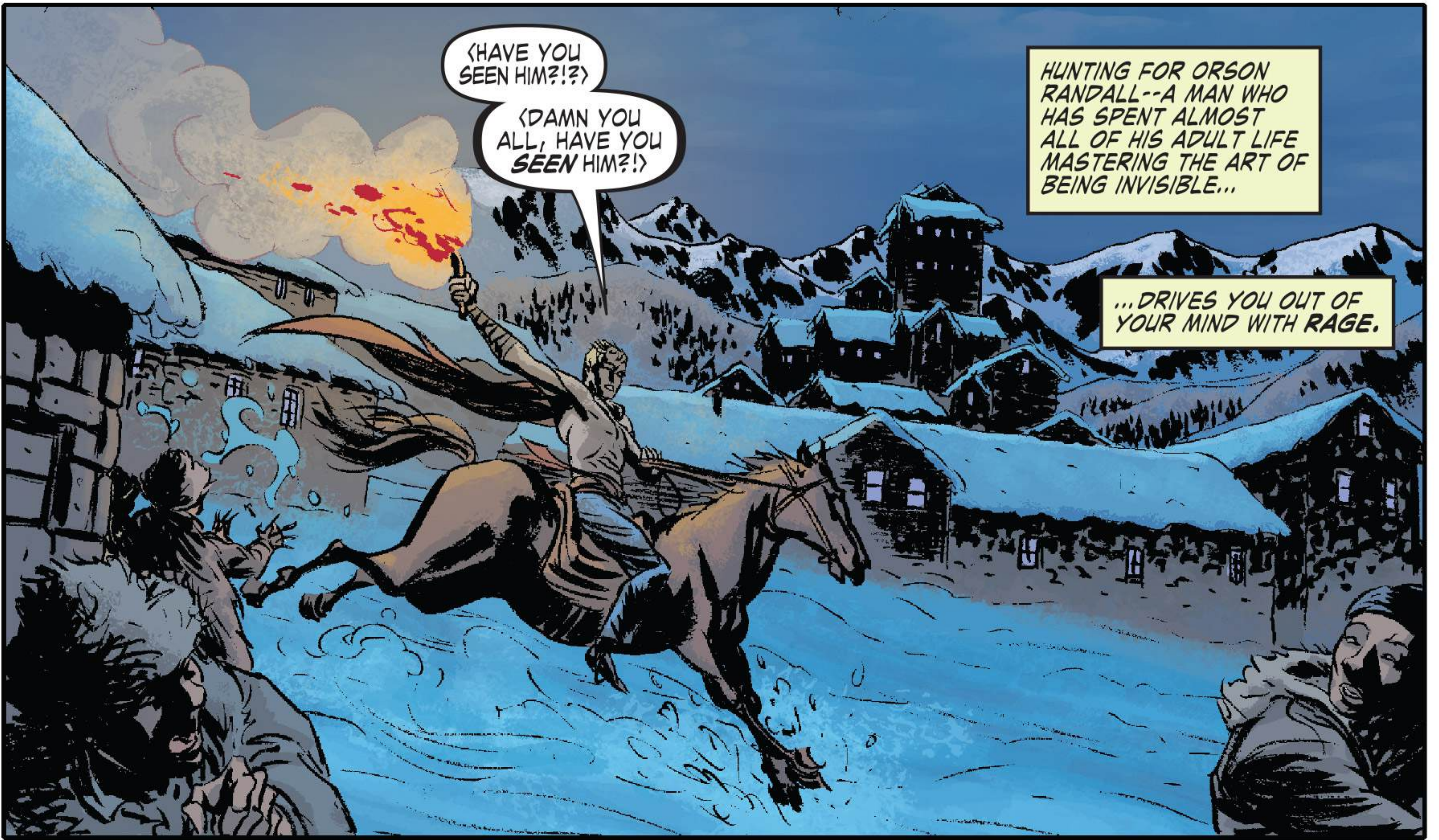
NO...



YOU KNOW WHAT THE **SEVEN CITIES** ARE UP AGAINST, SON.
IN THAT BLACK HEART OF YOURS, **YOU KNOW**.
IF YOU DECIDE THAT JUST THIS ONCE YOU'VE BEEN BEATEN AT YOUR OWN TWISTED GAME... YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME.



LIAR... YOU'RE LIARS, ALL OF YOU...
...DAMN YOU **ALL** TO HELL...



<HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?!>

<DAMN YOU ALL, HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?!>

HUNTING FOR ORSON RANDALL--A MAN WHO HAS SPENT ALMOST ALL OF HIS ADULT LIFE MASTERING THE ART OF BEING INVISIBLE...

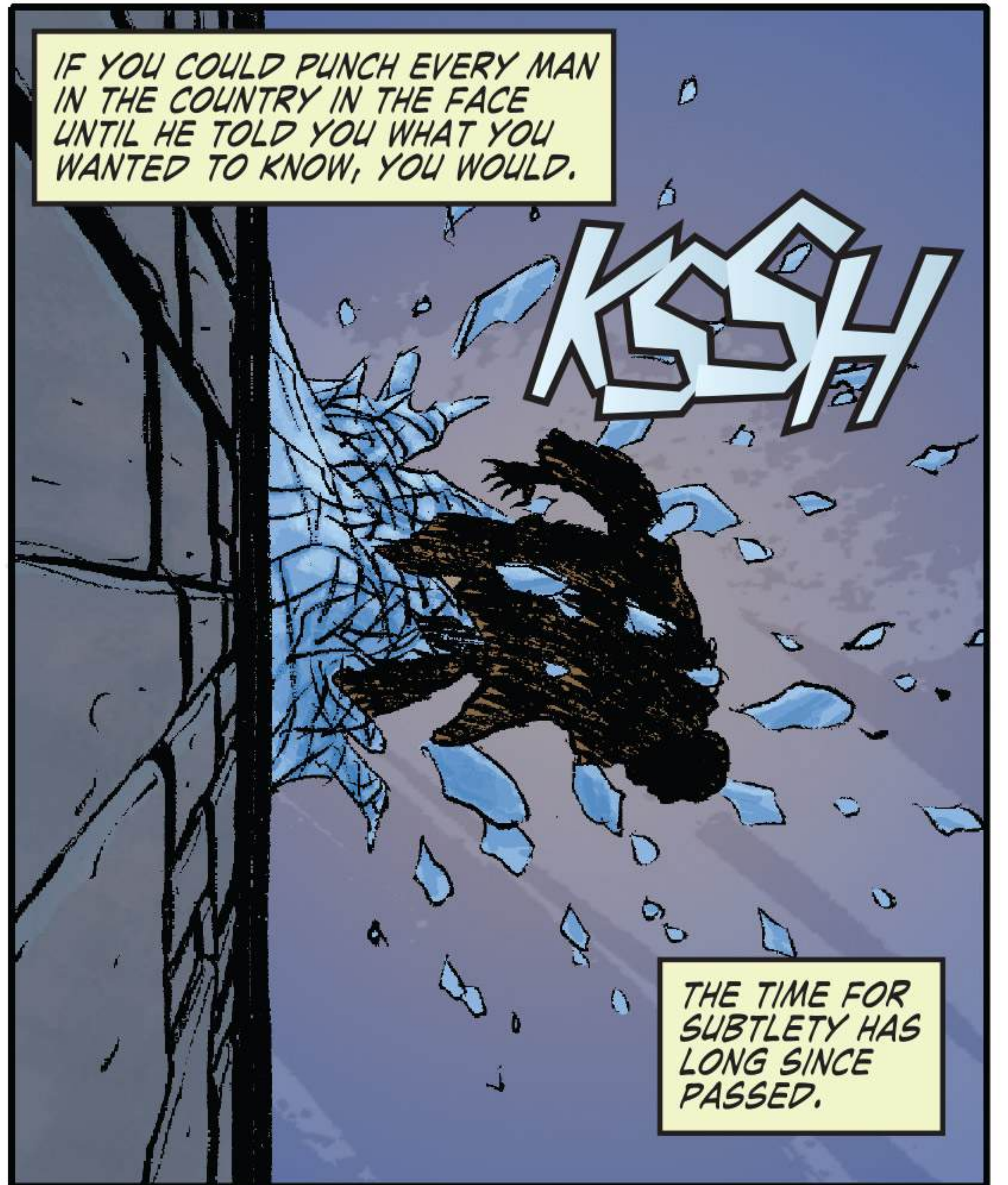
...DRIVES YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND WITH RAGE.



<ORSON RANDALL.>

<HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?>

THERE ISN'T A ROCK ANYWHERE IN TIBET YOU'VE NOT LOOKED UNDER.



IF YOU COULD PUNCH EVERY MAN IN THE COUNTRY IN THE FACE UNTIL HE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW, YOU WOULD.

KSSH

THE TIME FOR SUBTLETY HAS LONG SINCE PASSED.



YOUR KNUCKLES ARE SCRAPPED BARE AND YOUR VOICE IS HOARSE, BUT FINALLY...

<I--I KNOW. JUST STOP-->

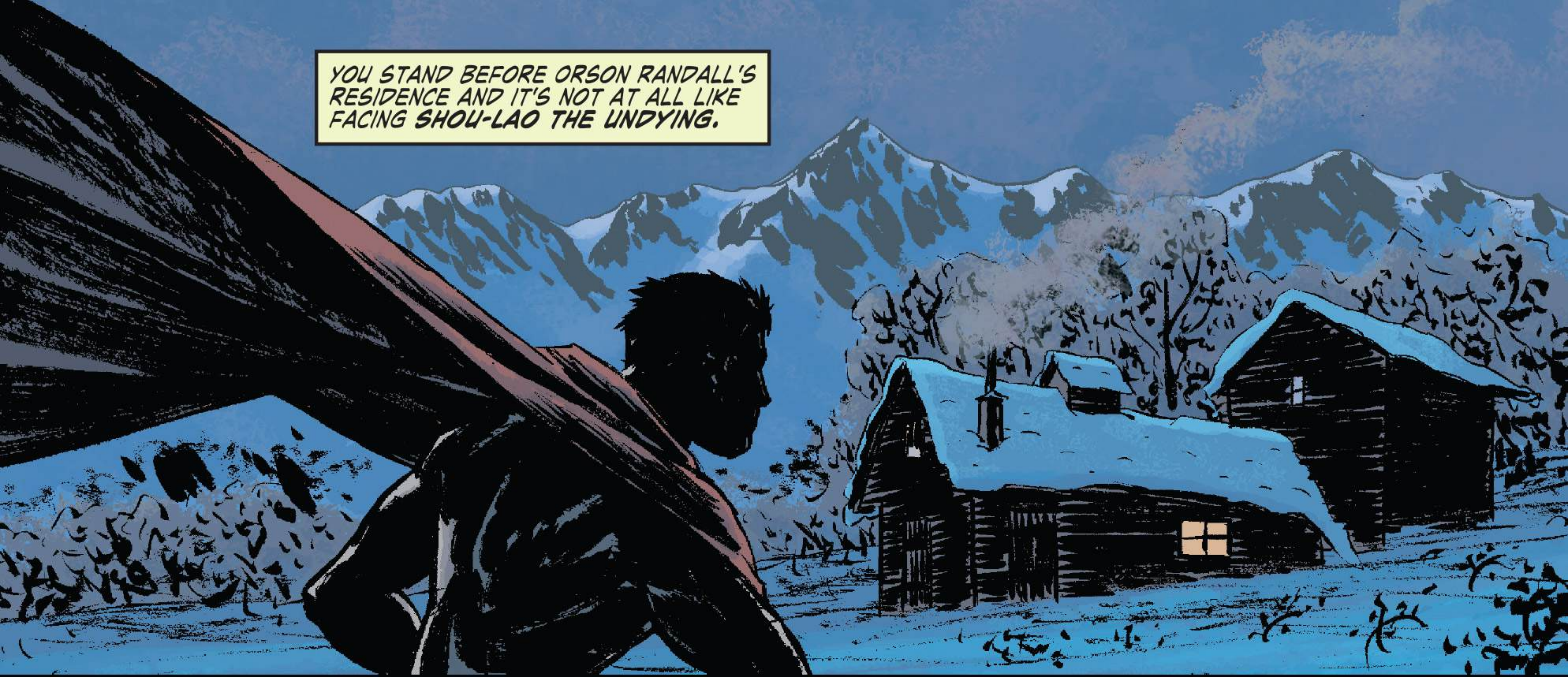
<STOP HITTING ME.>



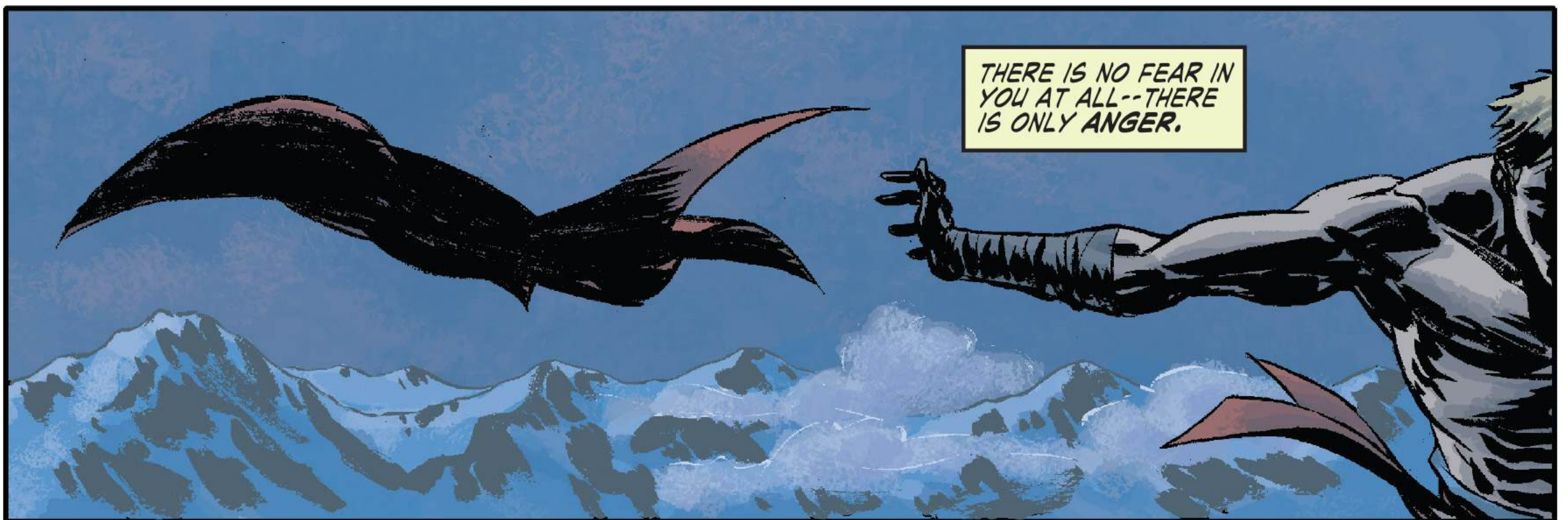
<WHERE IS HE?>

YOU'VE FOUND THE MAN YOU SEEK.

YOU STAND BEFORE ORSON RANDALL'S
RESIDENCE AND IT'S NOT AT ALL LIKE
FACING SHOU-LAO THE UNDYING.



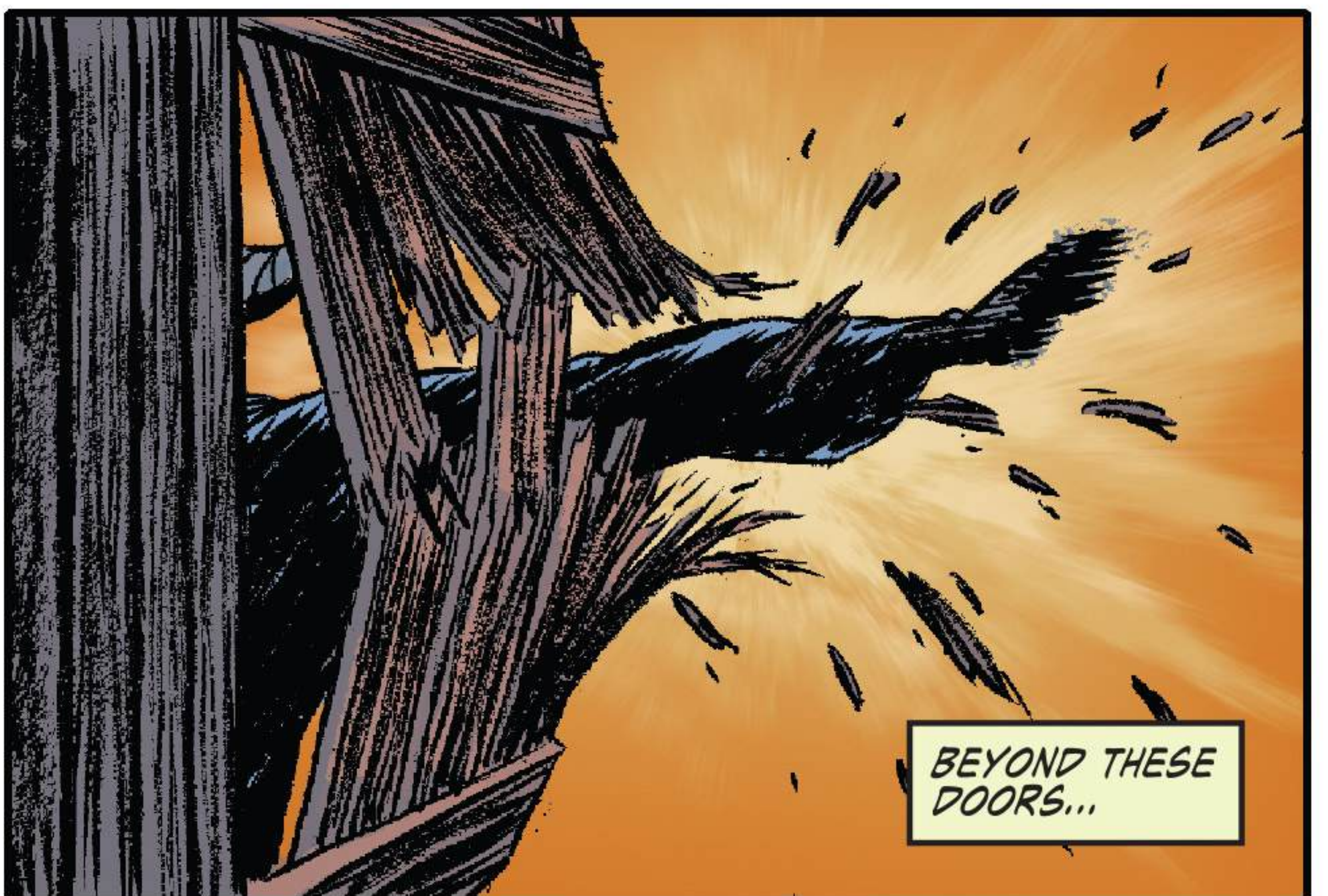
THERE IS NO FEAR IN
YOU AT ALL--THERE
IS ONLY ANGER.



THE LAST SEALED DOOR YOU FACED
STOOD BETWEEN YOU AND A FATE
SURE TO LEAVE YOU DEAD.



BEYOND THESE
DOORS...



...IS FREEDOM.





GOOD LORD.



YOU WERE READY
FOR ANY THOUSAND
POSSIBILITIES
BEYOND THAT DOOR.

FOR ANY THOUSAND
ATTACKS ORSON
RANDALL MIGHT
UNLEASH UPON YOU.

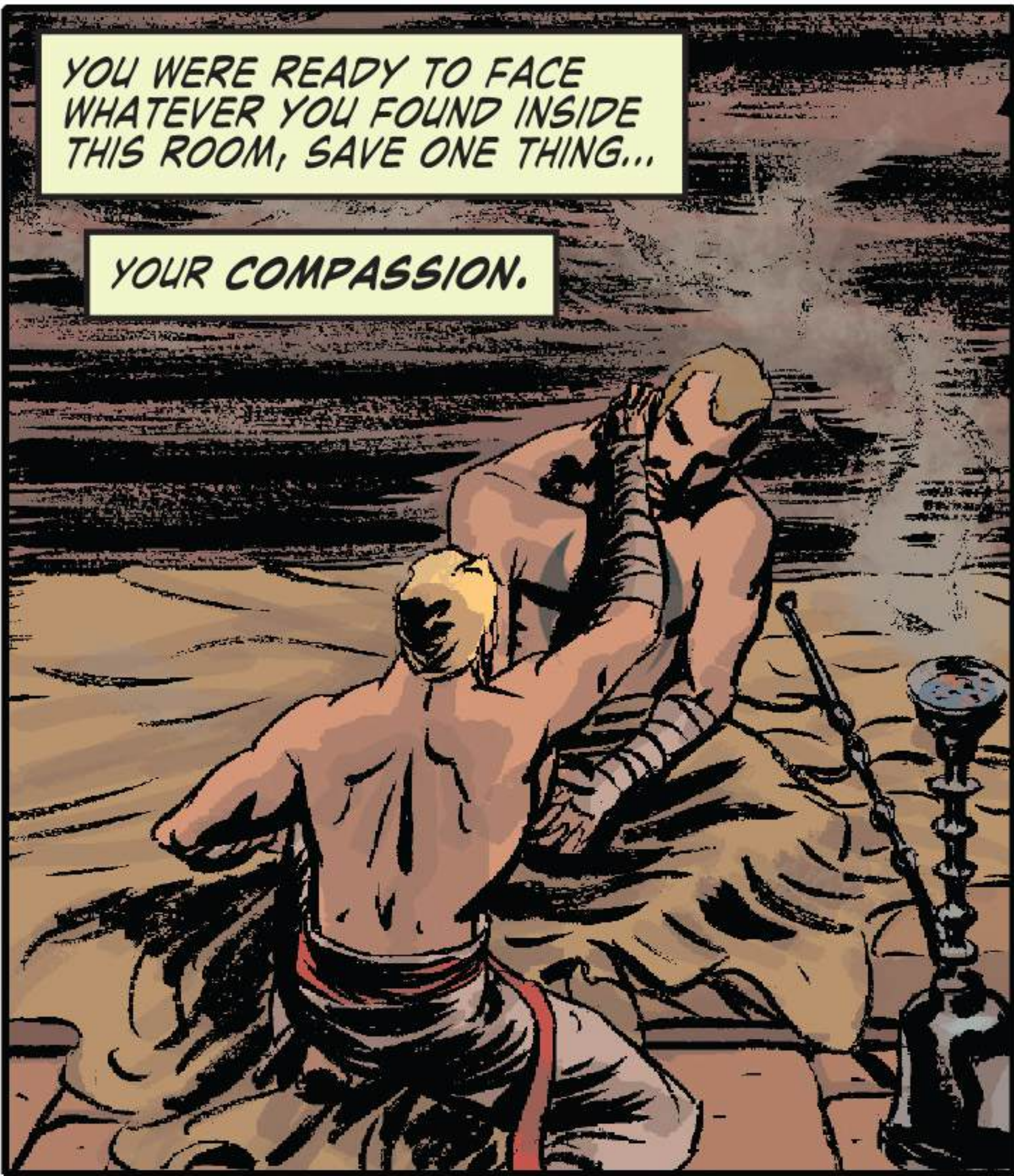


FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT
THE SIGHT OF AN ALL-
TOO-HUMAN SICKNESS.

BWUH.

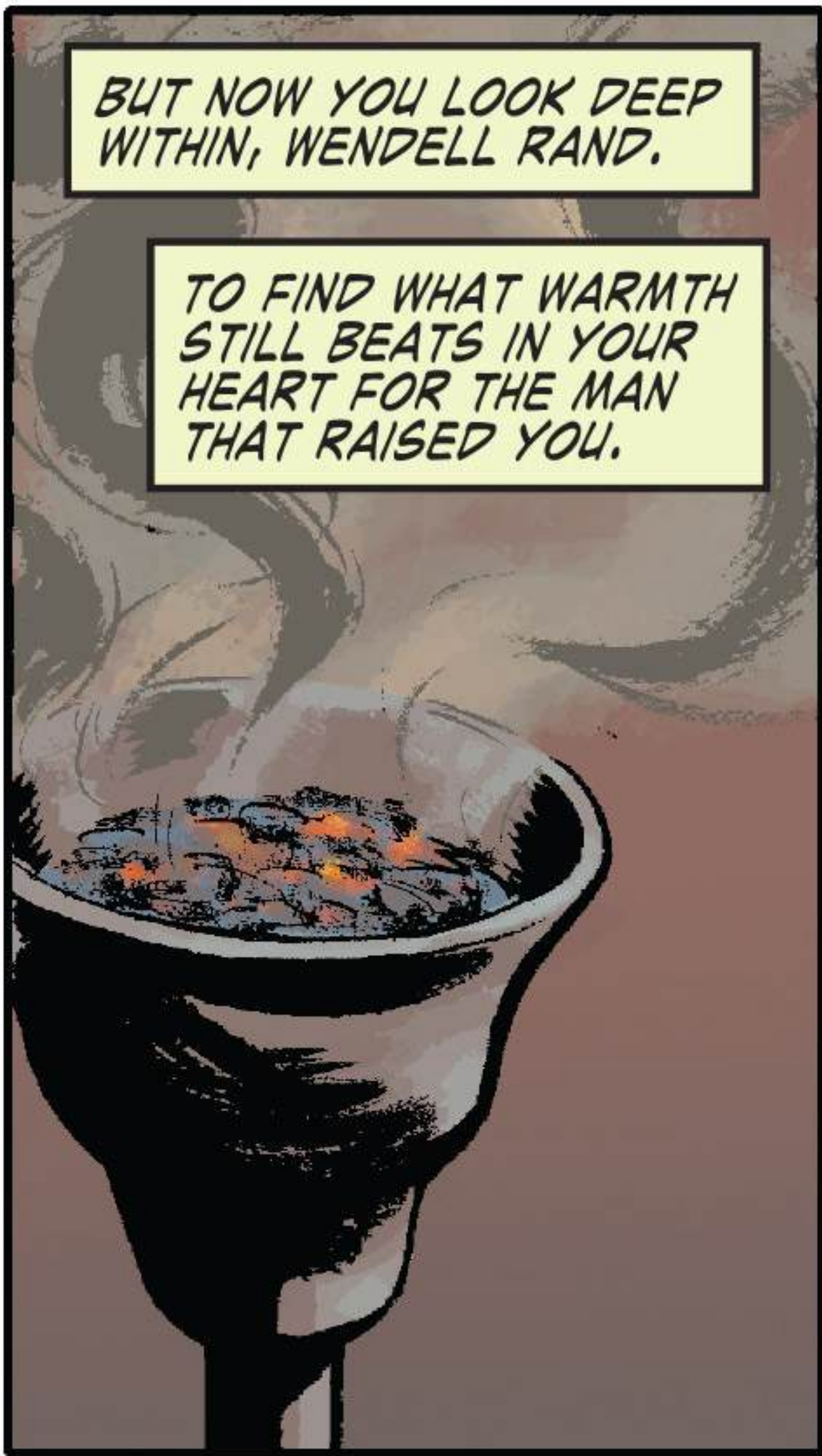


OH, GOD.
ORSON.



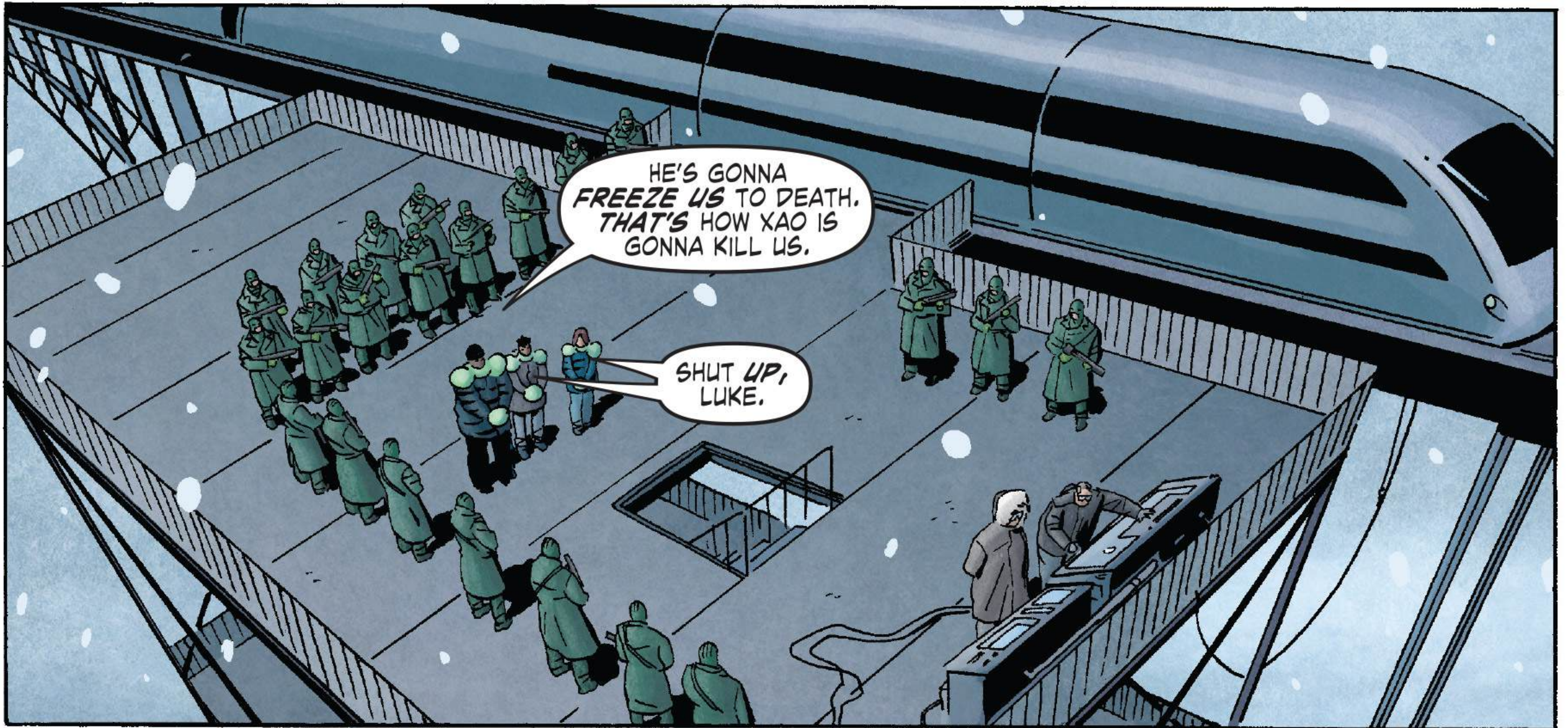
YOU WERE READY TO FACE
WHATEVER YOU FOUND INSIDE
THIS ROOM, SAVE ONE THING...

YOUR COMPASSION.



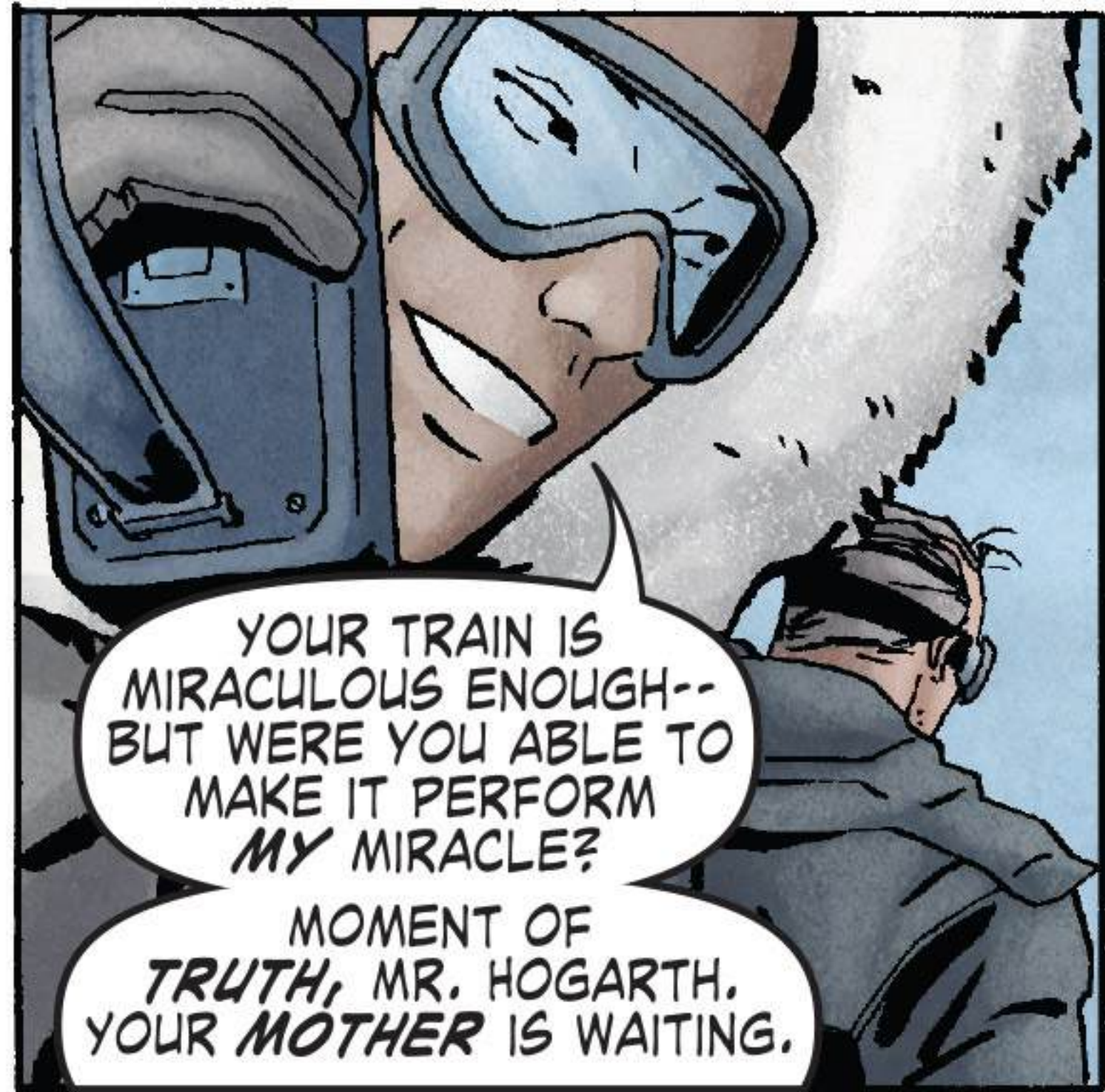
BUT NOW YOU LOOK DEEP
WITHIN, WENDELL RAND.

TO FIND WHAT WARMTH
STILL BEATS IN YOUR
HEART FOR THE MAN
THAT RAISED YOU.



HE'S GONNA
FREEZE US TO DEATH.
THAT'S HOW XAO IS
GONNA KILL US.

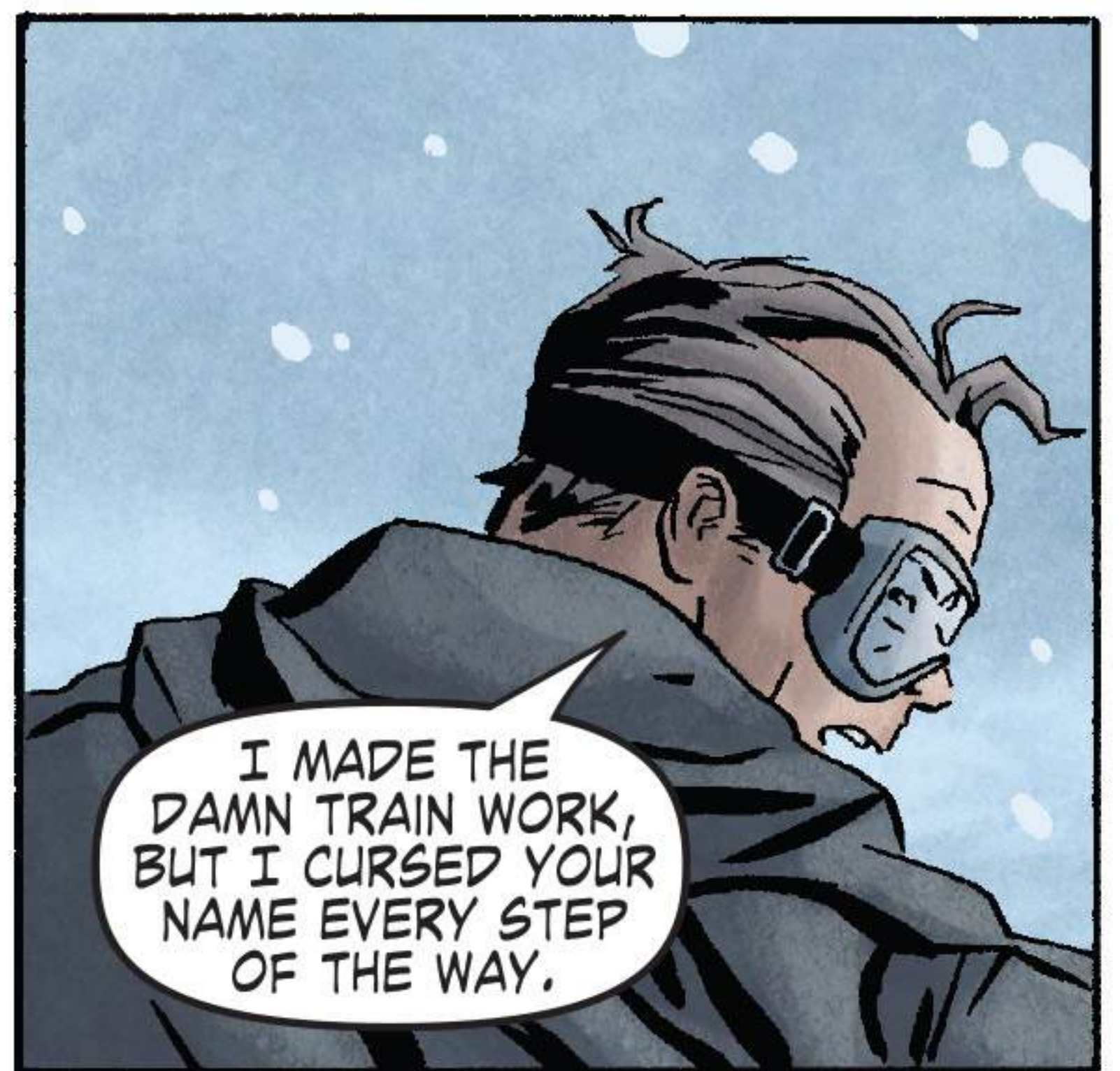
SHUT UP,
LUKE.



YOUR TRAIN IS
MIRACULOUS ENOUGH--
BUT WERE YOU ABLE TO
MAKE IT PERFORM
MY MIRACLE?
MOMENT OF
TRUTH, MR. HOGARTH.
YOUR **MOTHER** IS WAITING.



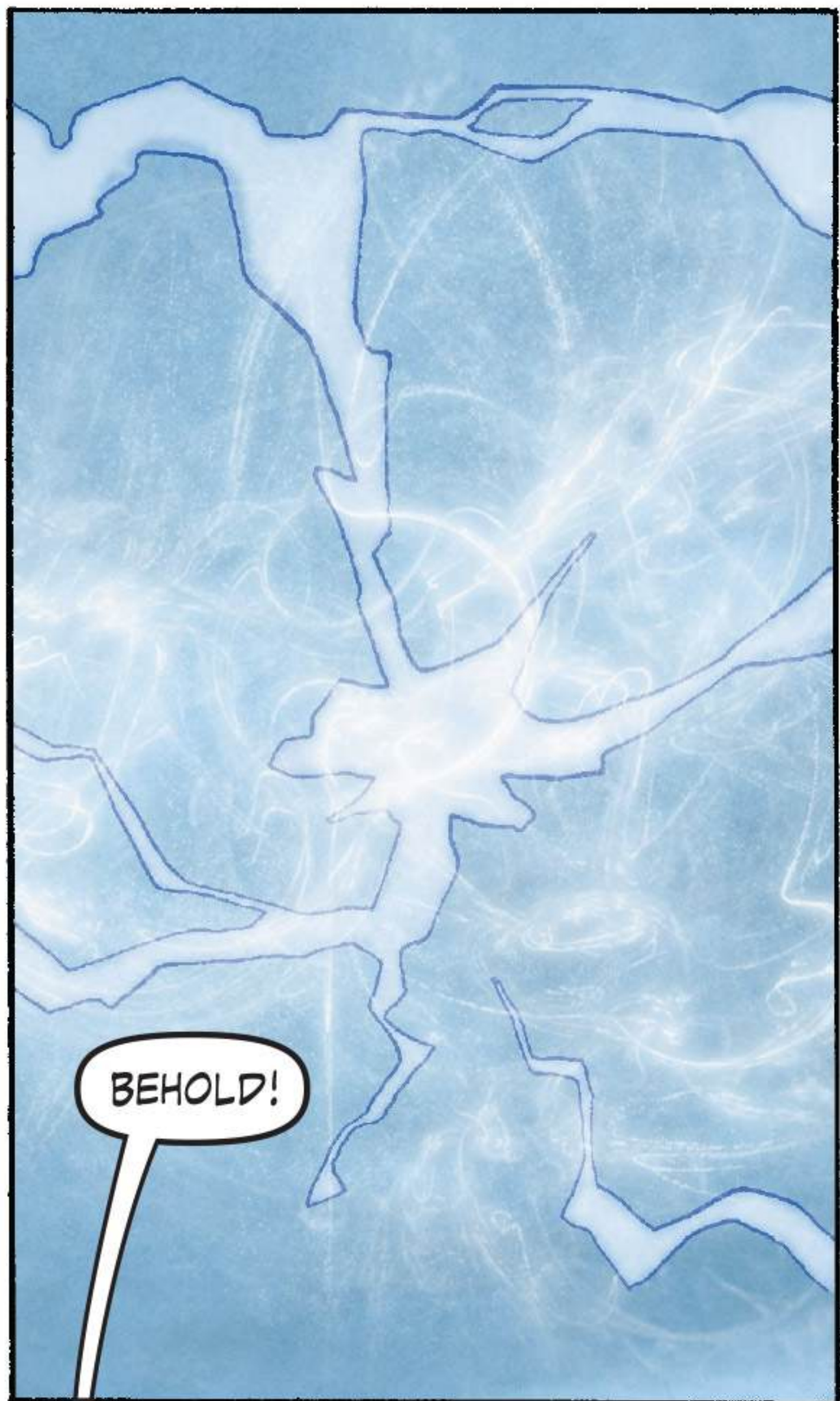
I HATE
BULLIES, XAO. MORE
THAN **ANYTHING** I
HATE BULLIES.



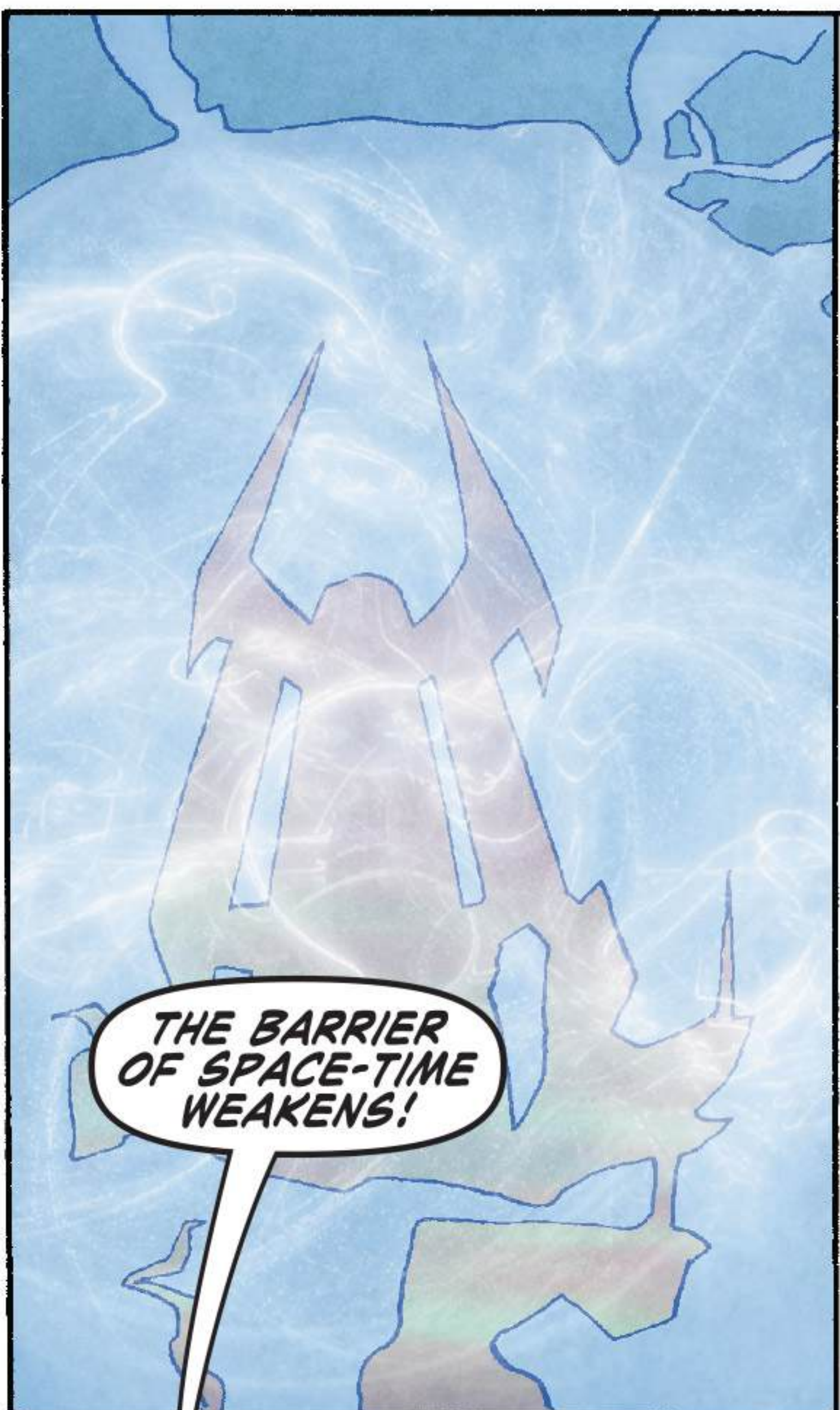
I MADE THE
DAMN TRAIN WORK,
BUT I CURSED YOUR
NAME EVERY STEP
OF THE WAY.



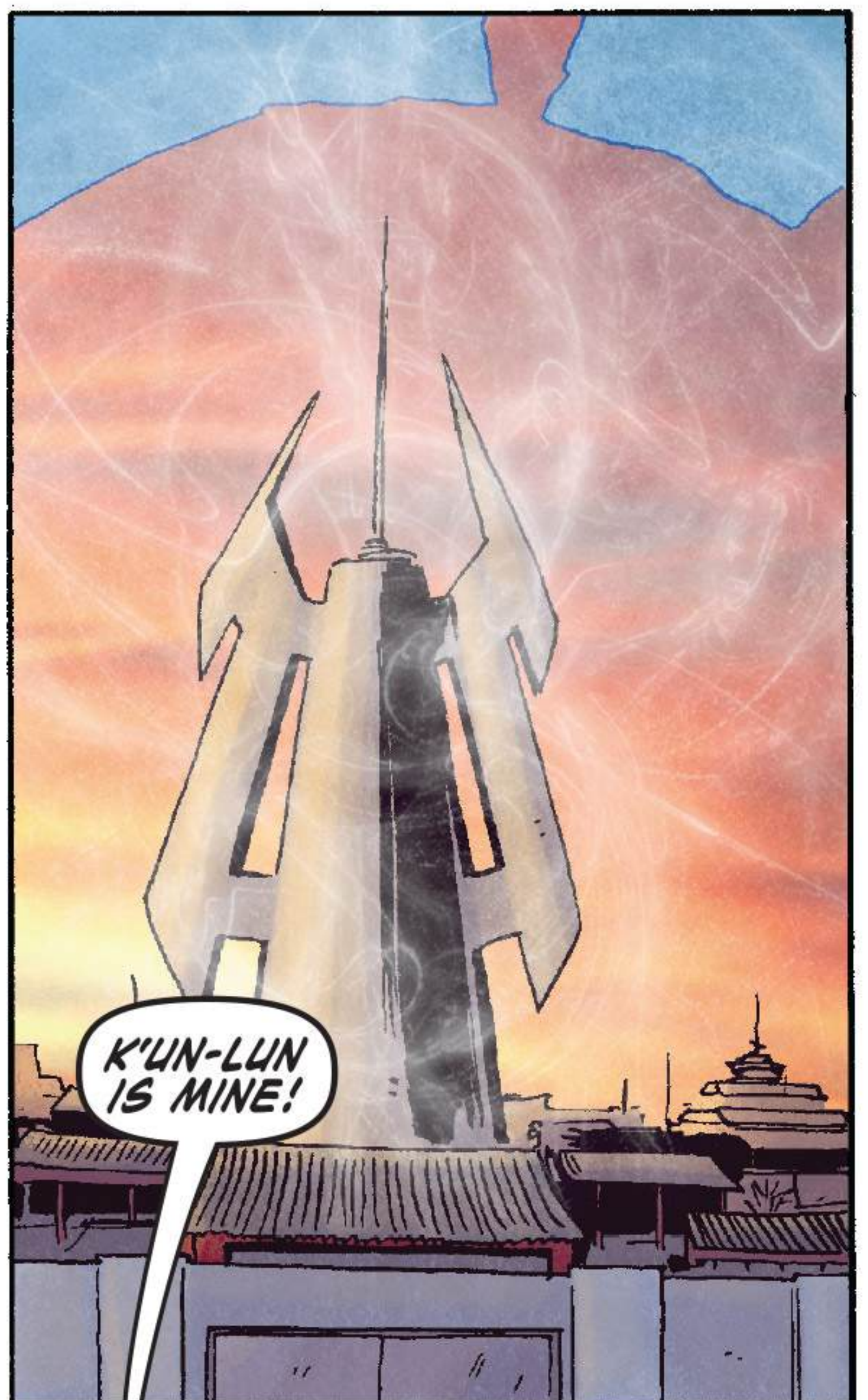
YES. **YES!**



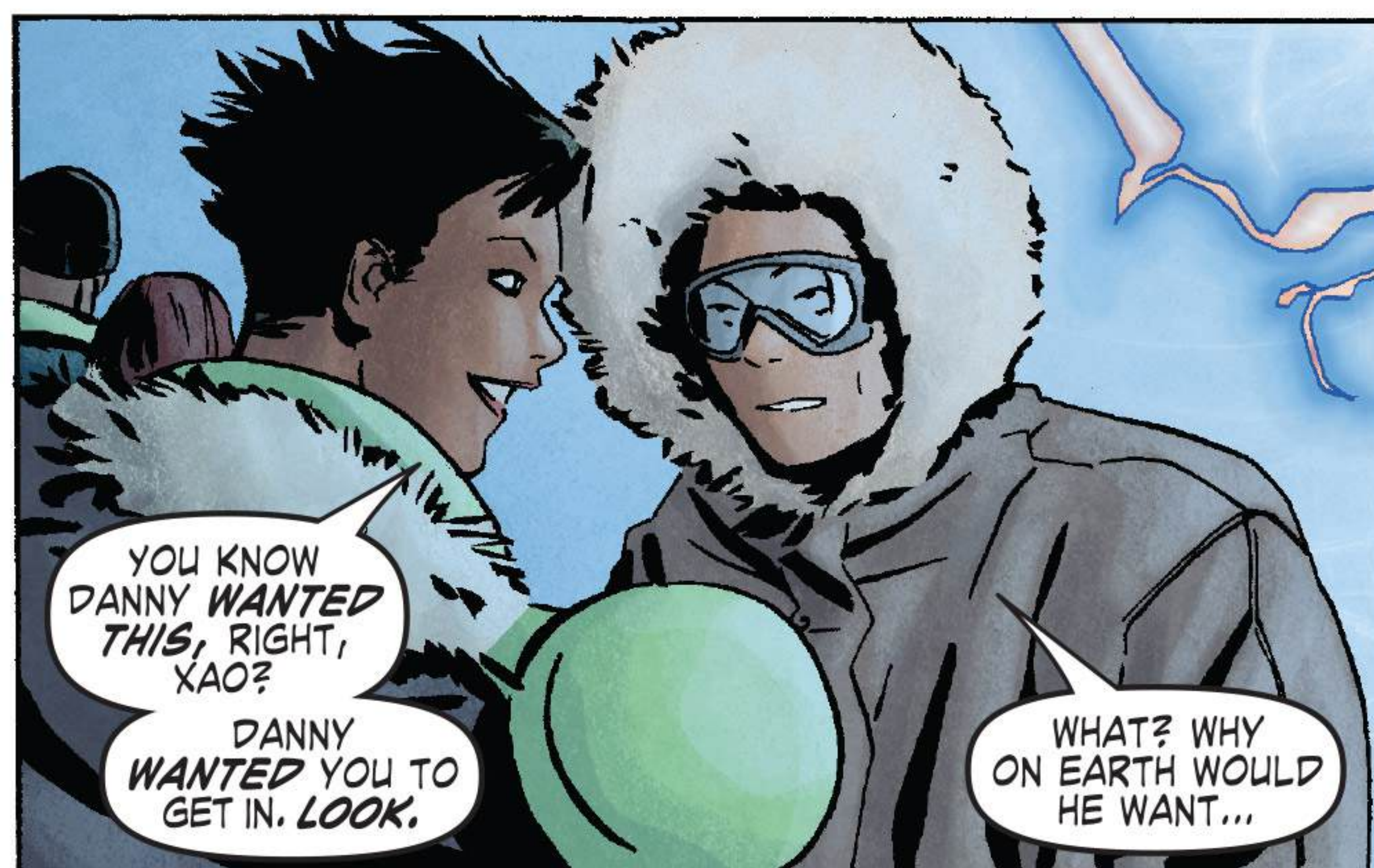
BEHOLD!

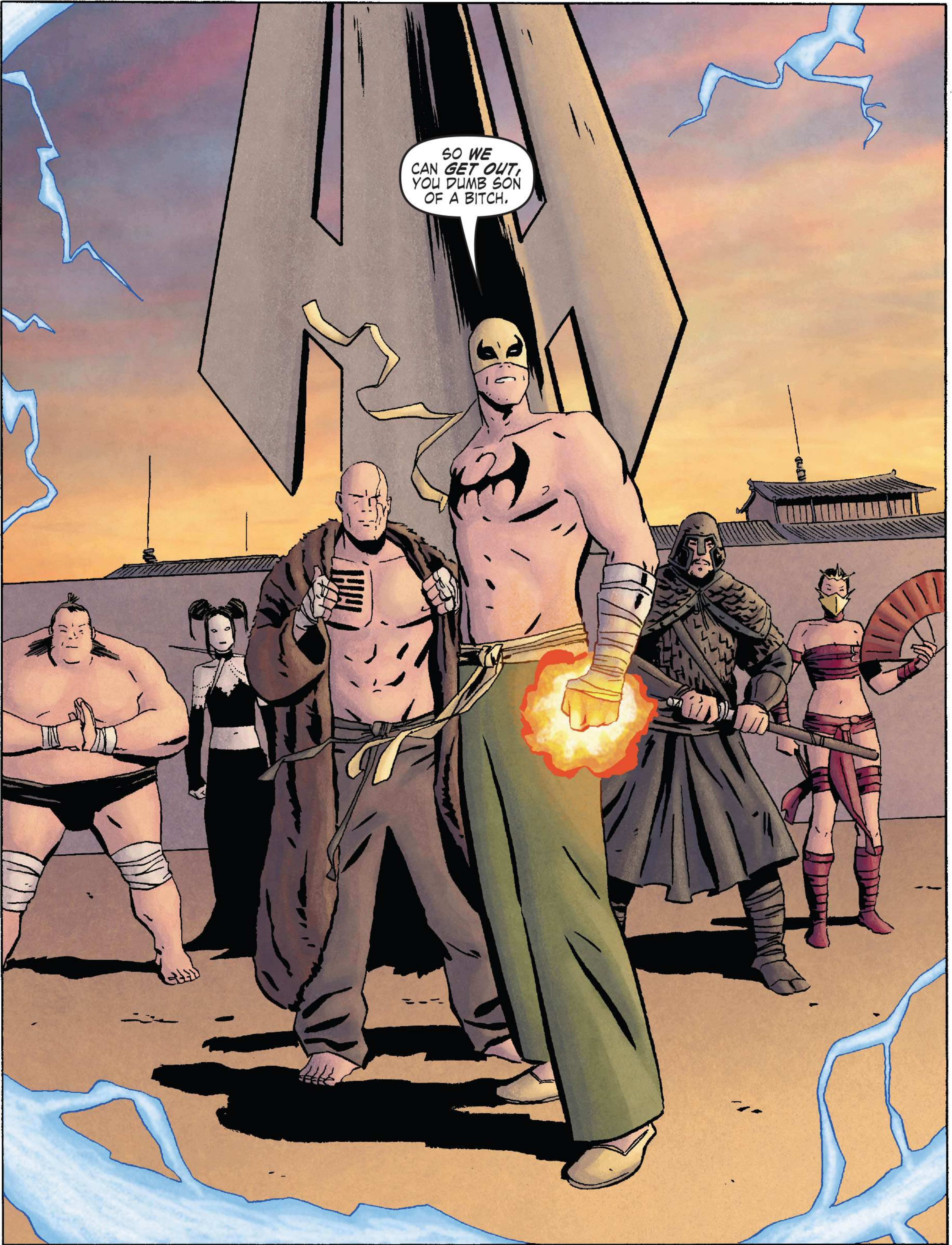


THE BARRIER
OF SPACE-TIME
WEAKENS!



K'UN-LUN
IS MINE!





鐵拳 14

The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

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Round 7



kaare
andrews
.com





YOU CAME SEEKING REVENGE,
OR SOMETHING LIKE IT...AND
INSTEAD YOU FOUND SOMEONE
WORTHY ONLY OF PITY...

SO...
YOU *DID* IT...
HUNH?

FOUND
THE MYSTIC
CITY...

SO, WHY
ARE YOU BACK,
KID?



YOU'RE LUCKY
I AM...ANOTHER DAY
ON THAT STUFF, YOU
MIGHT BE DEAD.

THIS STUFF...
THIS IS THE ONLY
THING KEEPIN' ME
ALIVE...

ONLY THING
THAT LETS ME
FORGET...



YOU KNOW,
I CAME HERE THINKING
I MIGHT *KILL YOU*...
BUT...YOU'RE SO
WEAK.

HOW CAN
YOU BE *THIS*
WEAK?



KILL *ME*... ?
WHY?



BECAUSE
YOU POISONED MY
DREAMS, YOU
BASTARD.

THE
ONLY THING
I EVER WANTED--
THE ONLY THING--
I EVER ASKED
FOR--

--WAS THE
THING YOU COULD
NEVER BE.



DON'T YOU SAY THAT! NOT **EVER** AGAIN!
I BEAT **THEM ALL**!
I WON THE CHANCE TO FACE THE **DRAGON**!

THEN, KID... WHY ARE YOU IN TIBET? HELL, WHY ARE YOU EVEN ON **EARTH**?



BECAUSE YOU **RUINED** IT. ALL I COULD HEAR WAS **YOUR VOICE**, TELLING ME I'D FAIL...
...JUST LIKE DAVOS DID...



WHY DID YOU DO THAT TO ME?

WHY DO YOU **THINK**?



BECAUSE YOU'RE A MENTALLY CRIPPLED OLD **BASTARD**!
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T FORGET A WAR NO ONE ELSE EVEN **REMEMBERS** ANYMORE!



SHACKK!
SHACKK!
COUGH!



YOU MAY-- YOU MAY BE RIGHT, WENDELL... THERE'S MORE TO IT...
SEE... EVEN IF IT'S NOT THE ONE YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT...



...EVERYTHIN' THE IRON FIST IS... IT'S **ALWAYS** ABOUT WAR...

My name is Danny Rand. I am the Immortal Iron Fist...

K'UN-LUN IS REVEALED! ATTACK!

...and this is the front line of a war that threatens to rend Heaven itself asunder.

It's a war I'm not sure we can win.



It all started when Mr. Xiao tried to commission my company to build him a magnetic-levitation train.

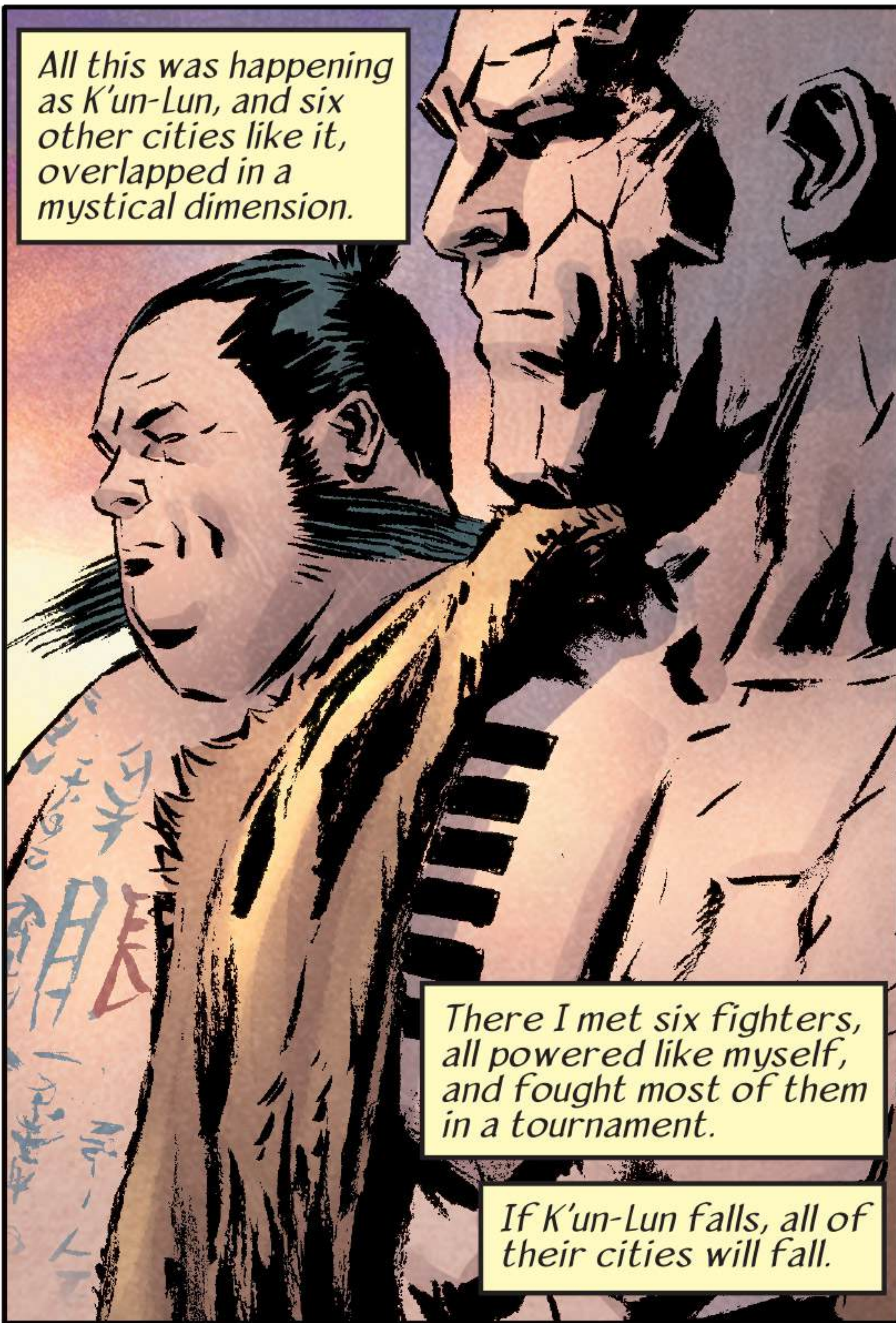
PUT THE HOSTAGES IN! THE! TRAIN!

I said **no** because I didn't like him. I didn't know he wanted to destroy K'un-Lun, but I suppose that level of **arrogance** shouldn't surprise me.



Xao kidnapped my right-hand man and his **mother** and forced him to build it **anyway**.

Then my best friends and my kind-of girlfriend (I guess) tried to save him, but they got captured, too.



All this was happening as K'un-Lun, and six other cities like it, overlapped in a mystical dimension.

There I met six fighters, all powered like myself, and fought most of them in a tournament.

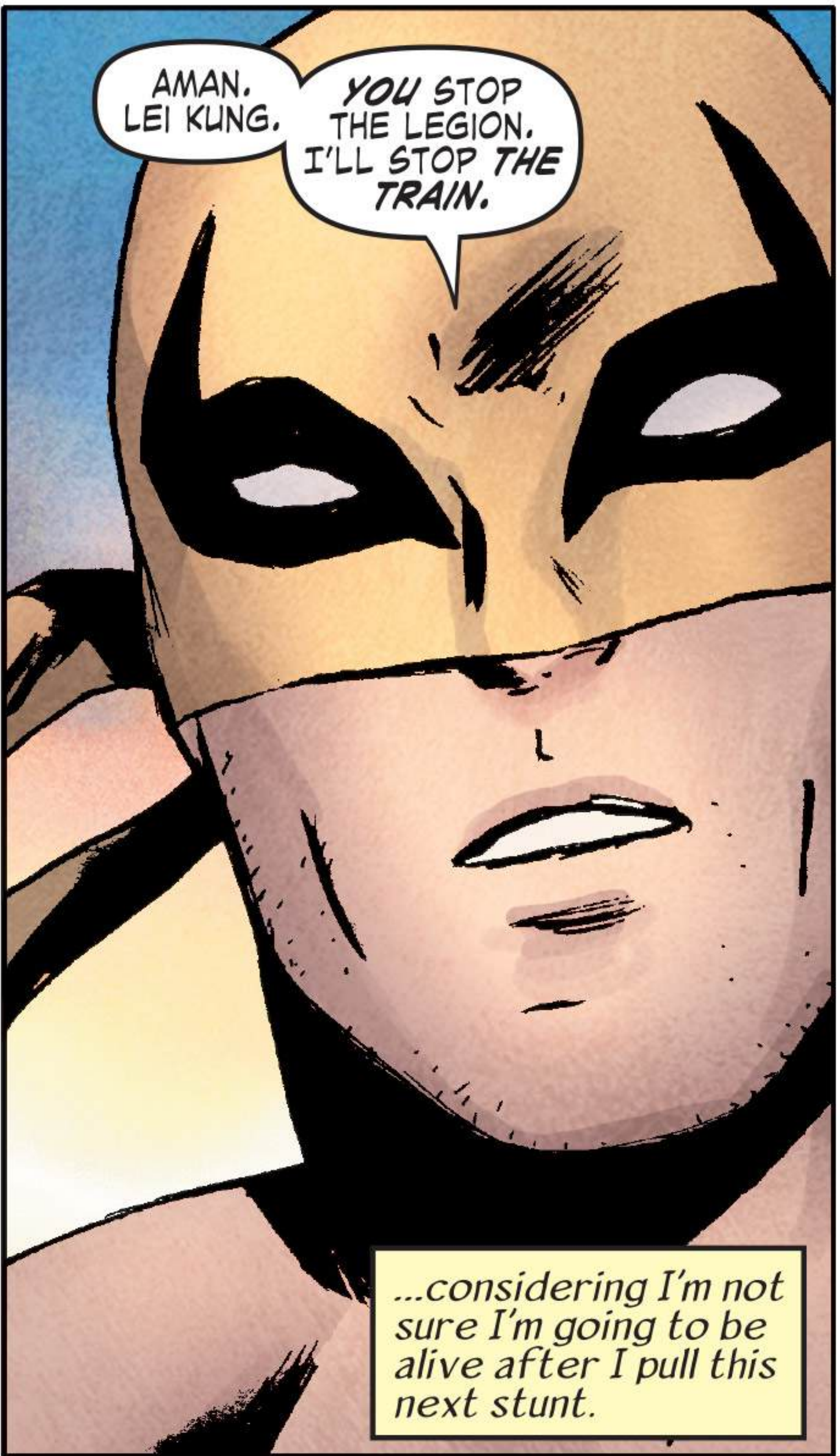
If K'un-Lun falls, all of their cities will fall.



Maybe it's for the best-- K'un-Lun, I discovered, has been teetering on the brink of total revolution anyway, led by a corrupt tyrant.

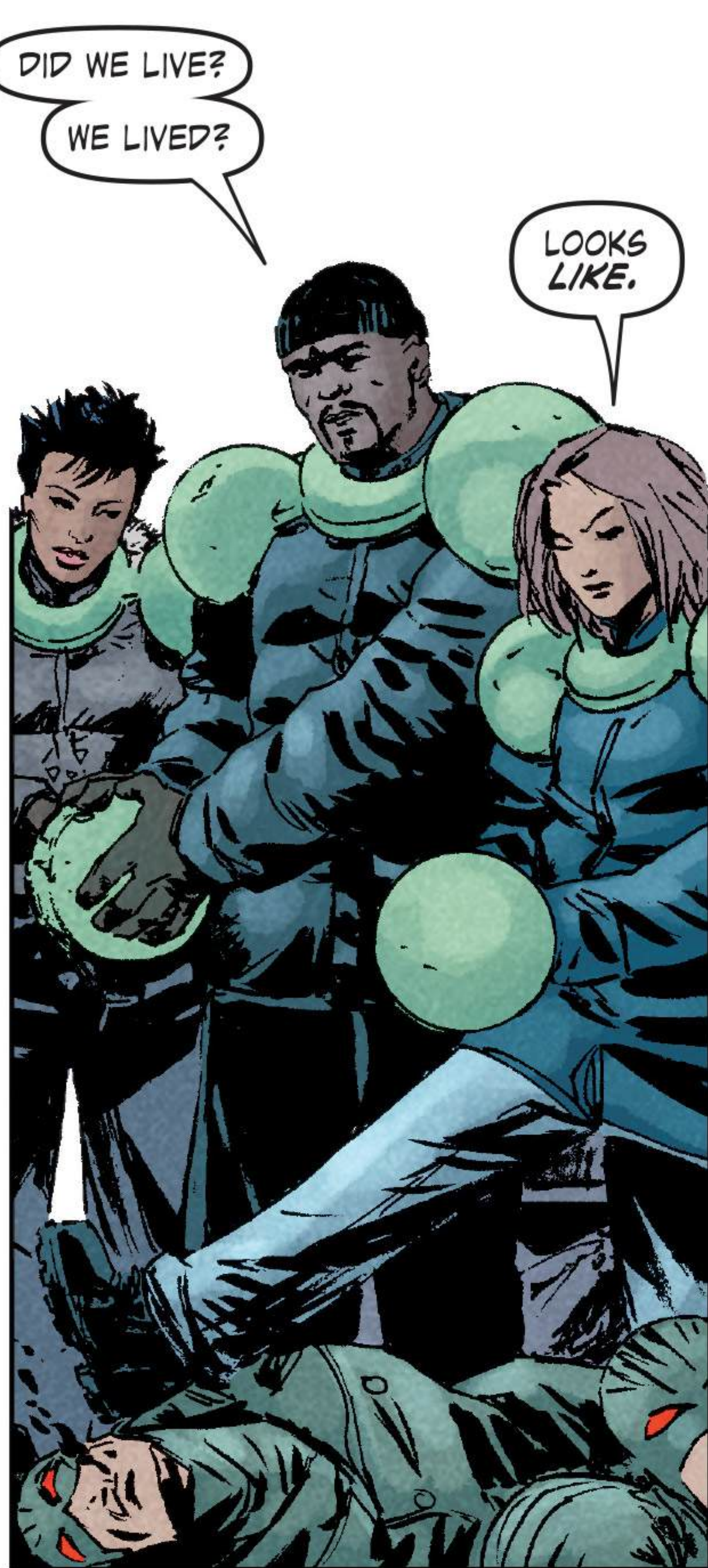
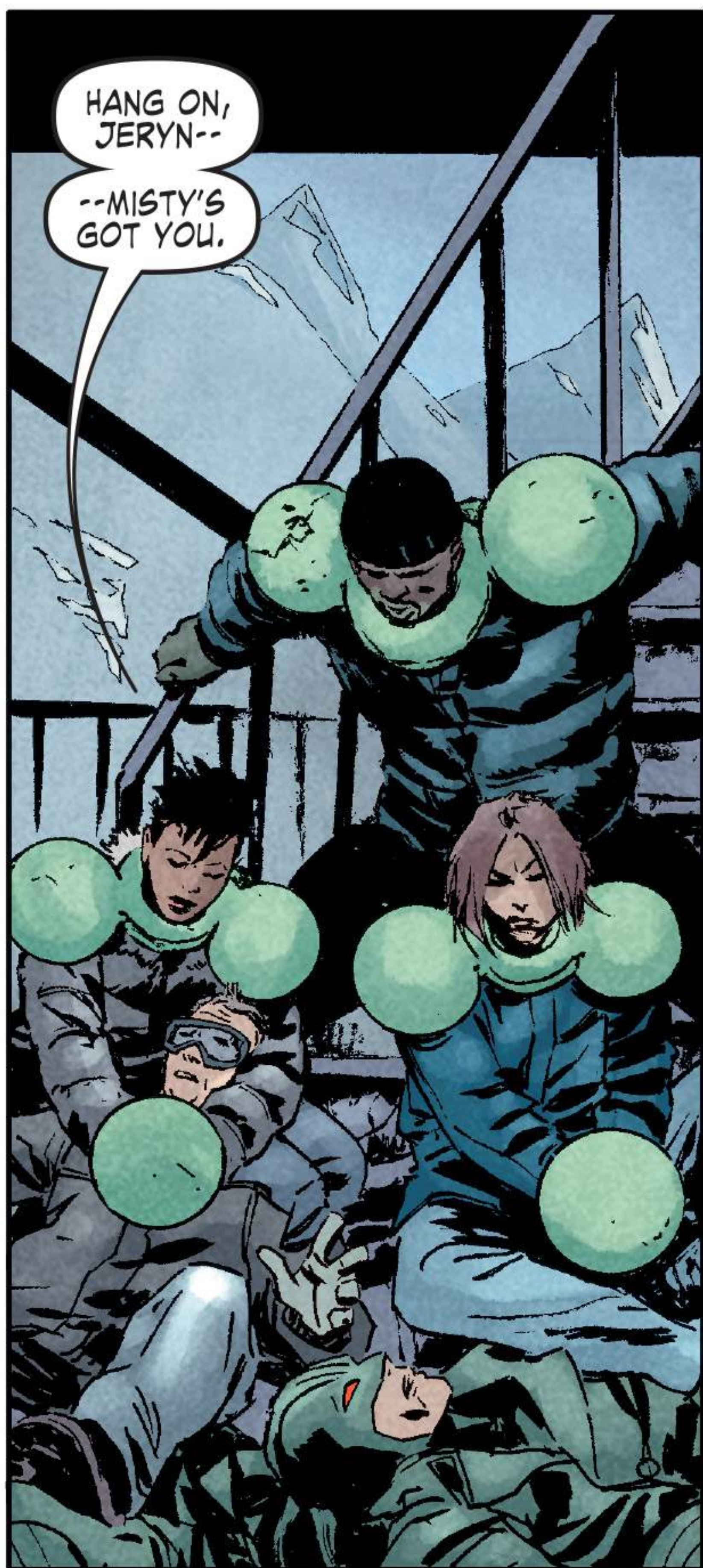
A secret army of the oppressed is ready to rise up and **change** K'un-Lun.

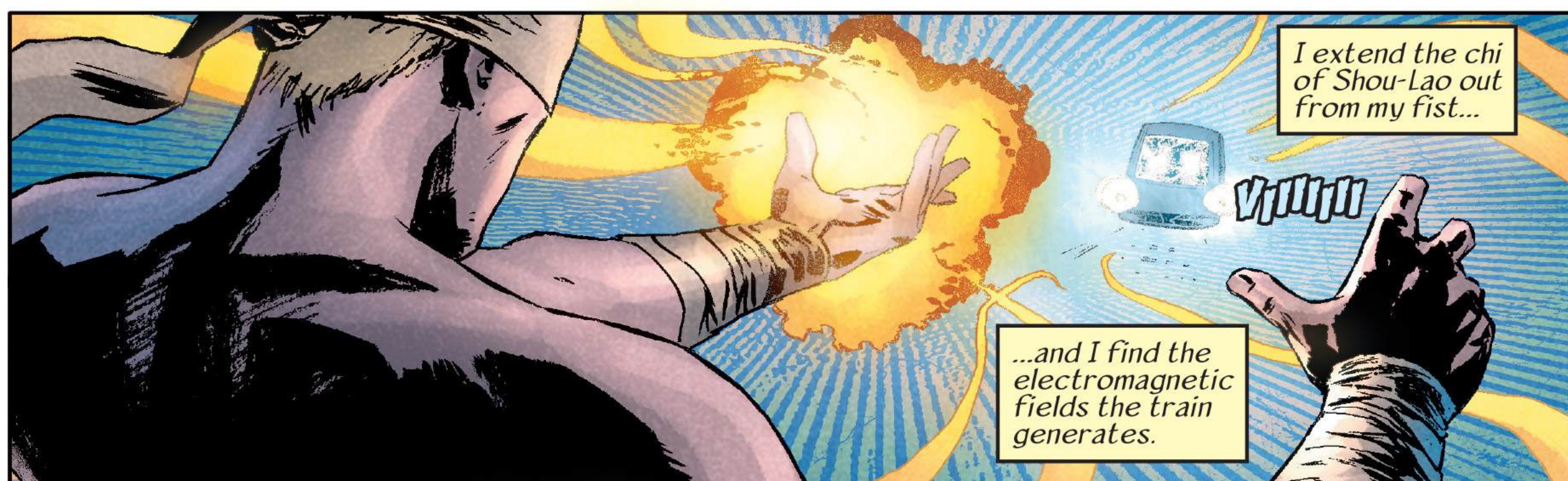
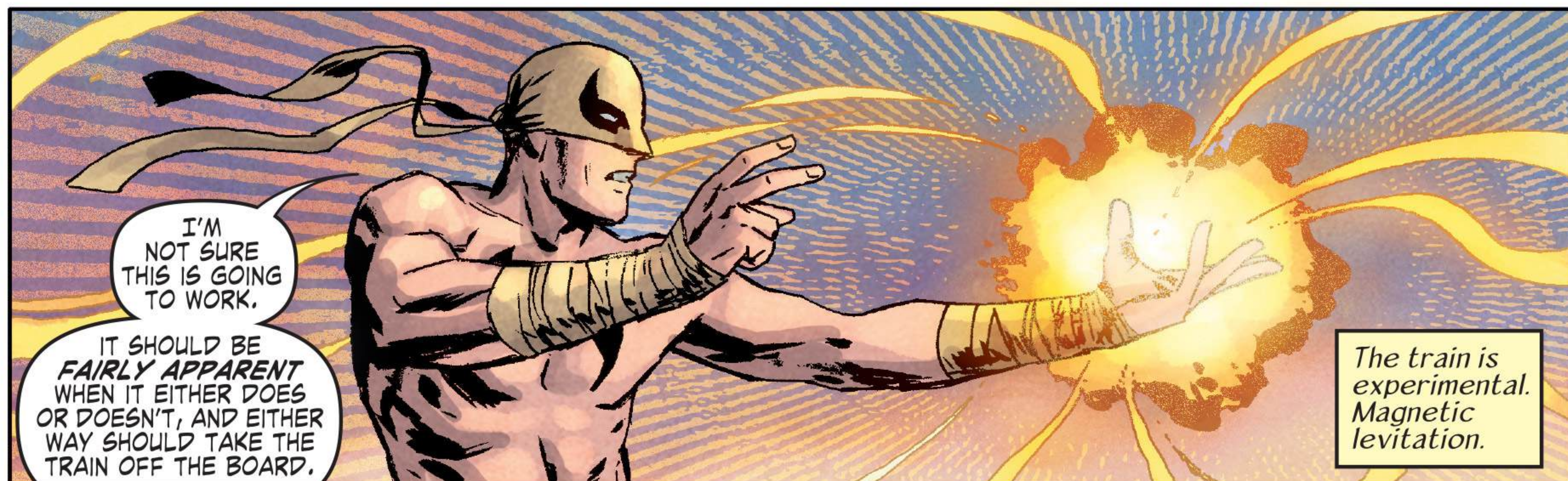
Which is pretty lucky for me, because I absolutely have **use** for an army right now...

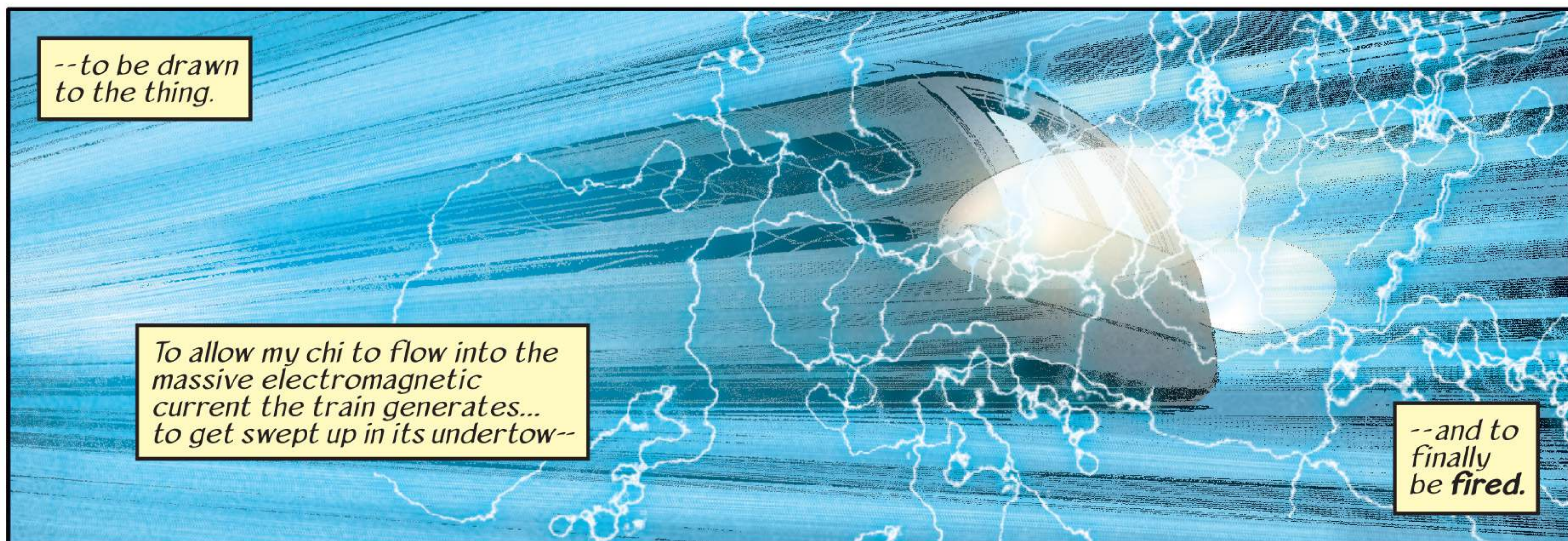


AMAN. LEI KUNG. YOU STOP THE LEGION. I'LL STOP THE TRAIN.

...considering I'm not sure I'm going to be alive after I pull this next stunt.







--to be drawn
to the thing.

To allow my chi to flow into the
massive electromagnetic
current the train generates...
to get swept up in its undertow--

--and to
finally
be **fired**.

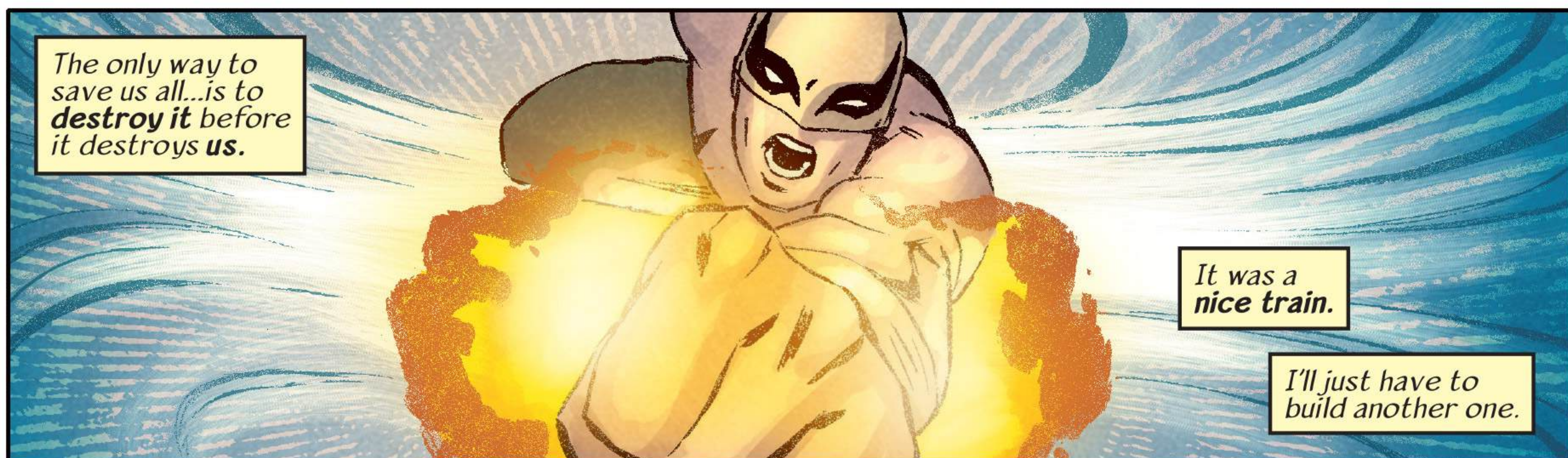


I am a **human bullet**.



The train is loaded
down with enough
raw explosives to
make **Hiroshima**
look like a sparkler--

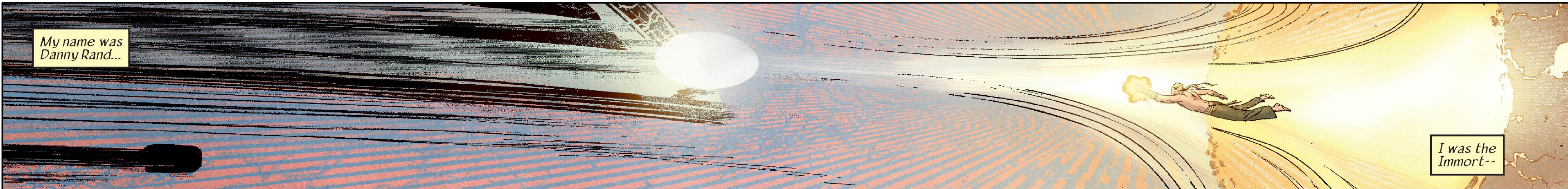
--and it's
aimed straight
at our hearts.



The only way to
save us all...is to
destroy it before
it destroys **us**.

It was a
nice train.

I'll just have to
build another one.





The Immortal
Weapons of the
Seven Capital
Cities of Heaven:



Fat Cobra.



EXQUISITE SPEED RELEASE

Dog Brother #1.

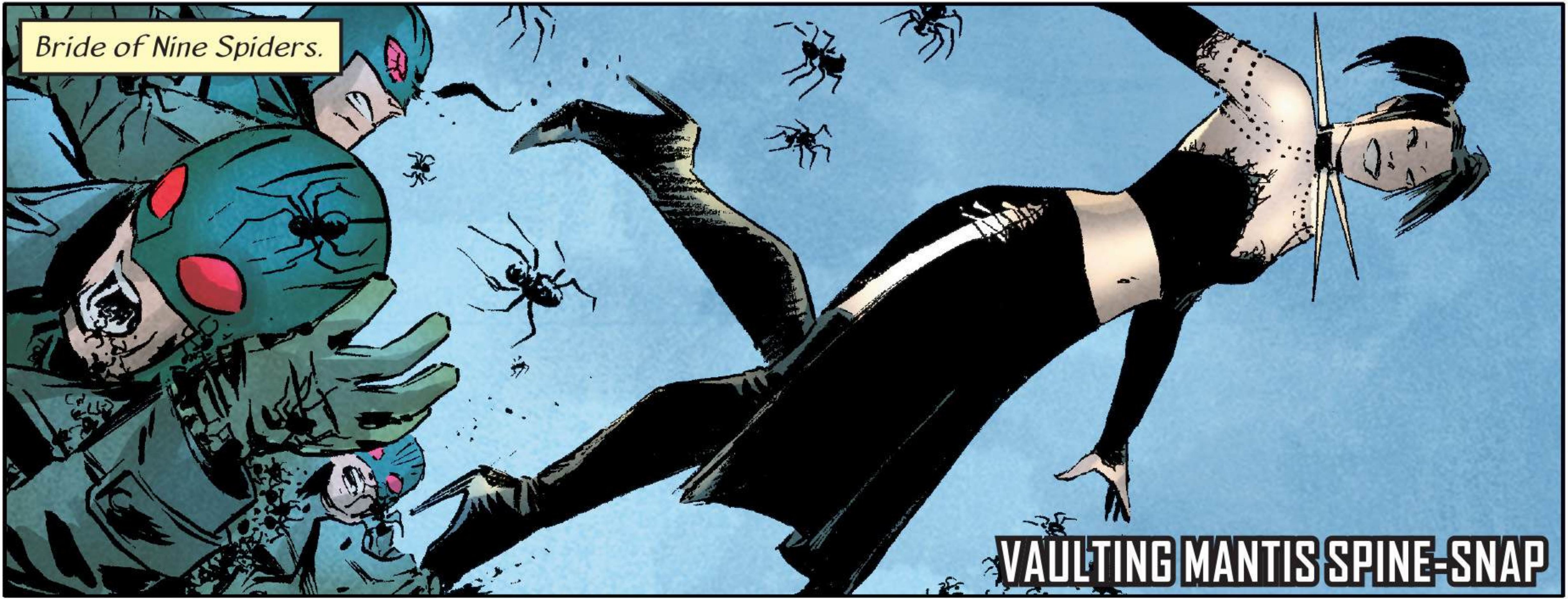


BLOOD-HUNGER'S BLADE

Tiger's
Beautiful
Daughter.

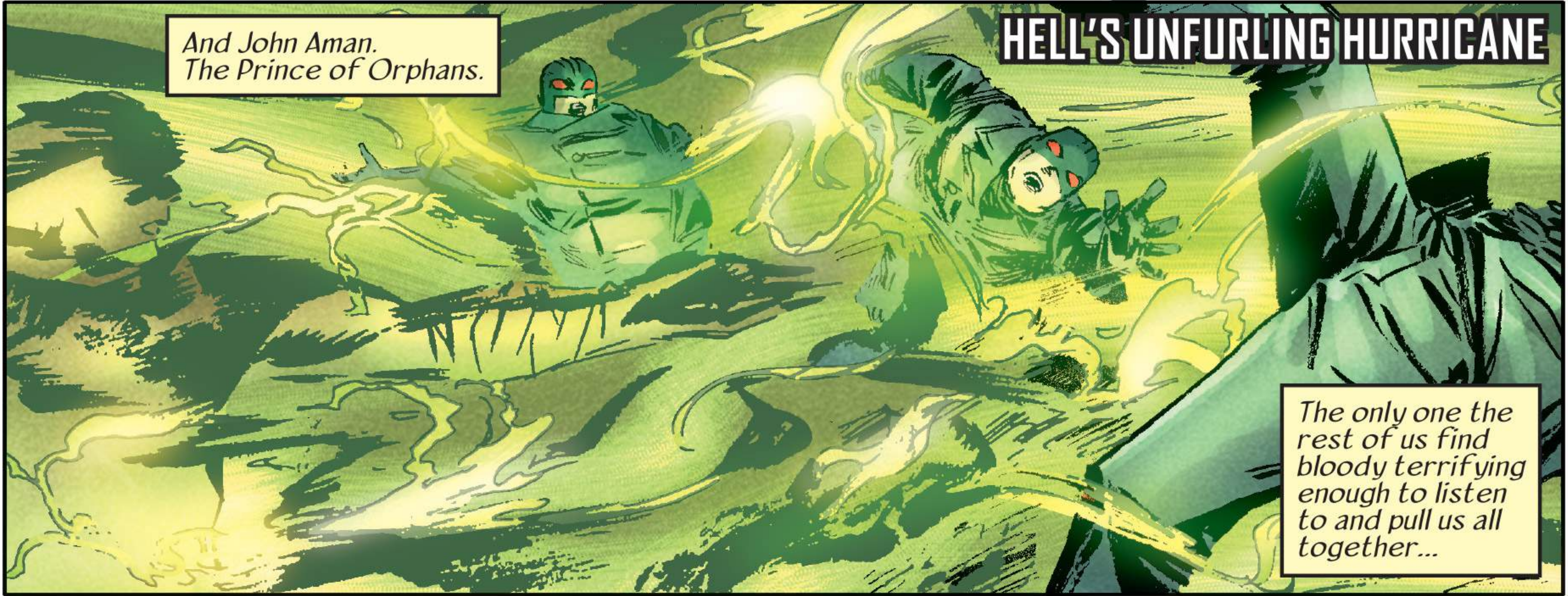


THE STABBING NEWLYWED



Bride of Nine Spiders.

VAULTING MANTIS SPINE-SNAP



And John Aman.
The Prince of Orphans.

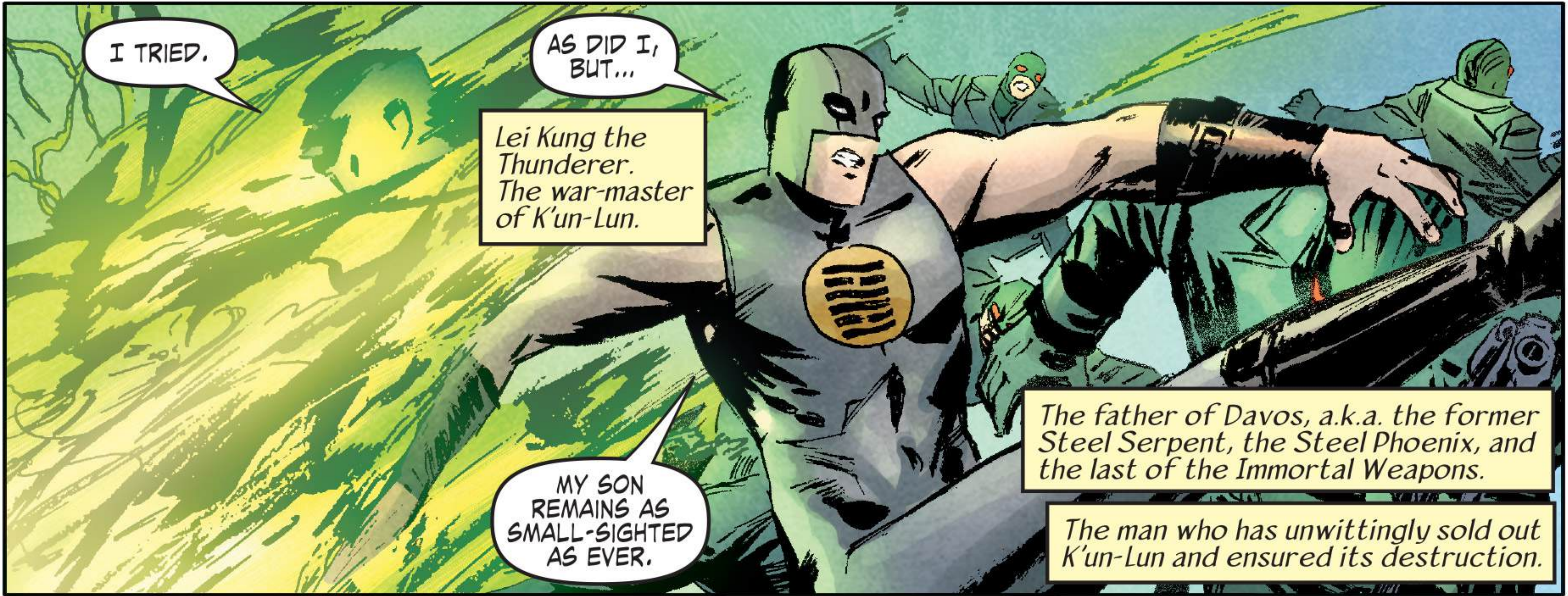
HELL'S UNFURLING HURRICANE

The only one the
rest of us find
bloody terrifying
enough to listen
to and pull us all
together...



Well...almost
all of us.

NO LUCK
BRINGING DAVOS
AROUND, HUH?



I TRIED.

AS DID I,
BUT...

Lei Kung the
Thunderer.
The war-master
of K'un-Lun.

MY SON
REMAINS AS
SMALL-SIGHTED
AS EVER.

The father of Davos, a.k.a. the former
Steel Serpent, the Steel Phoenix, and
the last of the Immortal Weapons.

The man who has unwittingly sold out
K'un-Lun and ensured its destruction.







MY LORD YU-TI!
MY LORD YU-TI!
WHAT SHOULD
WE--

OUT OF
MY WAY.



I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO,
"YU-TI"...



...BUT I
KNOW TREACHERY
WHEN I SEE IT.



And so I
follow
"Yu-Ti"...



...and watch as
he descends...

MOVE,
CRETINS!



...below
K'un-Lun.

...I PRAY
I'M NOT TOO
LATE...



TERROR PRIESTS--

HALT YOUR WORK! I NEED **THE RANDALL GATE** TO ESCAPE--!



STOP--! WE AREN'T ALLOWED TO ENTER--

I WILL KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND.



DO NOT DESTROY THE RANDALL GATE!

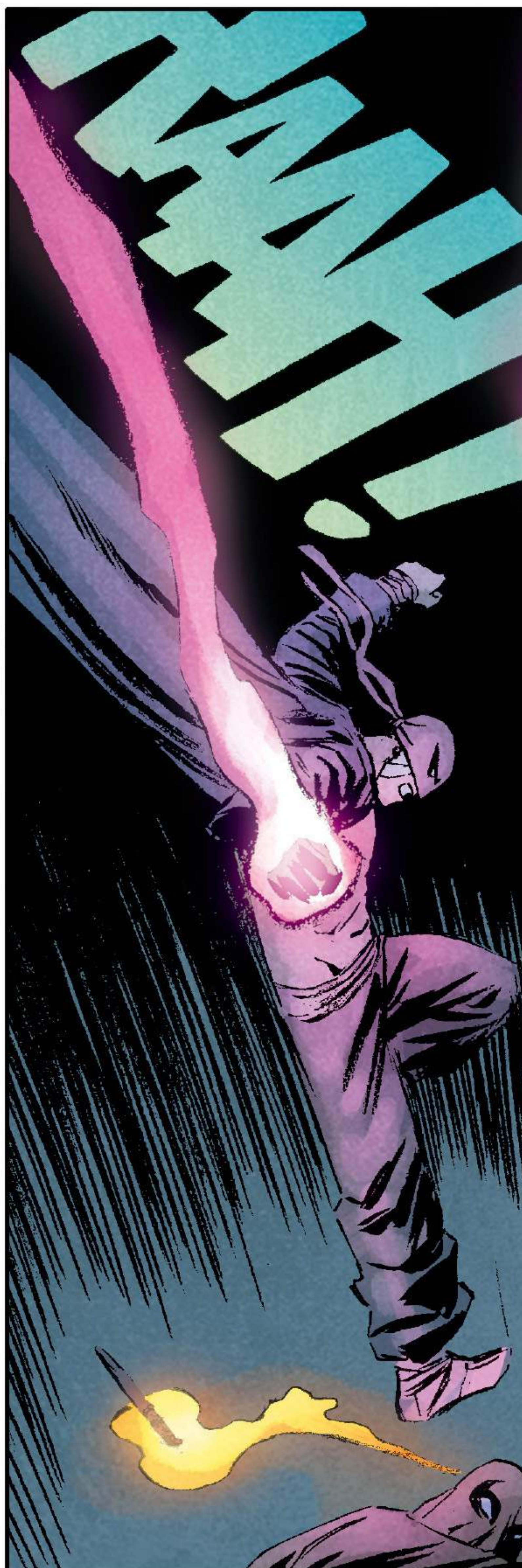
DO NOT--

NU-AN.



YOU MAY RULE K'UN-LUN, BUT YOU'RE NOT *MY* MASTER AND I'LL BE DEAD IN THE COLD GROUND BEFORE I CALL YOU "YU-TI."

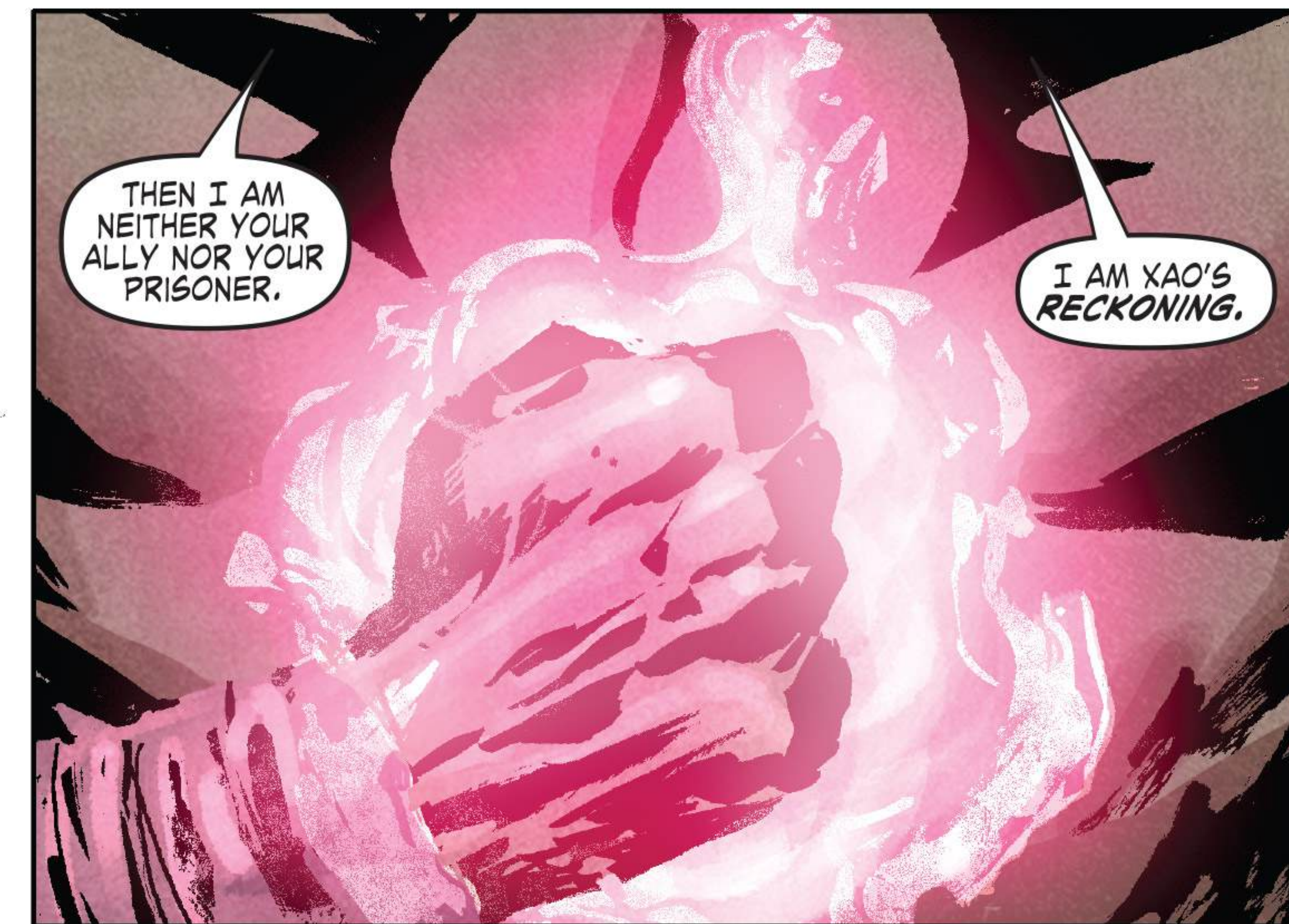
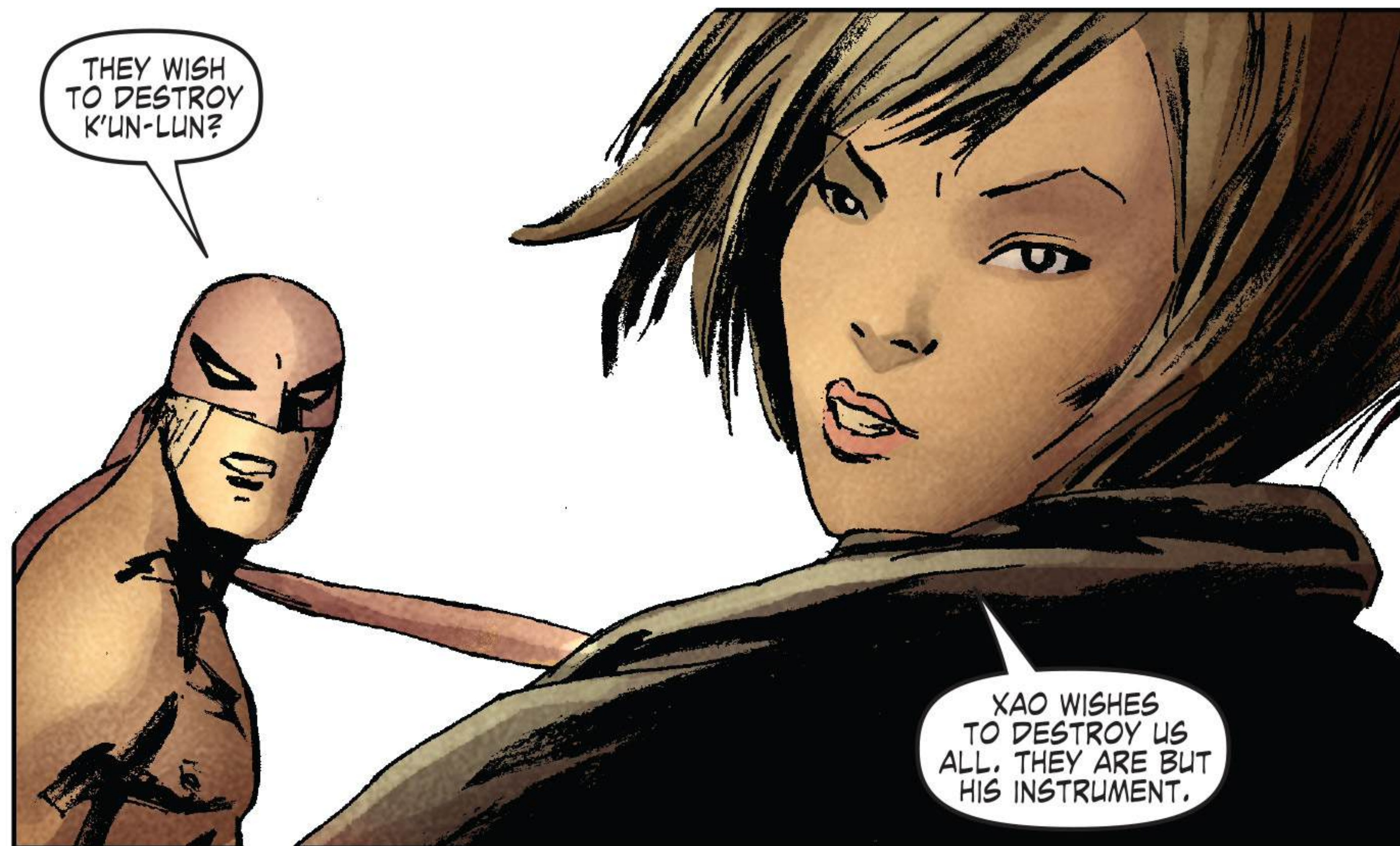
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE *NU-AN* TO ME. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE WORM.

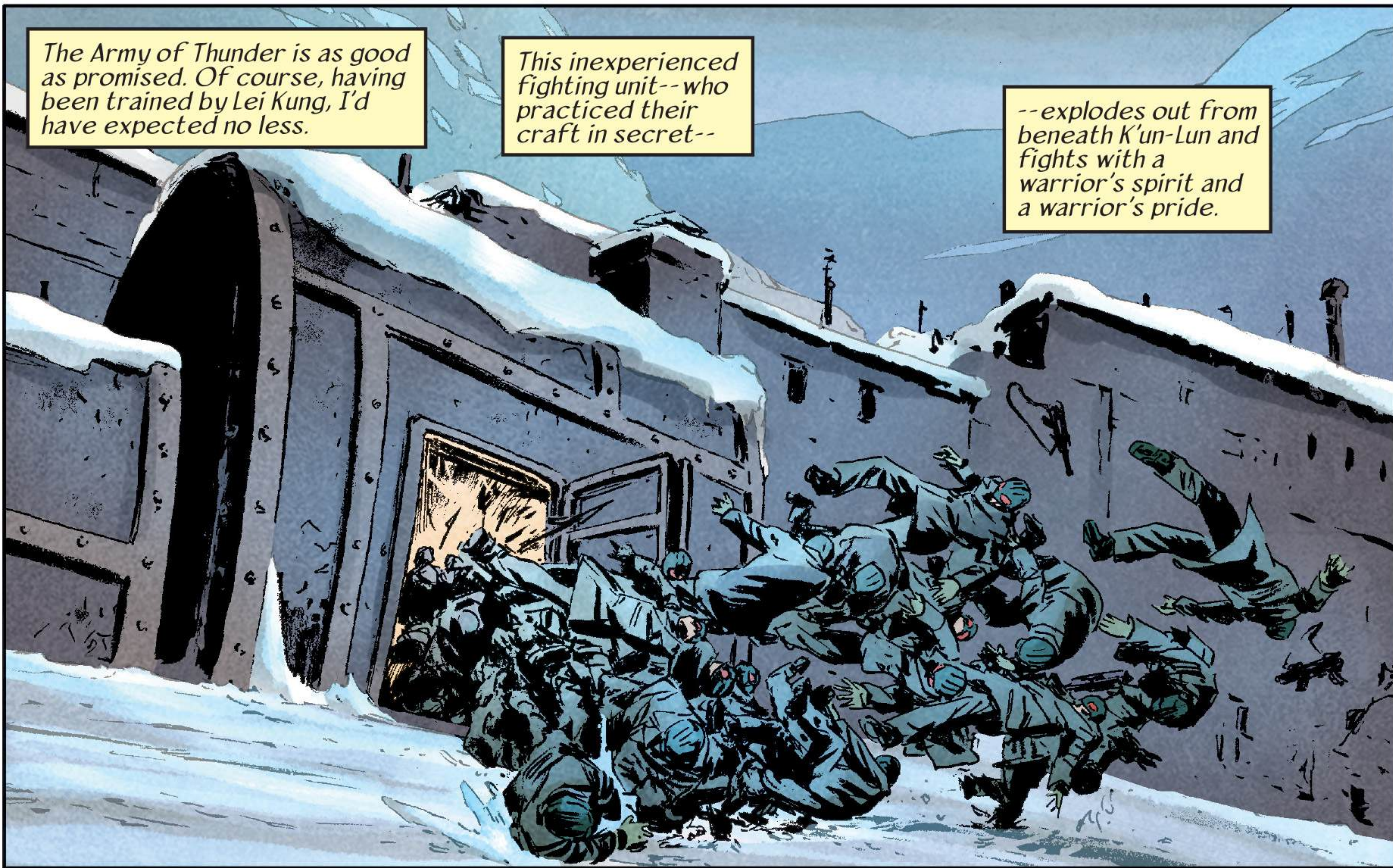


MY...

LORD.







The Army of Thunder is as good as promised. Of course, having been trained by Lei Kung, I'd have expected no less.

This inexperienced fighting unit-- who practiced their craft in secret--

--explodes out from beneath K'un-Lun and fights with a warrior's spirit and a warrior's pride.



They fight **so** well--

--and **so** ferociously... with **such** great focus--



--that it is **exploited**.

And as the Army of Thunder fights its way through the Randall Gate and forces Hydra back...

...Nu-An escapes into the night like a thief.



KEEP FIGHTING, SISTERS!

KEEP PUSHING THEM BACK TO WHERE THEY CAME--!



And elsewhere,
the Immortal
Weapons keep
fighting, too.

We **all** keep fighting.
When faced with the
alternative, what other
choice do we have?



Nothing left to lose.

We fight as one
for our very lives.



We fight as one in
spite of our origins
and our histories.



We fight against
the darkness so
that we may
again know light...



...and by the time **the
Army of Thunder**
forces its way **up** to
the platform...

...we force the
darkness **down**,
inch by inch.

And that's how...
one step at a time...





YOU'RE
ALL COLD.
YOU'RE
ALL TIRED.
AND
YOU'VE GOT
TO PROTECT
MOMMA HOGARTH
WHILE TRYING
NOT TO GET
YOURSELVES
KILLED.



MY PARTNER
HAS A WAY WITH
THE BLADE.
AND CLEARLY
I'M UNAFRAID OF A
TUSSELE OR TWO.



NOW,
YOU MIGHT
MANAGE
TO BRING
DOWN ONE OF
US, OR MAYBE
EVEN BOTH
OF US.
BUT I
PROMISE YOU
THIS--THAT
BEFORE WE
DIE--



WE WILL
BLIND ONE
OF YOU.
WE WILL
KILL TWO OF
YOU.
AND THREE
OF YOU WILL
NEVER HAVE
CHILDREN.
EVER.



MOM!

SMART
BOYS.

MRS.
HOGARTH?
LET'S GET
YOU *HOM*E...

For Hydra, this is all just another job gone horribly wrong.

CHOKING WIND

For the Immortal Weapons and the Army of Thunder, this is a battle not just for our lives, but for our homes.

88TH SON OF WAR

STOMPING GIANT SLAP

BASTARD'S BLACK HEARTCRUSHER

HELL'S LAST TSUNAMI

Hydra fights like they're picking up a paycheck.

MISTRESS OF ALL AGONIES

We're fighting for our futures.

All of us united against Xao.

PIGS!
RUNNING DOGS!

Xao...

Nowhere left to run.

Nowhere left to hide.

XAO!

XAO.
YOU'RE OUT OF MOVES.



SURRENDER.

TO YOU?
SCION OF THE
LEGACY THAT KILLED
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER,
MY GRANDMOTHER AND
SO *MANY* OF MY
BLOODLINE?

NEVER.



YOU'RE NOT REALLY IN A
BARGAINING POSITION
HERE, XAO.

THERE'S A
BIT OF A POWER
DIFFERENTIAL.



THAT ASSUMES I'M
A *RATIONAL ACTOR*
ON THIS STAGE. THAT
MY OBJECTIVE IS
VICTORY, AND THAT
MY SURVIVAL IS
PARAMOUNT ABOVE
ALL.

IT IS NOT.
I WILL BE
AVENGED.



XAO, YOU'VE
FAILED. THERE'S
NO ONE LEFT TO
AVENGE YOU.

OH?



THERE IS
AN *EIGHTH CITY*,
DANIEL RAND.



Xao makes no
sound as he falls.

His war ends *silently*.



SEE,
'CAUSE THE WAR
IS *NEVER* OVER,
WENDELL...

...NOT
WHEN YOU'RE AN
IRON FIST.



AN' I NEVER
WANTED YOU TO
HAVE TO LIVE THROUGH
WHAT I'VE SEEN...

...WHAT I'VE
DONE...



BUT YOU
NEVER GAVE ME
A CHANCE.

BECAUSE I
WANTED YOU TO
HAVE ONE...SEE, I
WASN'T *MEANT* TO
LIVE THIS LONG.

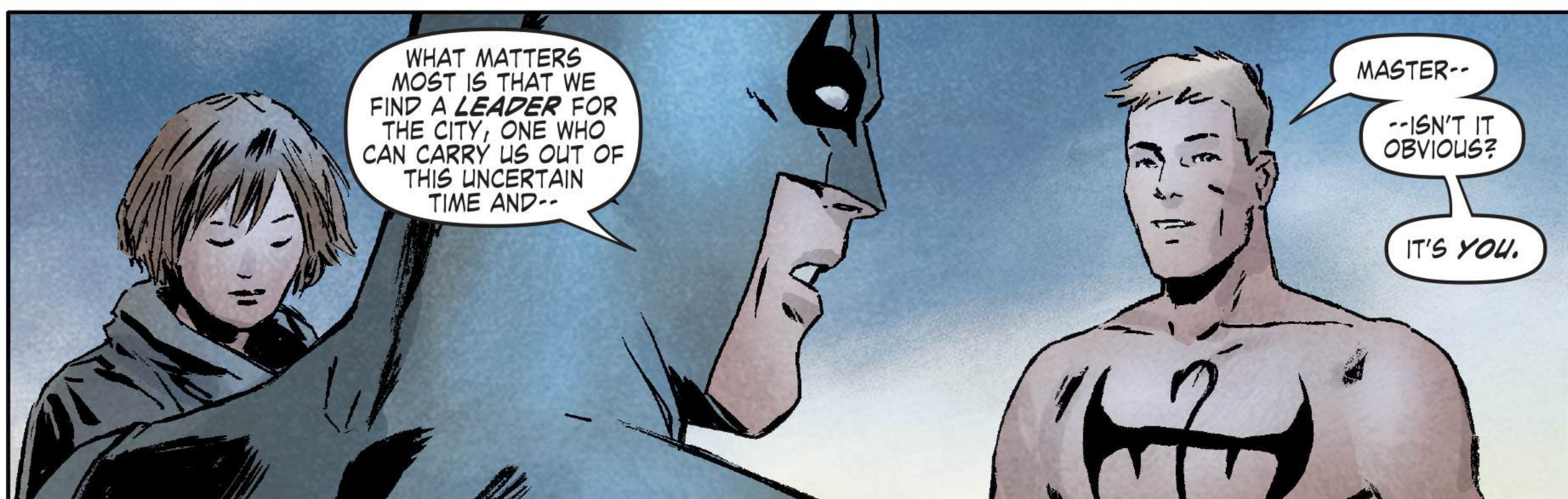
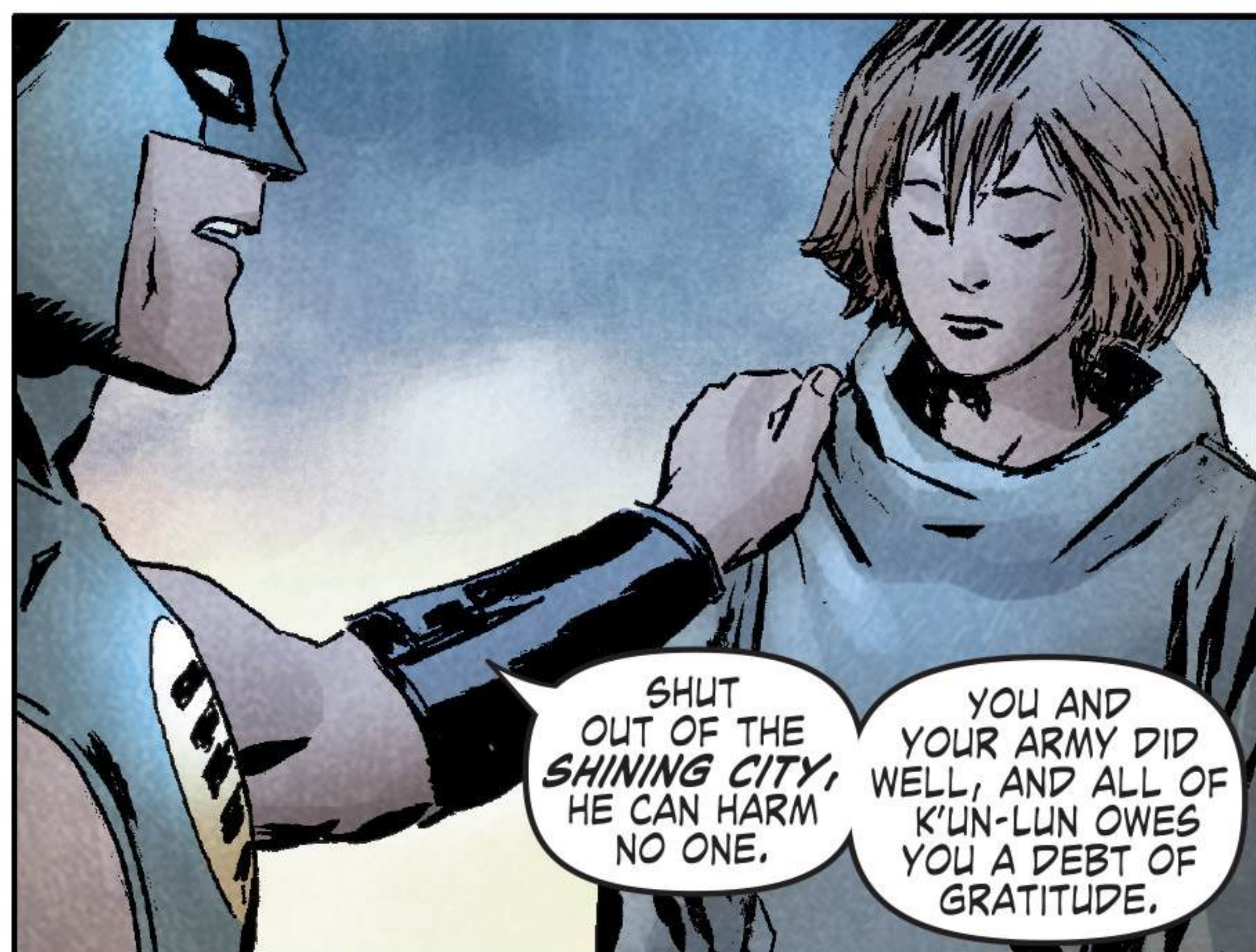
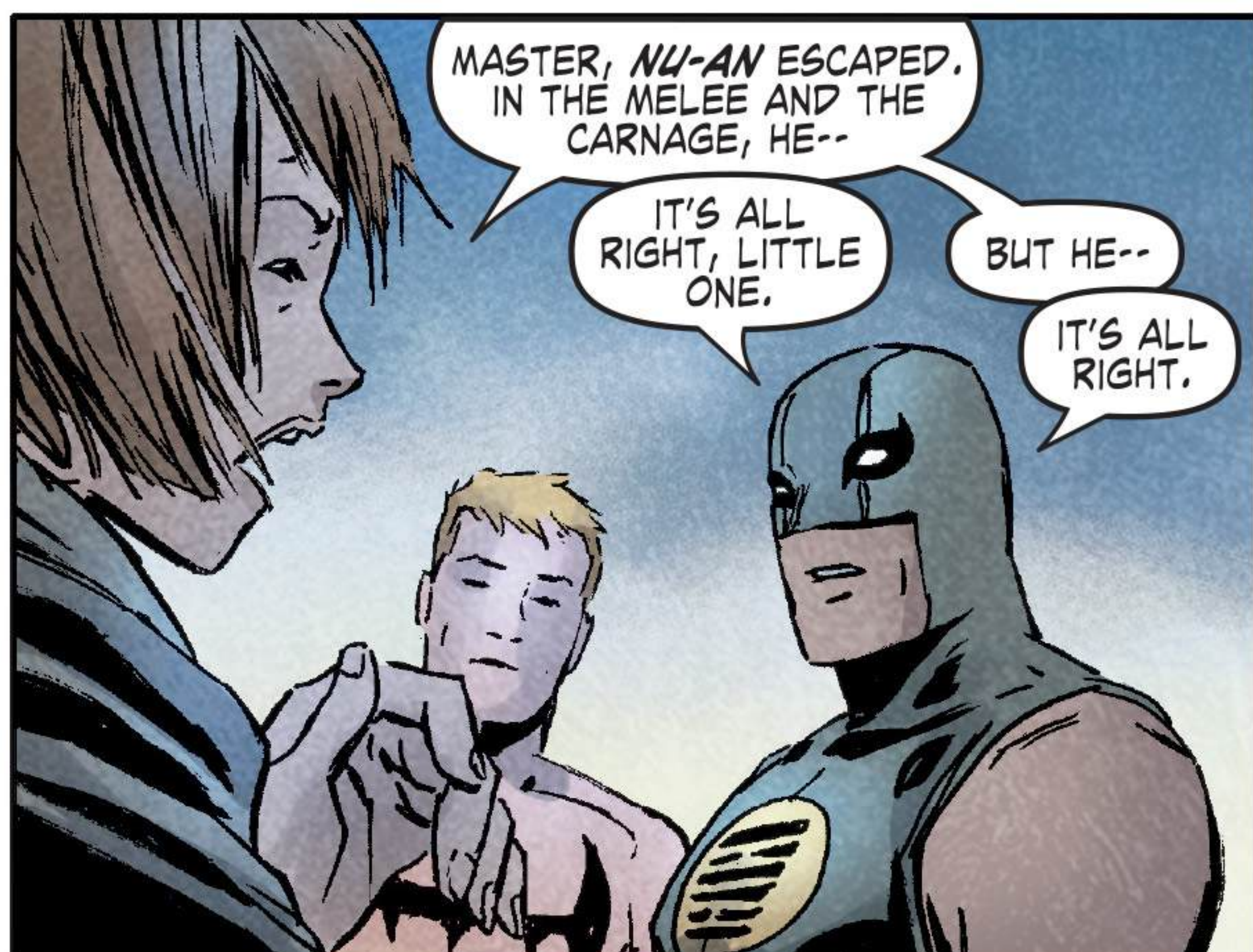
IT'S ONLY
LUCK AND MY OWN
STUPIDITY THAT'S
KEPT ME HERE.

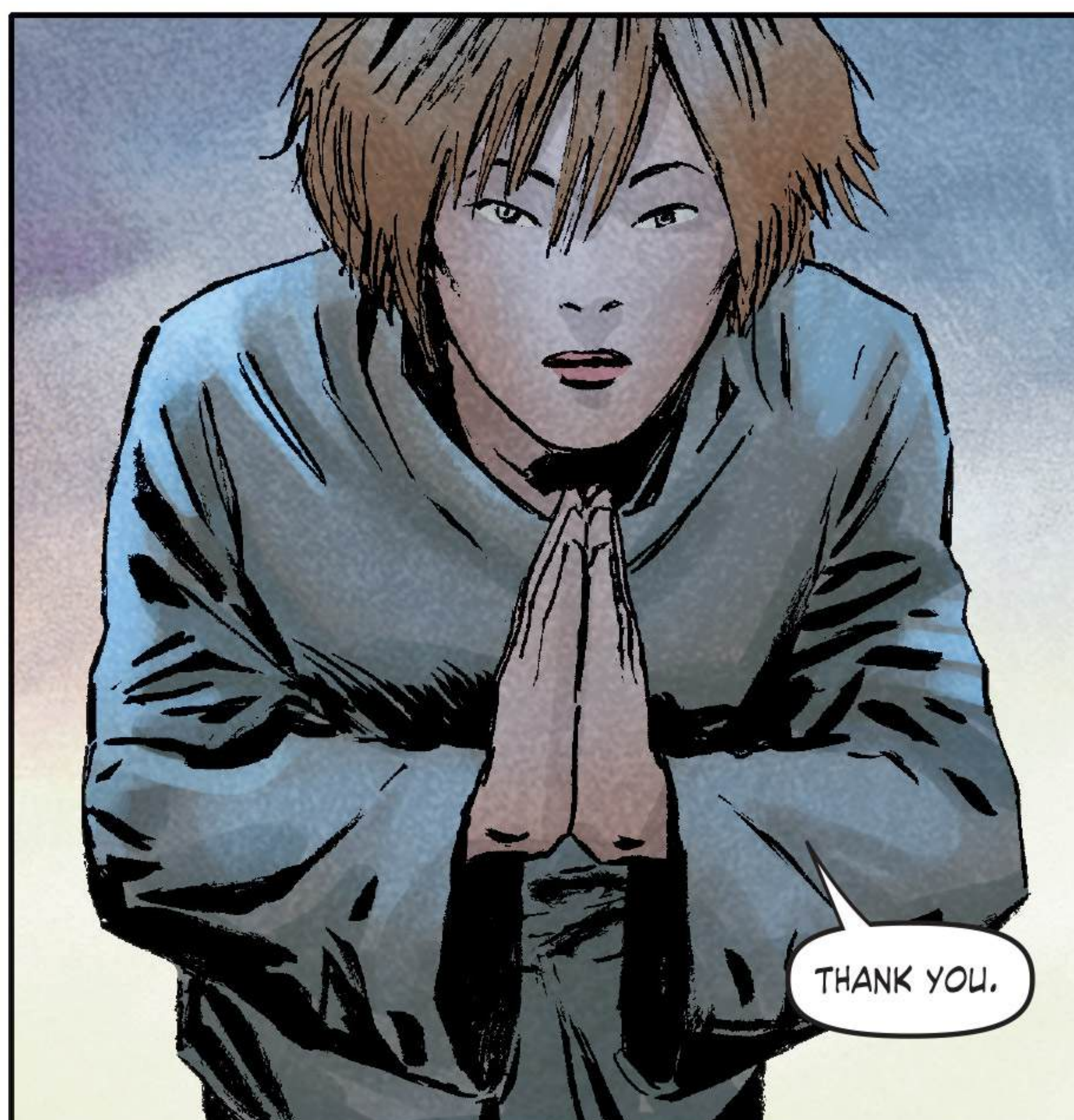
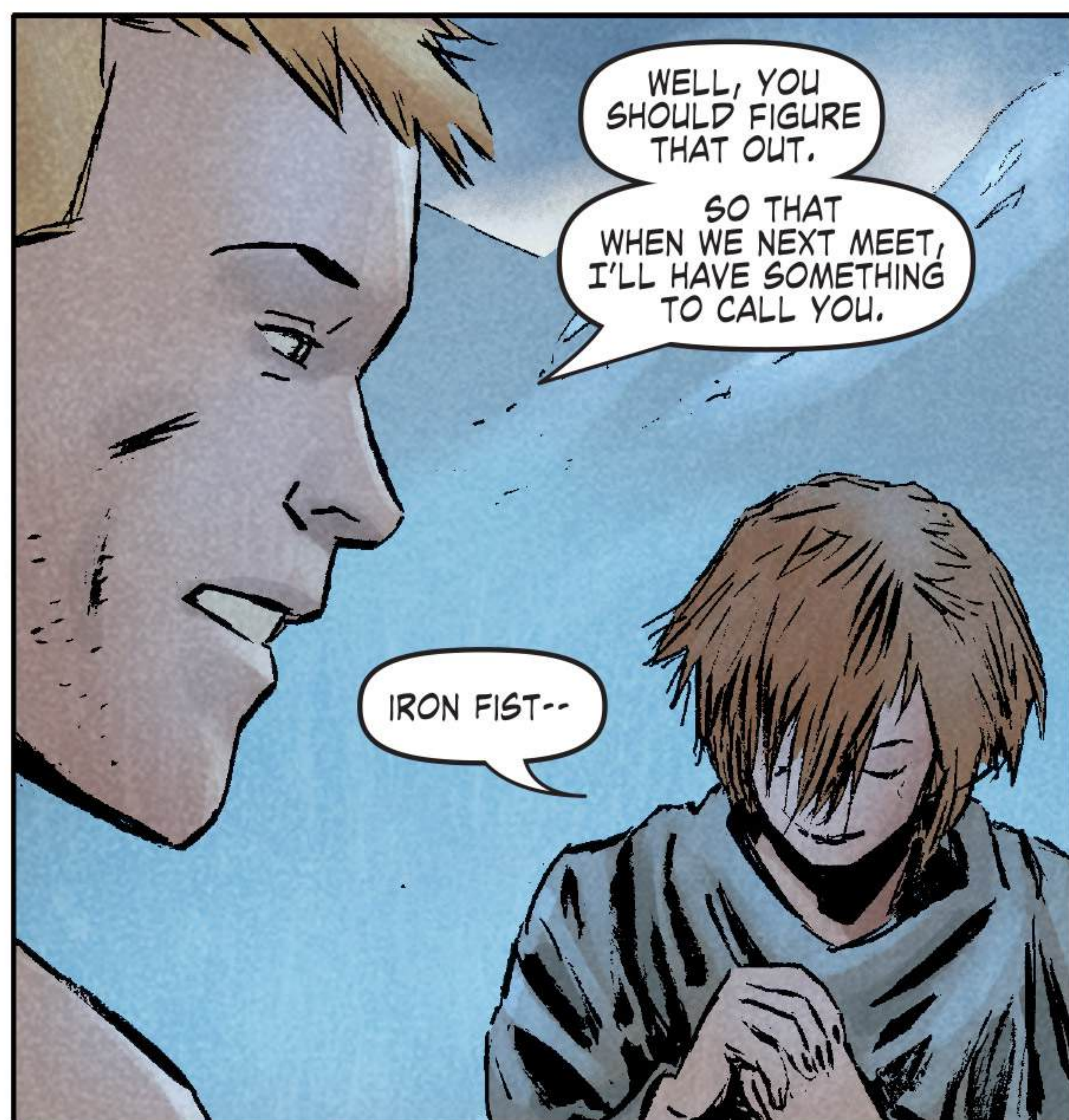
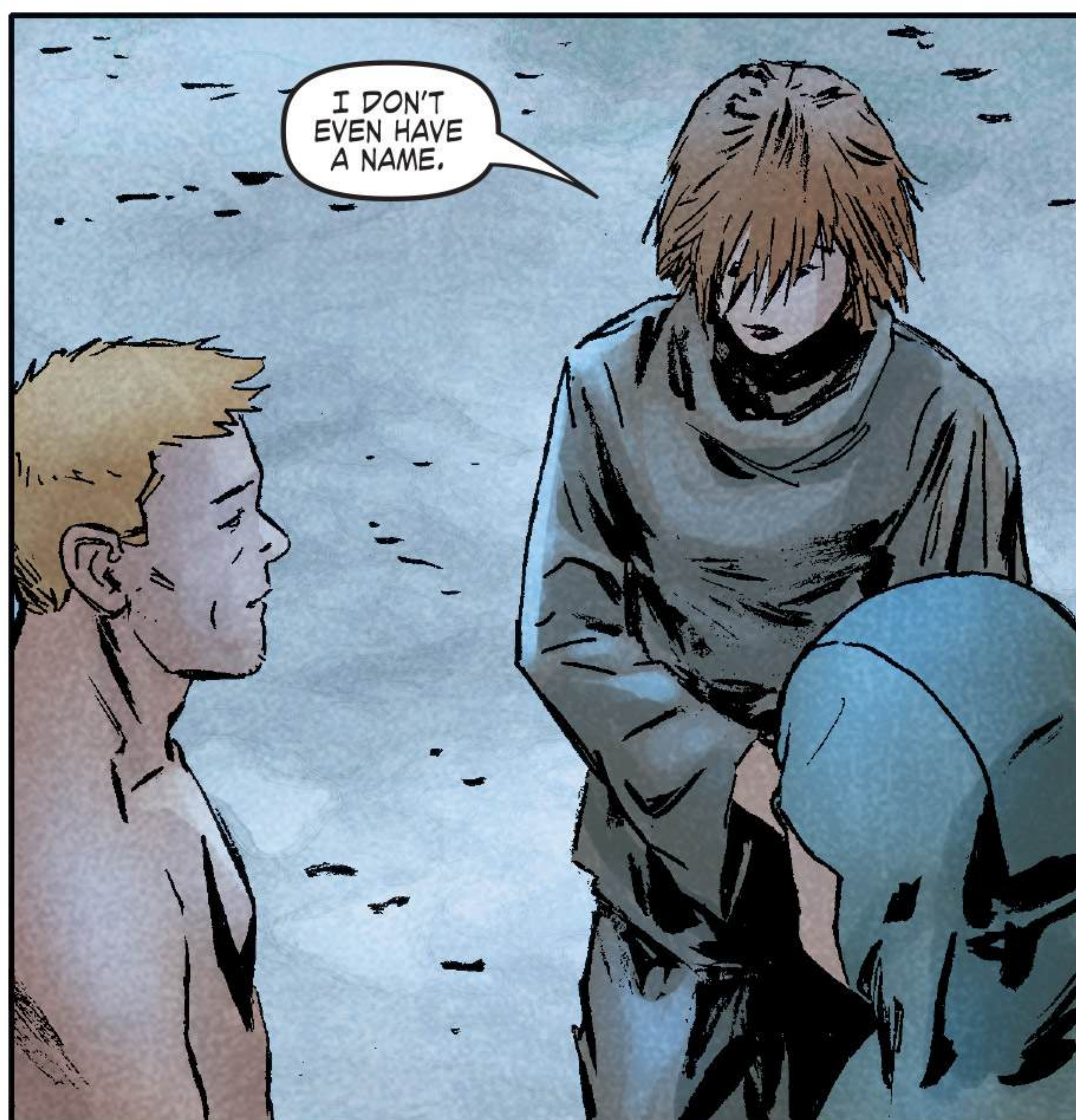
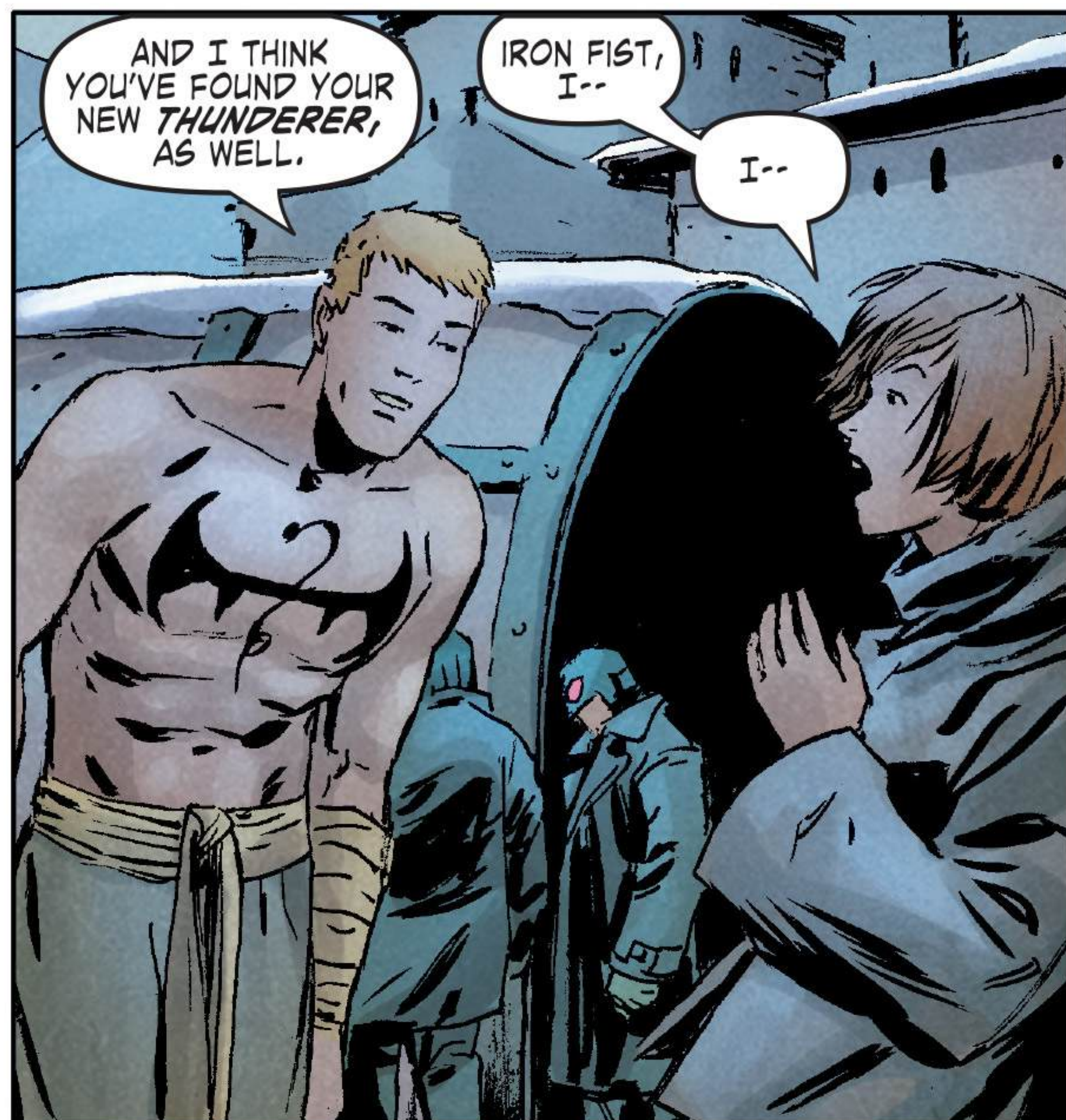
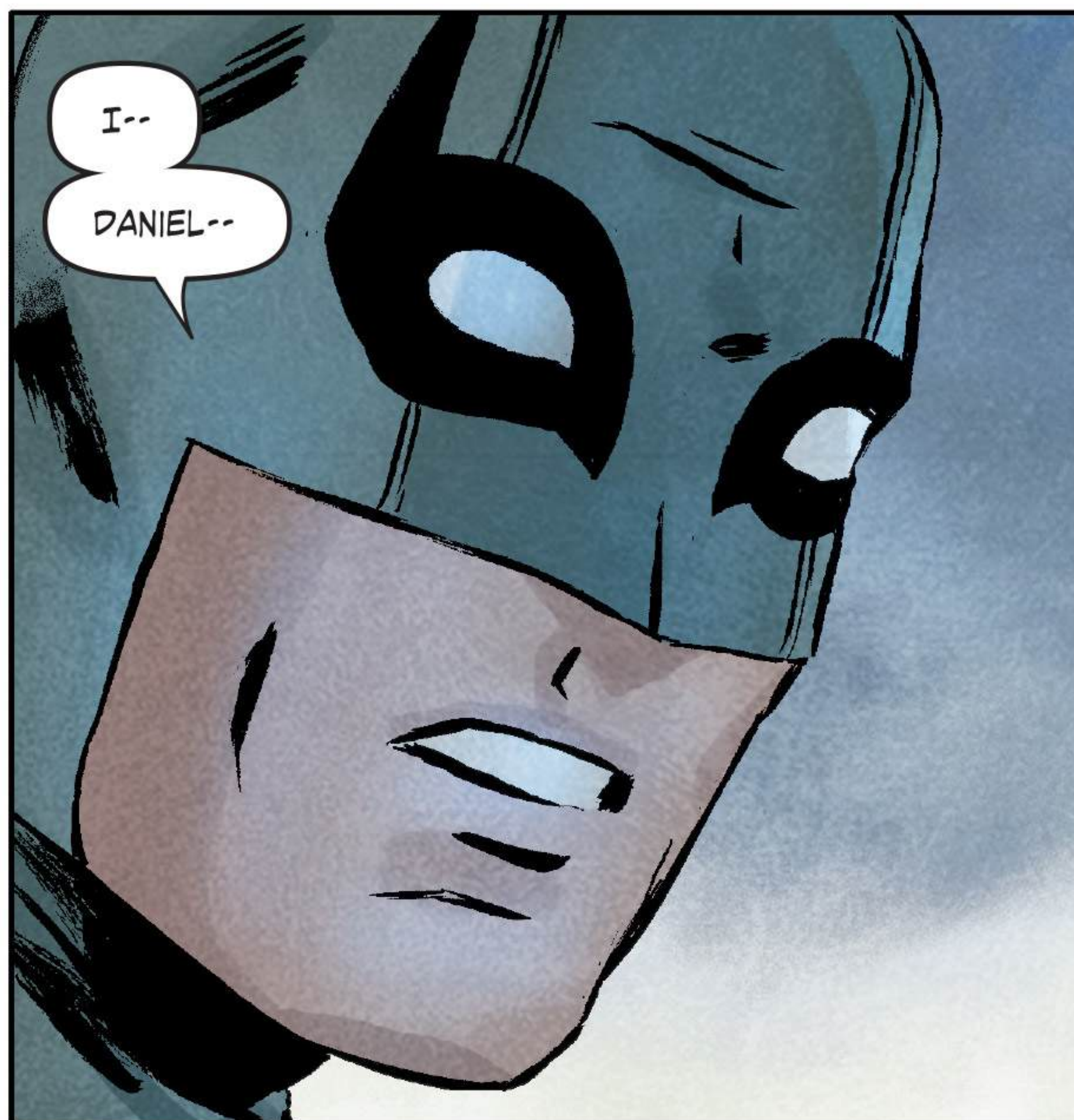


IRON FISTS...
WE'RE MEANT TO
DIE YOUNG, IN
BATTLE... AGAINST
INCONCEIVABLE
ODDS.

AN' I WANTED
YOU TO *LIVE*, KID...
ALL THOSE TIMES I RAN
YOU DOWN, I WAS TRYIN'
TO *SAVE* YOU.





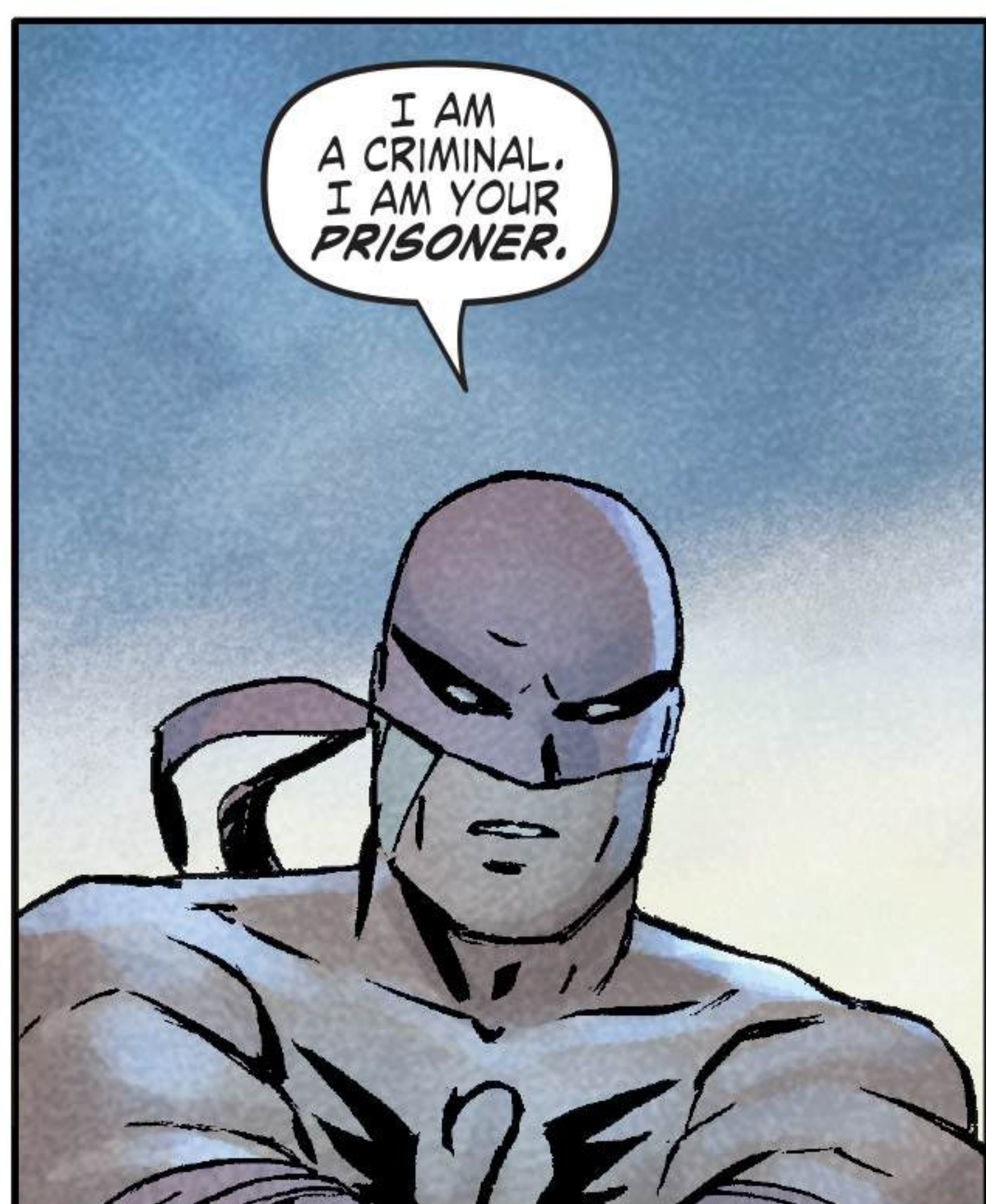




CRANE MOTHER
HAS CUT ME OFF FROM
HER CHI-SOURCE. I AM
THE STEEL PHOENIX
NO LONGER.



AND AS SUCH,
I WISH TO PRESENT
MYSELF TO YOU AND
YOUR MERCY.



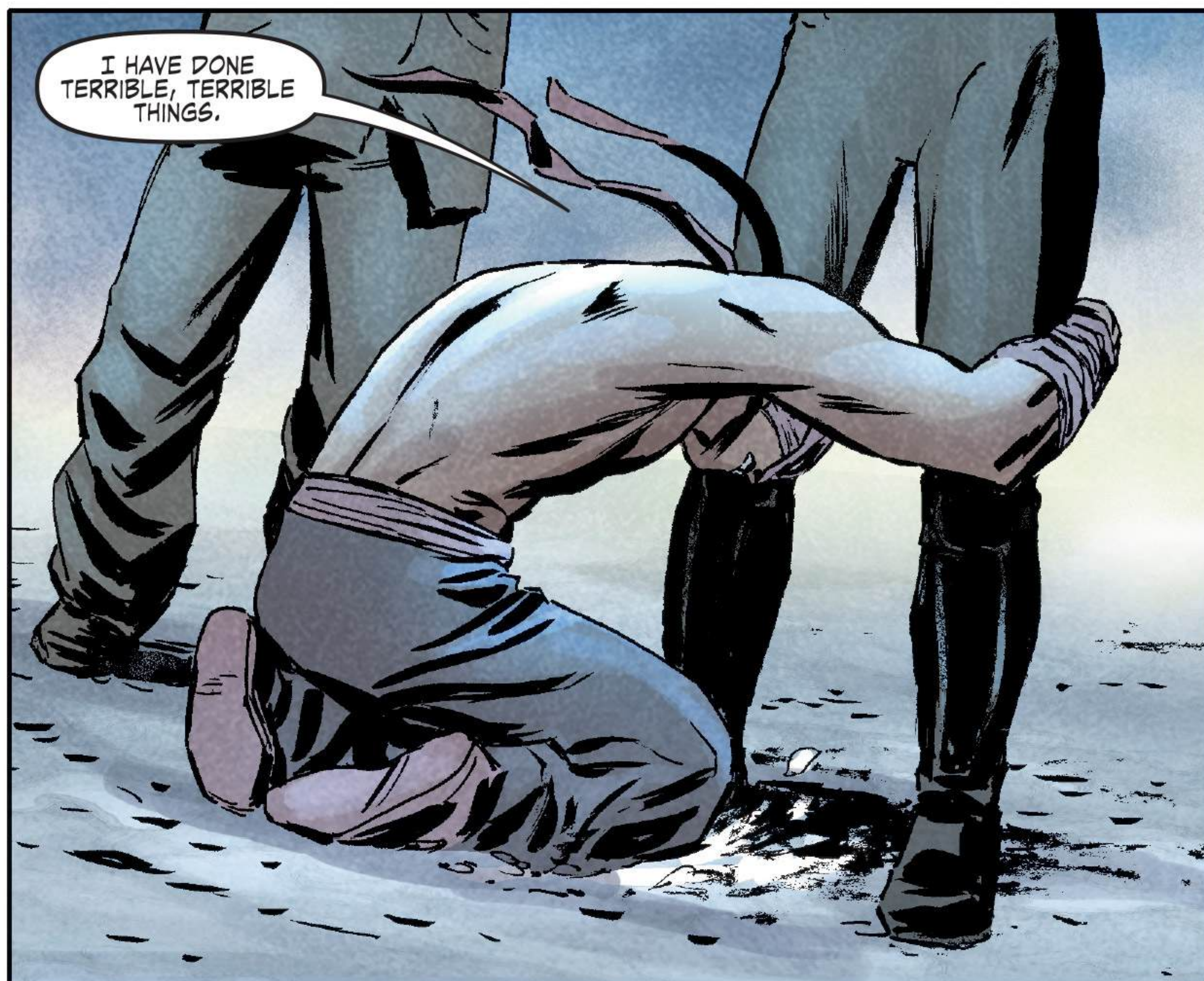
I AM
A CRIMINAL.
I AM YOUR
PRISONER.



THE CRANE MOTHER HAS YOUR
JOURNALS, FATHER--AND I WORKED
WITH XAO--AND HYDRA--AND I KILLED
ORSON RANDALL AND I--



PUNISH ME--
I HAVE DONE
THINGS. I HAVE DONE
SUCH TERRIBLE
THINGS.

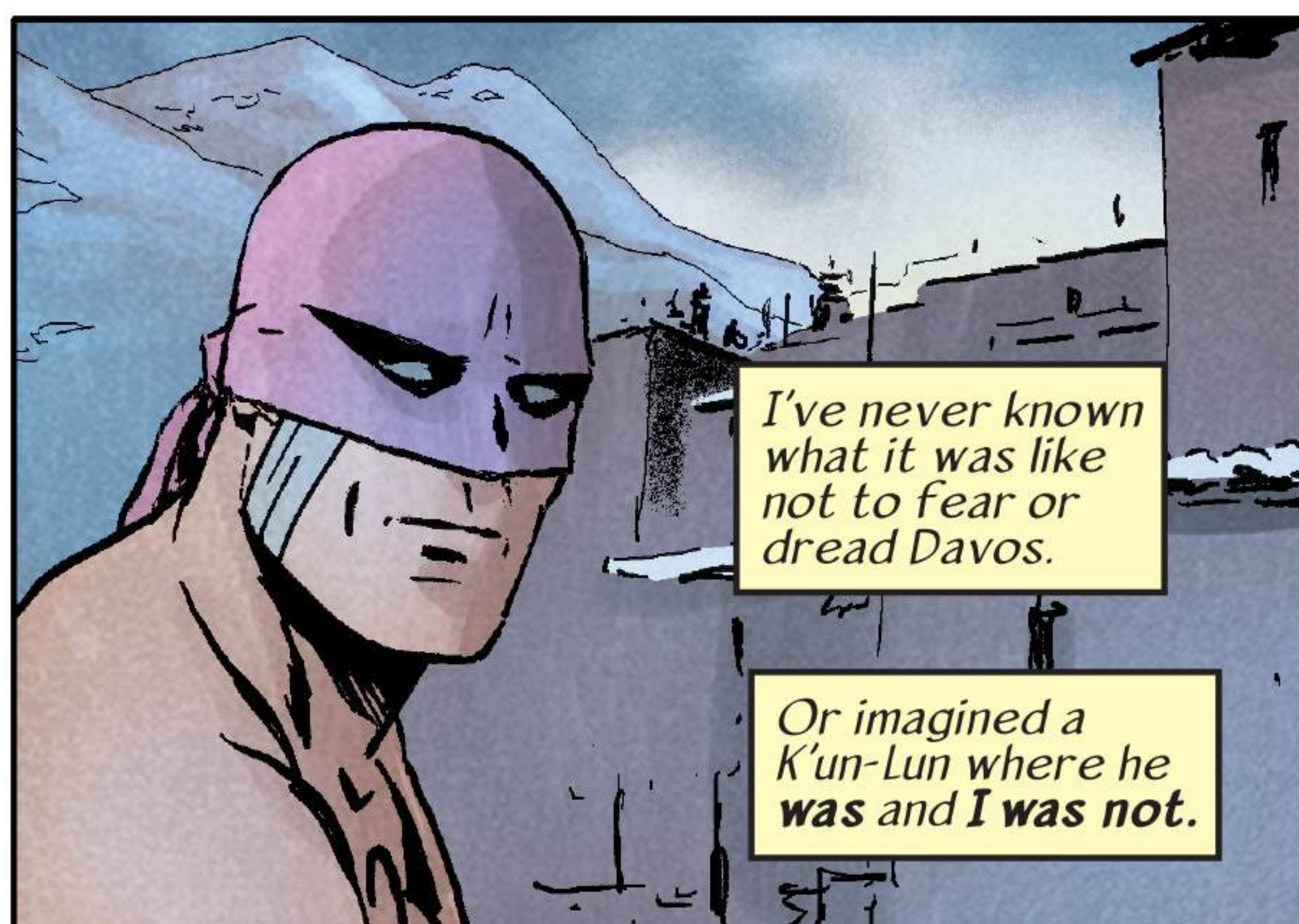
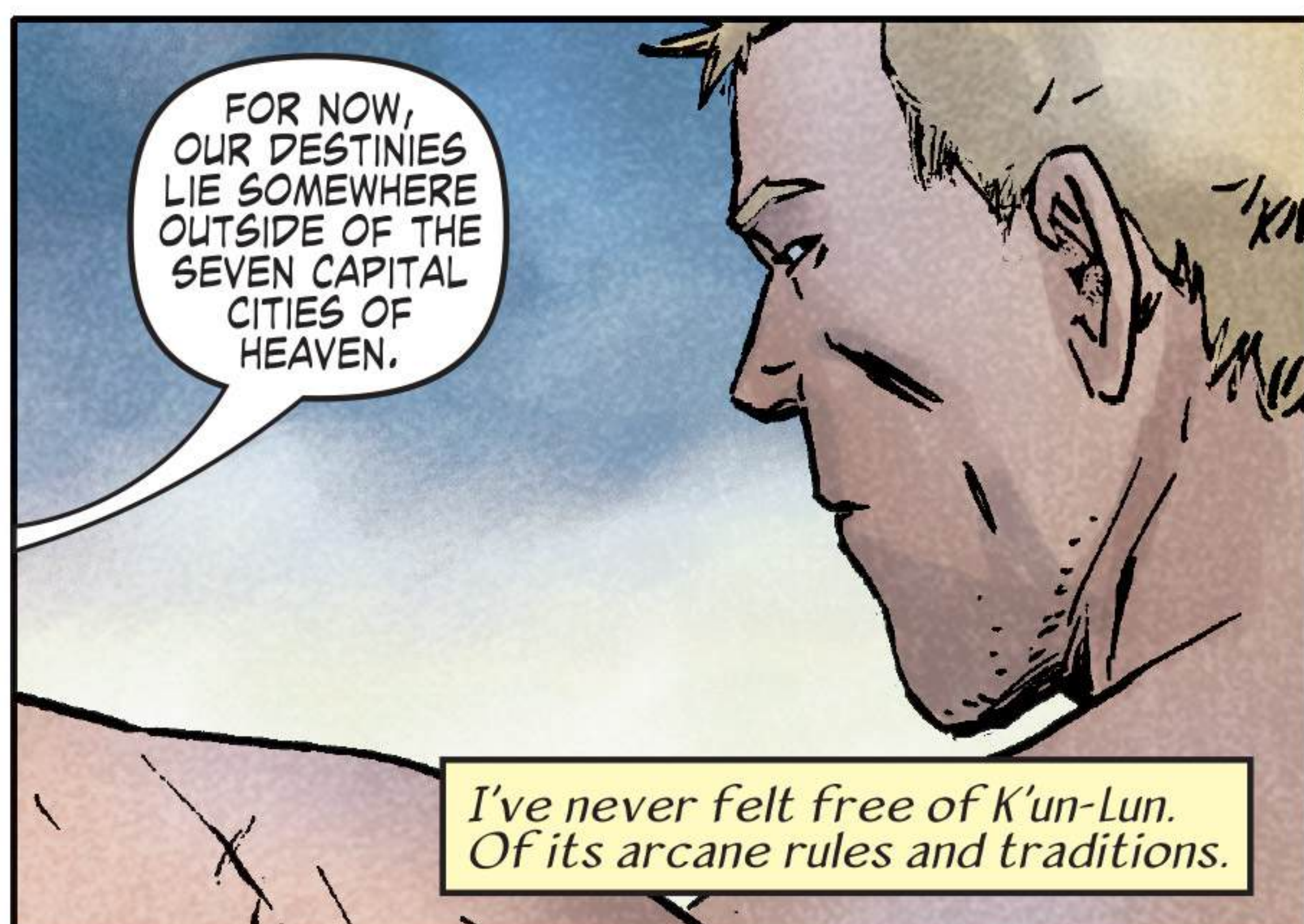
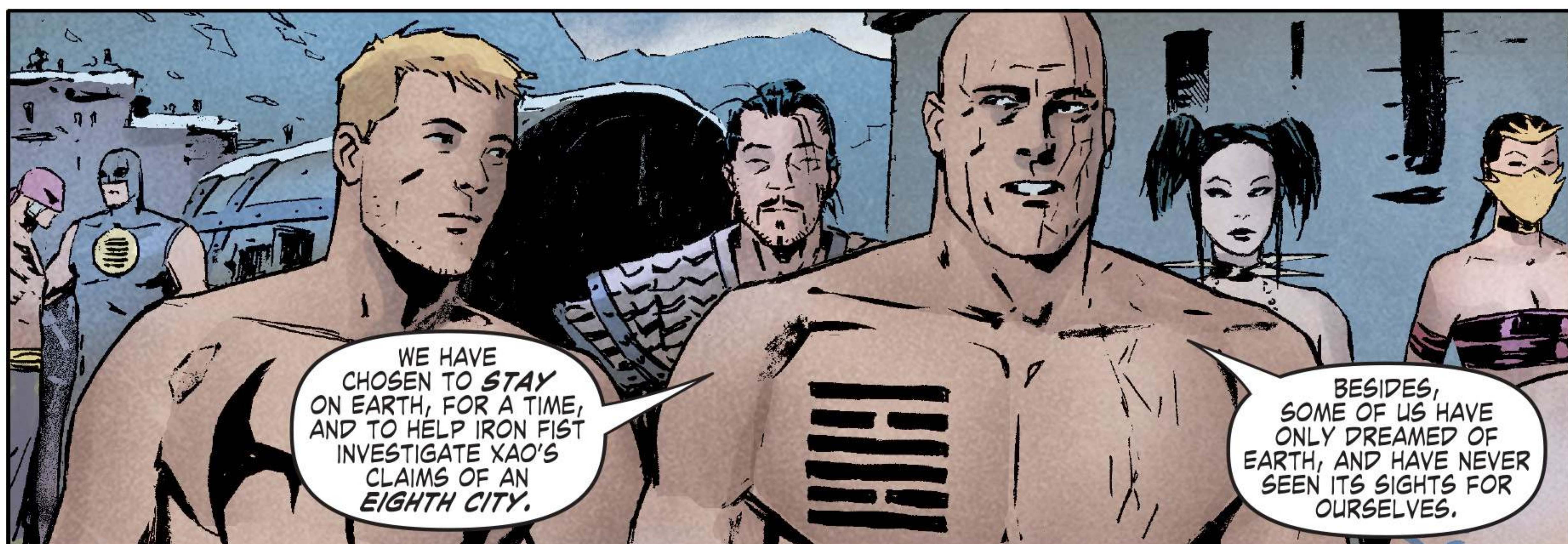


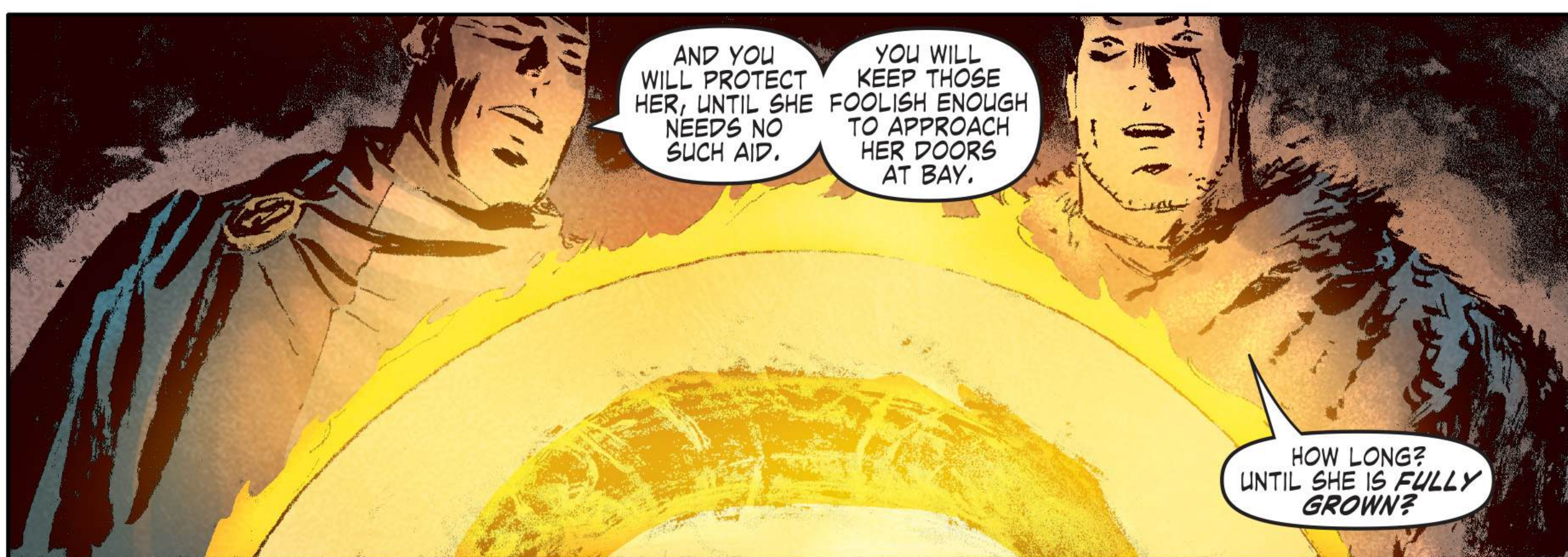
I HAVE DONE
TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE
THINGS.



RETURN
WITH US TO THE
SHINING CITY,
MY SON.

YOU WILL
FIND YOUR FATE
THERE.

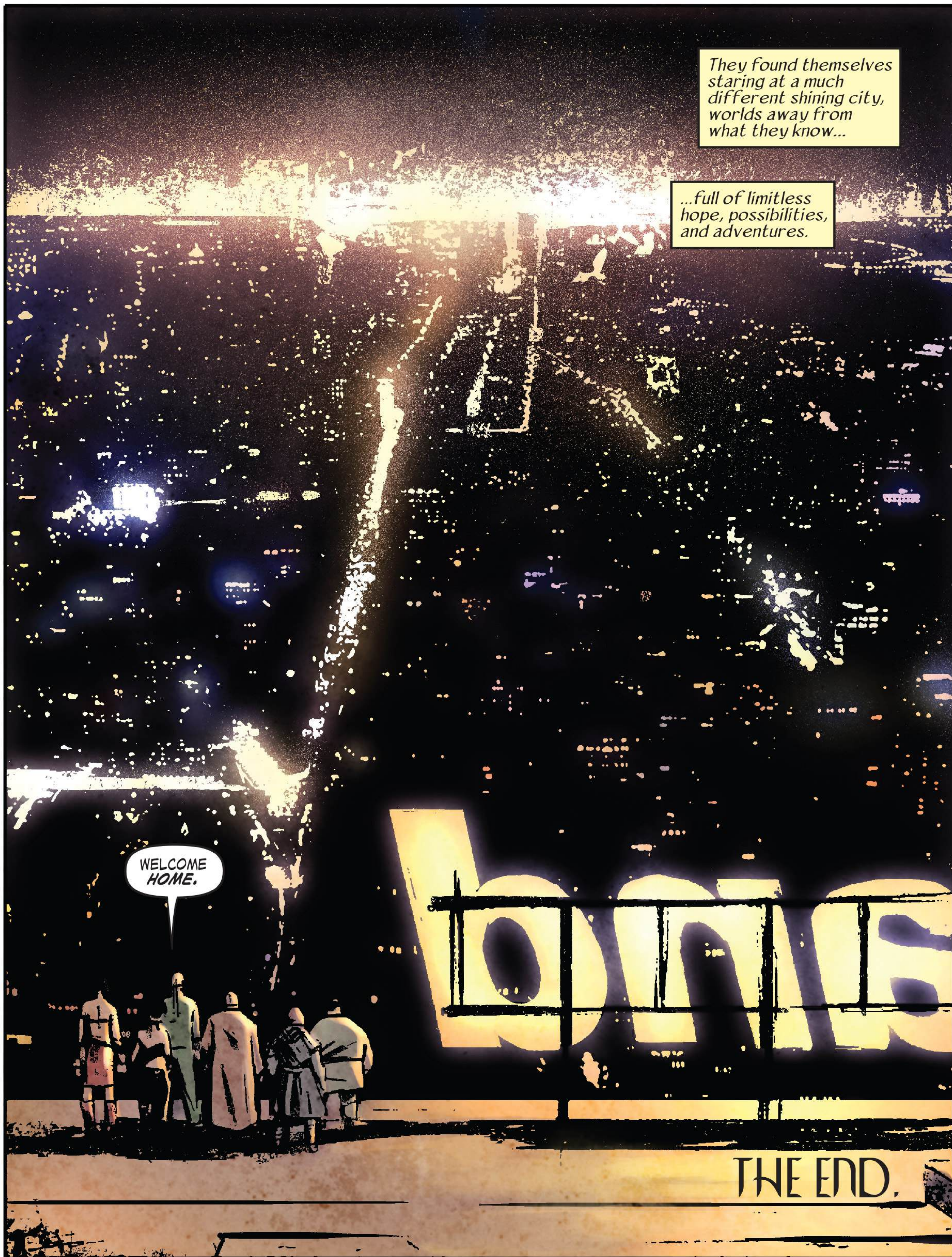






And as for the rest of
the Immortal Weapons...

WELL,
GANG...



They found themselves
staring at a much
different shining city,
worlds away from
what they know...

...full of limitless
hope, possibilities,
and adventures.

WELCOME
HOME.

THE END.



"Simply put, Dave Aja draws the #\$\$%@ outta this book."

— *Ain't It Cool News*

A BATTLE FOR ETERNITY RAGES IN THE HEART OF HEAVEN!

While his business partner and friend is held hostage by a Hydra-affiliated megalomaniac, Danny Rand has been ushered to the fabled city of K'un-Lun to fight in a tournament against the Immortal Weapons of the Seven Capital Cities of Heaven. It is a round of games that occurs every 88 years as the different cities connect together on the same mystical plane. At stake is the life of his friend, the legacy of his father and mentor, and the future of K'un-Lun. And despite the awesome new powers and knowledge revealed to him by the mysterious Orson Randall, will Daniel Rand be ready when the tournament calls his name?

Melding the fast-paced action of his *Captain America* with an easy grasp of martial-arts fiction, writer Ed Brubaker has teamed with up-and-coming writer Matt Fraction and artist David Aja to tell a brand-new kind of Iron Fist story — one steeped in legends and fables, magic and adventure, and a historical sweep that stretches back through the centuries.

Collecting *Immortal Iron Fist* #8-14 and *Immortal Iron Fist Annual* #1.

T+

MARVEL

